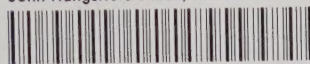


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JOHN HUNGERFORD  
POLLEN

ANNE POLLEN



MOUNT ST. JOSEPH COLLEGE  
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JOHN HUNGERFORD POLLEN

1820—1902





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# JOHN HUNGERFORD POLLEN

1820 — 1902

BY ANNE POLLEN

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON  
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

ST. LOUIS, MO  
B. HERDER, 17, SOUTH BROADWAY

1912

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"My dear Pollen . . . Every one who knows  
you must wish you success in any object you  
have at heart for the love he is sure to have for  
you.

I am, yours very affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN."

Dec. 14th, 1869.



## PREFACE

BY MRS. JOHN HUNGERFORD POLLEN

IT may seem that this memoir of my husband should have appeared earlier. But the sifting and compiling of materials occupied some years, as the work could only be carried on in the intervals of my daughter's professional educational work in a religious order. Also when ready, it was decided to circulate it at first among a score or so of friends, as it was felt that there might be (however inevitable) shortcomings, that should be weighed. I cannot resist quoting a few words from the first letter received: "The work is as remarkable in itself as it is reflective and reproductive of its subject. If it be indeed the fact that any of you are in doubt as to publication, it must be because of some unattainable standard of biographical work, or of some unrealizable ideal of the man and his career." The last criticism says: "This Life gives a very excellent portrait of a singularly winning personality, bringing out both its strength and its charm in very just proportion."

The unanimously favourable verdict of others has justified the delay and confirmed me in my wish that this record of one who himself never desired recognition or approbation should be given publication.

MARIA MARGARET POLLEN.

LONDON,

*April 10, 1912.*

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## CHAPTER I

### CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH (1820-1838)

**J**OHAN HUNGERFORD POLLEN was born at 6, New Burlington Street, London, on November 19, 1820. His father, Mr. Richard Pollen of Rodbourne, Wilts, the only brother of Sir John Pollen, of Andover, and Redenham, Hants, third Baronet, had married Anne Cockerell, whose great-grandfather was nephew and heir of Samuel Pepys, of the famous Diary. One of her brothers was the accomplished Charles Robert Cockerell, the well-known architectural pioneer.

John Pollen entered a world just quitted by George III., when the Revolutionary campaigns were as fresh a memory as are the Boer or Russo-Japanese wars to-day. His parents must have well remembered the sensation incident on the execution of the French King; they were married in Waterloo year; and on their honeymoon they rowed close round the *Bellerophon* at Plymouth. Napoleon advanced to the side of the ship, and markedly honoured the young bride by a low salute.<sup>1</sup>

Opposite Mr. Richard Pollen's house in New Burlington Street,<sup>2</sup> there came to dwell in 1830, the Prince de Talleyrand-Périgord, ambassador of the new King of the French. John constantly saw the long, emaciated, high-bred form and features of the aged diplomat, supported by servants to or from his sedan chair. He wore a long flowered waistcoat, and bagwig, the powder whereof lay white upon his collar.<sup>3</sup>

Mr. Richard Pollen's children, when in town, always spent their Sunday at Westbourne Place, belonging to their grand-

<sup>1</sup> Related by herself.

<sup>2</sup> Now the *Racing Calendar* office.

<sup>3</sup> John Pollen, personal reminiscences. Talleyrand was depicted at this very time in the brilliant caricature of Maclise, who shows the tall figure of the veteran stretched in slumber in an armchair by the fire. On the mantelshelf above are ranged the busts of the rulers he had adroitly served in turn. In 1834 he returned to Paris, and retired into private life; in 1838, at the age of 86, he died, after one more change of allegiance—a return to the God of his youth. (Lagrange, *Vie de Mgr. Dupanloup*.)

father, Samuel Pepys Cockerell. His estate of Westbourne Green lay in a district now bounded by the north of the Harrow Road, and containing the Paddington railway station.

"Westbourne Place," says a record of those days, "a handsome three-storied mansion (built in 1745 by the architect, Isaac Ware), is the chief residence of the locality. . . . The pure West Bourn stream flows through the Green, and the rustic road to Harrow winds over the common.<sup>1</sup> . . . The rising ground commands a pleasing view of Hampstead and Highgate, and of the village of Paddington with its elegant new church . . . and as no part of London can thence be seen, a person can here enjoy the pleasures of rural retirement."<sup>2</sup> "Little Westbourne," a smaller house on or near the property, was tenanted by Mrs. Siddons,<sup>3</sup> a constant visitor to the Cockerells; and afterwards by Charles Mathews, the comedian, and his wife. In the neighbouring fields near the stream John loved to watch his grandfather's horses at the plough; and as an old man he pointed out, near the bridge that crosses the railway by the Paddington station, some elms that formerly stood close to Westbourne Place.

But his home was Rodbourne. This place, near Malmesbury, Wiltshire, the Pollens had inherited from Mrs. Hungerford, by whom they were connected with the historic family of that name.

Rodbourne, an old farmhouse, had been made by successive additions most charming to the eye, roomy, comfortable, and homelike; all by Mrs. Pollen's enterprise and ingenuity. The roof is of grey stone tiles, broken by attic windows; there is a white stone parapet on the older portion, along which extends a verandah; and before it lies a stone terrace, a birthday gift of John to his mother. There are flower beds, of course, and a delightful kitchen garden; in the centre of the lawn, and seen for miles round, as the house stands high, is an immense poplar tree, surrounded by a seat. Hidden in the

<sup>1</sup> *Home Counties Magazine*, Ed. W. J. Hardy, F.S.A. January, 1900.

<sup>2</sup> *Universal Magazine*, September 1793, p. 177. In the Crace collection of the British Museum is found a view near Paddington showing Westbourne Place.

<sup>3</sup> John Pollen remembered seeing her. Most of Belgravia was still open country; the then Lord Suffolk shot a woodcock where is now Lowndes Square. He had seen Lord Chesterfield's tutor on his way to execution at Tyburn, as he told the undergraduate John Pollen.

shrubbery is a summerhouse, where boys and girls played, read, cooked, and entertained their friends ; further on, the graves of faithful four-legged companions, among them much-mourned Billy the pony.

Of Mrs. Pollen's refinement the house spoke within and without, then as now. Here and there were transitions and adaptations, little steps up and down, stone passages ; but withal an air of extreme neatness and comfort, and a combination of all that was necessary for family convenience and neighbourly hospitality, with much sense of beauty in the disposition of old furniture, china, carpets, and pictures, and a reverent regard for the past.

Conspicuous among the family relics was the brocaded mantle of the first Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Thomas Hungerford, wrapped about each infant of the Pollen family at the christening. Sir Thomas's portrait hangs in the drawing-room with the other Hungerford pictures, including an equestrian of Sir Walter Hungerford, a seventeenth century cavalier, with a hawk on his wrist ; and a charming Lady Mary Hungerford, a girl carrying a younger child.

Of Mr. Richard Pollen, who died in John's youth, little record exists. A water-colour drawing at Rodbourne shows in profile a noble and refined head rising above the stock and shirtfrill of the time ; letters and journals of the family breathe only the most strong, tender, and reverent affection for his memory.

His wife was a woman of marked character. She was, even to old age, very beautiful ; with the added charm of conversational powers revealing a cultivated intelligence. An unerring eye and faultless taste guided her in every arrangement ; but rather in the strength of her affections and in her will lay her loved, trusted, and unquestioned sway over family and dependents, from the inmates of the nursery and schoolroom to those of the village and farms outlying.

"It was delightful to accompany her," writes her daughter-in-law, "in her progresses through her little kingdom. At one farm she would inspect a huge cheese, ripening for a son at Christmas ; at another fulfil some office of a Lady Bountiful. For all she had a word of kindly humour and encouragement, or sometimes a well merited rebuke."

The old Dame's school was superseded by a new one, and provided with suitable teachers ; the village Cross Mrs. Pollen re-erected ; there was the scene of the Maypole or other village dances, that John later loved to organize, ending with the usual feasts on Rodbourne lawn.

Old servants had settled down in cottages on the estate ; nearest and dearest was nurse Patty, whose fresh-coloured smiling face surrounded by a frilled cap, and white apron, made with her surroundings a picture worthy of a Constable. Unending were her tales of bygone days, and her tea parties were famous. She was a recognized authority yet upon education ; like Shenstone's schoolmistress she did not spoil the child, though she wielded never the rod, but, judiciously, the hand ; now and then still upon the little rustics of the village. Master John had never been treated with harshness or even severity ; but, convinced by some wholesome though painful experiences, he never, to the end of his life, doubted of the efficacy of the occasional whipping, a thing now—outside a public school—nearly obsolete.

Mrs. Richard Pollen has left an album filled with her children's portraits, in the style then in vogue, resembling delicate miniatures ; but they far exceed in quality the average productions of that time. She had obtained a gold medal at some public competition in drawing—though the drawing in the album is not faultless—and she shows a delicate sense of colour, and a quite remarkable talent for composition. The gay groups of girls and boys at play are full of movement and expression.

Here John appears as he has always been described ; a beautiful boy of the English type, with a skin of ivory whiteness,<sup>1</sup> fair and blue-eyed like his mother, while his favourite sister Laura had her father's dark curls. His costume advances page by page from the baby's petticoat and cap to the high breeches, reaching almost to the armpits, studded with unnumbered buttons ; and finally the Eton collar and silk hat.

Of his mother, he said afterwards : " She was always straight and true, and absolutely unselfish." She trained him wisely in the moral order ; and we see in his early letters an exquisite politeness that he never lost. In after years some one ex-

<sup>1</sup> This appearance as of a delicate ivory carving, his face retained through life.





2. Portrait of John Hungerford Pollen, aged 3. *Pencil Drawing.*  $\frac{1}{2}$  size.  
By Sir William Ross.

*Facing page 4.*



pressed surprise on seeing him doff his hat when passing one of his own servants in the street. "So," he answered, "my father taught me."

Morning and night prayers, recited by the head of the family, and the weekly church services, were attended by all the household. Without a touch of Puritanism, reverence for the Bible was deeply rooted in every member. The words of the sacred book rose naturally to the lips of Mrs. Pollen's sons and daughters in the more solemn moments of life, and its sorrows.

Unquestioned as this Biblical faith, was the tradition of Protestantism against Popery. *Patres nostri annuntiaverunt*. The family enjoyed, in John's youth, a healthy ignorance of its very tenets, and an unshaken assurance of the corruptions of its practice.

Taken altogether, the characteristic of the whole family was the almost passionate attachment that bound them together, and especially to their mother—a love that ceased not with youth.

"Ah! the former days!" wrote John, long after they had passed away. "the sweet harmless former days, when we all played in the garden, in and out of the black arbour, and the green arbour;—and the peabeds, where dearest Charlie lay hid, crying when I first went from him to school."

John—none too soon, to judge by his spelling and writing—was sent at nine years of age to Durham House, Chelsea, a school of high reputation as a "preparatory" for Eton, and kept by a Monsieur Granet, an *émigré* of the Revolution.

The boy's first letter is in a sprawling, laboured hand, on a large sheet, folded in six, sealed and franked.<sup>1</sup>

"MY DEAR MAMA . . .

oh if you knew how I wish I was at dear rodbourne once more I am in the fifth class and stuart is my great friend and I do not like my school at all Miss Wright was so kind as to ask if I mite dine with her on sunday and Mr. granet said that I mite come if you would let me now I hope you will be so kind as to let me pray

<sup>1</sup> By his uncle, Sir John Pollen, M.P. for Andover. It will be remembered that members of both Houses had the privilege of sending free of charge ten letters a day, and that the penny post only commenced in 1840.

answer this letter as soon as ever you receive it and in about another week Hungerford <sup>1</sup> will be going back to school and then he will be very miserable on stuart's birthday we shall go to spend it at Hurlingham <sup>2</sup> I hope darlin bobin and Holly and loui and laura and jessie and charley and the two ponies are quite well and everybody at *dear dear sweet charming rod* and your beloved self and papa and the garden pray excuse my bad riting because I am riting without lines and I am afraid I have nothing more to tell you dear mama so give my love to all at home and not forget to give my very best love to dear dear papa so goodbuy dear dear dear dear dear dear dear dear dear dear sweet charming mama I remain your *loving son* John Hungerford Pollen.

P.S. do not forget to answer this letter if you please dear mama."

In ten days his natural elasticity had righted him.

"September 13, 1830.

"... I am glad to tell you that I begin to like my School now because I am accustomed to it. I am very much obliged to you for letting me dine with miss Wright and she is very much obliged to you as well I am glad to hear that you are coming to London so soon this year because overjoyed to see you and dear papa and if you please dear mama ask willim whether he has put the new lock on my toolbox and I hope the garden and my sisters and patty and yourself and everything at dear rod and I hope dear mama that papa has had more sport in shooting and when willam has put on the lock tell him to give you the key and then perhaps you will have the kindness to keep it for me . . . ." and so on.

John's letters are soon playful and buoyant in tone, and written in a beautiful hand, in faultless grammar and spelling. At M. Granet's, too, he, as well as Hungerford, acquired a perfect mastery of the French language.

In 1833 John was sent to Eton, to, literally, a Dame's house, Mrs. Angelo's.

"That of Mrs. Angelo was her own. She had been a noted beauty, and to the end of her days she used patches, and powdered her ringlets." <sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> His eldest brother, at Eton.

<sup>2</sup> Hurlingham, now the club, then belonged to his uncle by marriage, Mr. Horsley Palmer.

<sup>3</sup> Gambier Parry, *Annals of an Eton House*. Murray, 1907, p. 8 ff.

Mr. Gambier Parry gives a strange account of the hardships of Eton in the early nineteenth century: the bare rooms, sanded floors, coarse food, and the one prevailing law of fist and birch. But somehow John and his brothers had none save delightful memories of Eton. At no time indeed of his youth does John seem to have met with serious unkindness, still less anything of the brutality then common enough, at any rate in private schools, and so feelingly described by Thackeray and Tennyson in their autobiographical memoirs.<sup>1</sup> Not till mature manhood did he write: "Kindness is a commodity that, *till now*, I have been used to give and receive freely on all sides." Everything that is known of his early life speaks of a buoyant and trustful nature, expanding freely in the sunshine around him.

"At a wedding breakfast at Lambeth Palace," writes his cousin, Miss Lucy Goodenough, "John, an Eton boy, was put in charge of us little girls at a small table. Annabella, to whom the use of a knife was a novelty, cut her finger. I was astonished to see, in a boy, the prompt care, skill, and politeness, with which John bound up the wounded member with his handkerchief. To us girls he was always homely, kind, and ready to tell funny stories. He was essentially thorough; one felt that he acted upon conviction, never from love of sensation or display.

Next to his mother, none contributed more to the formation of John Pollen's boyish mind, character, and tastes, than his tutor at Eton.

This was the Reverend Edward Coleridge, a man of noble features and stately presence, a cultivated musician, draughtsman, and painter, a connoisseur and collector of water-colours, and an enthusiastic lover of things artistic. He had considerable bodily skill and address, and regretted the etiquette of the day which forbade him to compete with the boys at games in the open field.

The Oxford movement began the very year that John went

<sup>1</sup> *Nicholas Nickleby* appeared in 1838; and see *Pendennis*, where the Charterhouse School becomes the "Slaughter-house"; and Hallam Tennyson's *Alfred Lord Tennyson* (Macmillan, 1897), vol. i. p. 6, and Appendix.



to Eton, and Mr. Coleridge with his generous sympathies fell at once under its influence.

“ He sold his fine collection of water-colours in order to swell the fund for the restoration of St. Augustine’s Missionary College at Canterbury. He was sometimes capricious, perhaps, and impulsive ; but he was fearless and strong. He loved and understood boys, and bore paternally with freaks of high spirits. With no touch of the austerity of Dr. Arnold, then ruling Rugby, Mr. Coleridge set before each boy a clear view of his duty. Most owed to him efficient scholarship, an admiration for literature, and a manly spirit. It was not, perhaps, an altogether unworldly ideal ; but it was shrewd and generous.”<sup>1</sup>

Through his hands had passed scores of noted Etonians ; they held him always, and he them, in affectionate remembrance.

The favourite sports of John and his brother at Eton were swimming and boating ; they delighted all their lives in watery recreations and scenes. At sixteen John began to draw and paint. Hungerford Pollen was already an exquisite sketcher in water-colours, and excelled in seapieces, most rapidly executed ; he was as good a draughtsman as John, but never rivalled him in composition and colour.

The only remaining letter of his Eton days is one of a series that constantly passed between mother and son. It is written in a beautifully formed hand, and shows the affectionate tone of early years, and the high spirits of a self-reliant public school-boy, looking eagerly forward to an opening life.

“ ETON,

“ *Sunday, October 22, 1837*

“ MY DEAREST MOTHER,—

“ I received the stray letter franked by my uncle<sup>2</sup> from Newbury the other day ; I suppose it had escaped the worthy baronet’s notice. I have been solicited by my dame to apply to my Father for a *carpet* for our room here, our former one, none of the best, has been patched till it will hold on no longer. There were twenty tried at the last matriculation at Oxford ; the Dean having room for eight only, sent away the rest. I hope that may not be the case when I go up

<sup>1</sup> A. Benson, *Fasti Etoniensis*, 1899, p. 463 ff. ; and see also A. Lang, *Oxford*, 1890.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Pollen. See Appendix.

in May next year. Tell me when the great Pollen<sup>1</sup> goes up to Oxford, and I will endeavour to peer at him. The Nelsonics are earnest in their invitations to him to go there after his election. Stuart tells me he is to go to Austria, instead of to India, or of going into any profession. I should have thought that two merchants in the family were enough, but different people have different opinions. What news from Mr. C.?<sup>2</sup> His holidays soon begin, he will have Rodbourne and all sorts of fun. Has he taken any more steps on his road to his commission? I have seen young Clutterbuck and will do all I can for him, though there does not seem much that I *can* do, he is doing very well, all of which should it prove any satisfaction to him you can tell old Clutty whenever you stumble upon him. I was told that the Andover ball this year went off very badly, that the Scroggrys were shabbily dressed; *that* I did not wonder at. I shall in your next frank look for a concise account of all these particulars from Loui. God bless you my dearest Mumm, look after the grapes, and believe me your affectionate son,

“JOHN HUNGERFORD POLLEN.”

It was a year for festivities. Queen Victoria was crowned that autumn, and royalty was always in favour at Eton. John had often seen there the good-natured William IV., a frequent and familiar visitor; and when Marshal Soult, sent as extra ambassador by Louis Philippe for the Coronation, appeared, John Pollen formed one of the mob of boys who surrounded the lame general—he had lost a leg in the Peninsular War—and shook hands with him in the English fashion.<sup>3</sup>

One of Hungerford Pollen's Thackerayan maxims in after life, was that every young man should be locked up out of sight between the ages of fifteen and twenty. But there is more than one indication that no one desired this seclusion for himself or his brother; neither suffered at any time from the self-consciousness incident to English youth. Both were accomplished dancers; balls and other social amusements they enjoyed from schooldays onwards; both were as much at home in foreign as in English society. They have been thus described by one who knew them in youth:

“The brothers possessed a singular charm of address and ease

<sup>1</sup> Hungerford Pollen, B.A., at Christ Church that year.

<sup>2</sup> His brother Charles, now fifteen years old, two years his junior.

<sup>3</sup> J.H.P. Personal recollections.

of manner; there was a strong family likeness between them. Hungerford was taller, slimmer, perhaps more elegant, and his manner more courtly; John was well above the middle height, and somewhat squarely set. His eyes were bright blue; his hair light brown; his forehead broad, his features fine; his countenance bore less markedly in youth its impress of penetrating yet contemplative thought, its grave earnestness in repose. Hungerford's converse had all the wit and *finesse* of a Frenchman; John's seized rather the dramatic sense of any situation, and the breadth and depth of the question at issue. Not but that either brother shared the qualities of the other."

But this description can only apply in a rudimentary though true way to John the schoolboy of sixteen.

The worldly prospects of the two young men were good. Sir John Pollen, who had married in 1819 but was childless, looked upon his eldest nephew, Hungerford, the future baronet, as his heir to Andover and Redenham. John, too, had "expectations." Meanwhile, Sir John was extremely kind, lavish even, in his gifts to his two nephews.

The year 1838 promised fair to John Pollen. It was Montem year at Eton; in May he would matriculate at Oxford, and take up residence there in October. But with February came his first great sorrow. His father died February 7th—suddenly, as it seems; and his mother became literally paralysed with grief. Grave fears were entertained; but she gradually recovered the use of her limbs.

In May John matriculated successfully; in June his diary notes "Montem. £1136 collected. £100 more than last year. The Queen gave £100." <sup>1</sup>

That autumn he spent with Hungerford in Paris, where their uncle Charles Robert Cockerell had many friends. Mr. Cockerell was a man of extraordinary charm and popularity; his nephews sought and greatly enjoyed his intercourse, in itself an artistic and intellectual education. <sup>2</sup> From this

<sup>1</sup> Montem ceased in 1850. It is well known that the Queen was greatly averse to the abolition of this venerable festivity.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Robert Cockerell (1788-1863) of Golder's Hill, Professor of Architecture at the Royal Academy, D.C.L., Honorary Member of the Institute of France, and of artistic associations in other capitals, was the architect of the Bank of England, the University Galleries and Taylor Buildings of Oxford, and of many other public buildings. "Like no other,



3. Portrait of John Hungerford Pollen, aged 18. (See p. 324.) *Oil-Painting*  
by Mrs. Carpenter.  $\frac{1}{2}$  size.

*Facing page 10.*





year onward the brothers travelled together during the autumn, either through the English counties or on the Continent. John's lengthy journals, begun five years later, show both himself and Hungerford as long conversant with men and things, with social ways, art and nature; and possessed also of most keen observation and thorough enjoyment of all things admirable whether great or small.

he knew Greek architecture" (J. J. Stevenson, F.S.A., *A Restoration of the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus*. Batsford, 1907); and he gave a powerful impetus to the movement in revival of study of the old Gothic. "Cockerell was right in his theories; . . . and guided by his data, others have gradually worked their way to applications more accurate than his own. . . . He deserves the honour, as he had to endure the disadvantage, of being the first in the field" (Rev. Percy Dearmer, M.A., *Wells Cathedral*. Bell, 1907, p. 33). More than one European Museum owes to him choice treasures of Greek Art (see S. P. Cockerell, *Travels in the Levant*. Longmans, 1903).

## CHAPTER II

TO OXFORD ; UNDER THE SPELL (1838-1843)

**J**OHAN HUNGERFORD POLLEN, seventeen years of age, came first into residence at Christ Church at the beginning of Michaelmas term, 1838.

Samuel Pepys, his great-great uncle, had tersely summed his impressions of the University in his famous diary :

“Oxford mighty fine place !”

A place, wrote his great-great nephew :

“Of libraries, and halls, and shady gardens, and learned ancestry ; . . . where so many virtues flourish yet . . . where the youth that we send forth are less shorn of the generosity and guilelessness of early years, than like numbers would similarly left to themselves, in any other country of Europe. . . . This place, a fountain of thought for a great nation . . . a people *non Angli sed Angeli*, even in the days of their barbarism.”<sup>1</sup>

Here, with the new Mother who had taken him to herself, John Pollen would surely breathe the very atmosphere of education : leisure and peace. Yet he was entering rather upon a scene of strife now commencing.

Five years before, John Henry Newman—*qui strepitus circa comitum* !—had begun to call forth a revival of Catholic faith and practice in the English Church. In the year 1838 his influence was at its height ; and John Pollen’s imaginative nature quickly succumbed to the spell.

So far, the Anglo-Catholic party had prospered, though the ill-omened whisper of Popery had cast a chill fear upon many ; now, Newman and his followers were gathering more closely together, for a warning sign had come that the coldness of

<sup>1</sup> J. H. Pollen, *Notice upon John Wynne*, January, 1870 ; and *Narrative of Five Years at St. Saviour’s* (Vincent, Oxford, 1851), Preface.

a powerful opposition would soon quicken into fierce attack. Thus was all Oxford in turmoil at the voice of a mighty genius ; and men, whether they would or no, were drawn into the struggle.

Of the spirit then animating the High Church youth, of whom John Pollen may be taken as a type, there exists a remarkable document of his Christ Church days.

Amongst his pamphlets, bound and carefully preserved to the end, we find : "The Great Contest," a sermon preached to the younger members of Christ Church, in the Cathedral, on Easter-day, 1841, by R. Hussey, B.D., and Censor of that College. The address made a great impression upon the young men to whom it is dedicated, and "at whose request it is now printed," for, continues the dedication, "you have expressed a wish to possess (the sermon) in this form, and think the reading it will profit you." John Pollen was then nineteen years of age.

The sermon, too long to quote *in extenso*, too fine to represent worthily in extracts, shows Christ as a great King and Warrior, appealing to all true subjects to follow Him against His enemies. These are headed by the ancient malignant spirit ; they assail the heart of each man with temptation, and the Church of Christ collectively with persecution or unbelief. Such enemies are the spirit of the world, the allurements of pleasure, the disobedience of pride ; their hostility is manifested in infidelity, divisions, secessions from the Church. The battle is to be fought, not only in the secret recesses of the heart, but in the world and openly ; and now, if ever, is the combat imperative.

The preacher thus concludes :

"Happy those, who, mindful of their baptismal vow, begin in their youth to bear themselves as the faithful soldiers of Christ, and manfully to fight under His banner."

These chivalrous words, reflecting the spirit of the Tracts, addressing the individual hearer as a warrior under a heroic Captain, and in a supreme cause, indicate the ideal of life henceforth for John Pollen ; and accordingly, early in the critical time when a youth stands at the parting of the ways, he made his choice of the highest goal within his ken—the priesthood.

The year of the publication of this sermon saw the birth of Tract 90 ; and during the storms that followed, John Pollen was elected Fellow of Merton. Here he made new and life-long friends ; and, as the sequel will show him to be even unusually open to the influence of friendship, some short data concerning those with whom he had been thrown previous to the year 1843, when first we can converse with him directly through his journal, will throw light upon his own individuality.

It may be said, generally, that his friends were always many and his friendships everlasting. To begin with his seniors, and Merton Fellows : there was Walter Kerr Hamilton, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury ; John James Randolph, who gave the best of his keen intellect to the reorganization of the affairs of the College ; James Hope, afterwards Hope Scott, whose mental and social gifts, and deep religious earnestness, were to make him the typical lay defender of the English Church ; Berdmore Compton, later Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral ; Edward Meyrick Goulburn, afterwards Head Master of Rugby, and Dean of Norwich ; a witty and delightful companion, a lover of children, in whose private memoranda written when at seventeen he first confronted the trials of Oxford life, we read : " Use your endeavours as if they were to effect all, and trust in God as if they were to effect nothing," the favourite maxim—did he know it ?—of Ignatius Loyola.<sup>1</sup>

John Pollen was much drawn by community of tastes to Alexander Penrose Forbes, of Brasenose, an accomplished Scotchman, afterwards Bishop of Brechin ; to the future Lord Selborne, and Chancellor, Roundell Palmer, and his no less gifted brothers, connected with John Pollen by marriage ;<sup>2</sup> to Alexander Beresford Hope, " a brilliant recruit from Cambridge to the High Church party,"<sup>3</sup> an authority in the architectural revival which naturally coincided with the

<sup>1</sup> Berdmore Compton, Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, *Edward Meyrick Goulburn, D.D., D.C.L., Dean of Norwich* (Murray, 1899). Presented to John H. Pollen with the compliments of the author.

<sup>2</sup> Sons of the Rev. William Jocelyn Palmer of Mixbury, Oxon.

<sup>3</sup> Church : *The Oxford Movement* (Macmillan, 1904), p. 407. He it was who first rescued from oblivion the Greek Basilicas, in a treatise touched upon in the *Stones of Venice*, and the collection of engraved portraits, twenty thousand or more, now in the Bodleian library, was his gift.

new observance of the Liturgy ; and to many others, classed together by Dean Church as “men of high character and weight at Oxford,” amongst them William Sewell of Exeter, the brilliant writer and talker, who lectured to crowds at Oxford on Plato and Shakespeare, and who was to found Radley College.

Most sympathetic to Pollen at this time were the future Deans of Westminster and of St. Paul's, the well-known Arthur Penrhyn Stanley ; and Richard William Church, the “Carissime” of Newman.

There was also John—afterwards Sir John—Simeon, of All Souls, one of the three supreme friends of Tennyson ; charming in intercourse, “loved and loveable,” “full of unpretending but very real religion ;” Edward Dean, of All Souls, remarkable for his elegant and handsome person, ready wit, and perpetual flow of high spirits ; and Arundel St. John Mildmay, of Merton, afterwards the Rev. A. Mildmay, of Hazelgrove, Somerset, John Pollen's distant cousin. Taken altogether, his friends form a most noble portrait gallery.

Two others, as being most intimate, should be made more distinct.

William Beadon Heathcote, cousin of Sir William Heathcote, was John Pollen's senior by eight years. At Winchester he became Prefect of Hall ; and the boys, in their admiration for his firm kindness, spontaneously subscribed among themselves for a gold watch and chain to be presented to him when he left for Oxford. From the Warden he won opinions equally golden, inscribed in a set of beautifully bound classics, also a parting gift.

“William Heathcote was a ripe and elegant scholar, and a thorough musician ; he possessed a magnificent voice, and unrivalled power in Church chant ; he was an accurate and careful man of business, a quick and sympathetic observer of character ; he combined depth of thought with a childlike playfulness ; he was sincerely humble and pious ; none exceeded his zeal among the poor.”<sup>1</sup>

“Who, that remembers those days,” said John Henry Cardinal Newman, “could forget William Beadon Heathcote !”<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Guardian*, September 3, 1862.

<sup>2</sup> Spoken to Heathcote's son and daughter, at a reception at Norfolk House, about 1880.



John, third son of Charles Wynne, of Voelas and Cefn Amwlch, and brother-in-law of Laura, John Pollen's favourite sister, alone rivalled Heathcote in his affections.

John Wynne, Fellow of All Souls and B.C.L., was a year older than John Pollen.<sup>1</sup> They had been together at Eton and Christ Church; Wynne's tall stature, personal strength and activity—he was the best leaper of his day—won him at school plenty of admiration; while by his beauty, elegance, and air of distinction, he exercised an attraction which boys half unconsciously feel. His dress was always exquisite; yet there was nothing of the dandy in his manner. He was an excellent shot, and a keen and skilful fisherman. Oxford called forth higher powers; Wynne became a good Greek and Italian scholar, and a serious and enthusiastic student of Dante and Tasso. He was master in the art of letter writing; he wrote a beautiful hand, to begin with. Like John and Hungerford Pollen, he travelled much as a very young man; he knew parts of Europe then out of the beaten track, and his MS. Notes on Norway, written at twenty-one years of age, would form a valuable guide-book to the parts he visited.

Italy was the land of his predilection. Between 1843 and 1845 he spent many months in Rome, and in artistic wanderings with the landscape painter Edwin Lear, author of the once famous and still delightful *Book of Nonsense*. Lear's pencil, his guitar, and his songs, made him and Wynne welcome guests among the simple Italian folk, who received them everywhere as "Cristiani" (Catholics), a title they accepted without misgiving.

Wynne's conversational powers were great, even brilliant; no one would guess from his "large, grand, and almost royal manner"<sup>2</sup> the extraordinary reserve of his character, and how he was inwardly isolated at Oxford by an acute constitutional shyness. Few there were to whom he spoke freely, save Beadon Heathcote, and still more John Pollen. Alike were the two Johns in exceeding warmth of heart, simplicity of moral build, keen and innocent enjoyment of life, and utter

<sup>1</sup> This account is taken from a Memoir of Wynne written by John Pollen in 1892; the MS. contains further details; some are here given.

<sup>2</sup> Stone, *Eleanor Leslie* (Art and Book Company, 1898), p. 207.

unworldliness of soul. These statements will be made good in the course of the narrative.

But the friends were bound together by more than natural sympathy and community of tastes. Side by side under the pulpit of St. Mary's in 1842, they had heard a voice unrivalled in sweetness and in power, sending forth as a winged seed the idea—novel to all who heard it—of the *Development of Doctrine*. "There and then," said John Pollen afterwards, "did I first begin to learn reflection."<sup>1</sup>

When that voice had sounded there for the last time, in September the following year, John Pollen left the agitation of Oxford and her burning questions, and started with his brother Hungerford on a voyage to the East.

<sup>1</sup> These influences are described in John Pollen's *Lectures on Art*, I (Dublin, 1855).

## CHAPTER III

### TRAVEL (1843-1844)

**J**UST at the time when the marvels of mediæval art were first astonishing Ruskin, John Pollen, a young man of the same age, was travelling leisurely with his brother Hungerford southward from Paris, filling voluminous journals and sketch-books.

Cheap and abundant nowadays are descriptions of every corner of Europe and the near East ; but some extracts should be made from John Pollen's journal in order to show his mental characteristics at this time : power of exact observation, artistic perception, fresh enthusiasm, and receptivity on every side. What is quoted can suffice only to suggest to the imagination the cumulative evidence of the whole upon these points. His writing now is almost entirely objective ; he is rather acquiring stores from the splendid and extensive panorama of life and beauty unfolded before his eyes, than, as later, ruminating, comparing, classifying what he possesses.

The brothers started in high spirits, "drawn, like the Queen, by eight white horses in the diligence from Havre," and making their own everything beautiful, venerable, or even merely delightful, on their way ; from the *Pré au Clercs* at the Opera Comique, and the smallest sculptured detail of Notre Dame, to the whole line of the Alps seen from the high cliffs behind Lyons, with, for the first time, Mt. Blanc. "When shall I see the like again !"

Marseilles they reached on October 30, 1843, embarking in company with Sir Gardner Wilkinson, the great Egyptologist, and enjoying his converse upon his Theban discoveries ; Malta followed, with its ideal gardens, chivalrous memories, and present gaieties naval and military ; thence they sailed down the coast of Greece.

"The hills of a deep red purple, almost crimson, in the sunset ; the rocks of Cerigo visible in the moonlight, and quantities of vessels passing with every sail set. . . . From Milos, on board the *Mentor*. . . . The Captain of the vessel, young, uncivil, and apparently a regular bully. Sir B. Chichester's attaché vows vengeance, and if he catches the Captain ashore will pay him off, I should imagine. He says he can hit a dollar at twenty-five paces, and no doubt keeps a sharpish knife on board."

From the gorgeous bazaars of Alexandria they passed to those even more splendid at Cairo.

"We rode through low arches, and down narrow passages where there was but sufficient light to see the scarlet trappings of the white horses held at divers doorways."

"November 16.—Colonel Barnet lent us his Janissary to conduct us to the scene of departure of the pilgrims for Mecca. We watched all from a window. The procession was headed by a large body of the Pasha's troops ;<sup>1</sup> he and his Beys splendidly mounted and dressed ; his children on horses magnificently accoutred, and accompanied by immense slaves. There were drummers, dancing men and dancing women, pilgrims on foot, clapping their hands and chanting, strings of camels superbly hung with carpets and cloths, the sacred camel bearing an immense square tent of scarlet embroidered with gold, and containing the Koran ; banners innumerable all down the line, and a naked man stuck with skewers ; the head Mollah, whose hand everybody kissed that could, as he rode by, and lastly on a camel an old Mollah, half naked, shaking his head slowly about."

On November 18 the Pollens embarked on the Nile in their dyabeah, the *Pelican*, having engaged their Arab guides and sailors, and a most useful Nubian servant and interpreter, who accompanied them throughout the East. Of him Lord Nugent writes :

"God bless Ali Effendi's radiant black face, wherever it be now. . . . Eastern life would have afforded us many a merry hour the less,

<sup>1</sup> Mehemet Ali, whose whole career was then easily within living memory. Pollen narrates as if seen, the massacre of the Mamehukes (1811), and had just measured with his eye the leap, sixty feet, from the citadel, of the one survivor, whose horse's legs were broken by the fall. Lord Nugent, the Pollens' companion at Cairo, describes at length the urbane manners of Mehemet, with whom he appears to have conversed ; his craft, and evident genius.

but for the never failing amusement of his drollery and shrewdness, joined to a well bred tact that raised him above mere buffoonery, and never let him forget his position ; and an inexhaustible good temper. . . . The precious fellow added to these accomplishments a scrupulous honesty and zealous fidelity.”<sup>1</sup>

They sailed up the Nile as far as Dakke, about half-way between the first and second cataracts, halting for the usual sights of Egypt : tombs, colossi, temples ; studying all carefully by the aid of Sir Gardner Wilkinson’s latest book ; bathing, shooting crocodiles and other “ game ” ; noting :

“ A Sheykh breaking in a young chestnut, and cutting figures of eight with a diameter of little more than his horse’s length ; riding him full gallop to the edge of the bank and then checking him . . . seated on a rock, a pretty Nubian girl covered with bead necklaces, her hair matted, greased, and plaited, like thongs of leather . . . the grand hall at Philae illuminated that pitch dark night with our bonfire of palm branches—never saw I so fine a sight.”

There was the usual dramatic scene and spice of danger in ascending and descending the cataracts.

“ Our boat they shoved down clear of the rocks till she reached the deeper water ; the rush—tremendous—took her ; the danger of the rope’s breaking was imminent. A score of men were on deck at the bulwarks, shoving with poles and jumping off, and forcing her off the rock with their backs ; Hassan in a frenzy, stripped to his drawers. Crash went her cutwater against a rock and smashed a great bit off ; but they got her right again. Once the water came over her side, the men pressed it down so low ; and once Hassan and another jumped into the worst of the rush to get her clear. However, the boat showed her good qualities, and we got in and reached smooth water at last.”

They reached Dakke on “ the first Christmas Day I ever spent away from home ” ; and began to retrace their way.

“ The descent of the cataracts fine to a degree ; we had fifty fellows on board, two men to each oar. It was over in five minutes ; but a foot of bad steering would have knocked us to atoms. . . . At Essouan we went to the Governor to have it out with Abdé

<sup>1</sup> Lord Nugent, *Lands Classical and Sacred* (Knight, 1845), vol ii. pp. 241-2.



Reisac, (the owner of the Pelican, under whom the men were in-subordinate, and who had failed in his duty). The Governor gave us coffee and pipes, and offered to bastinado the offender on the spot. We let him off, but obliged him to change the men we wanted to be rid of, for others, and to bring them up for punishment. Jourma was chastised, but we stopped it at the sixth cut. Then the Governor paid us a visit, with six or so of his retainers and slaves, and partook of pipes and coffee."

On February 27, at Cairo, after duly visiting the Pyramids, Heliopolis, Materieh, and enjoying a fleeting sight of Ibrahim Pasha, "whose countenance is expressive of more constitutional ferocity and low sensuality than I ever saw depicted in any other human being," says Lord Nugent,<sup>1</sup> the Pollens prepared for their desert journey. They started with eight camels, with Ali, and four Arabs of the Tawarah tribe under their Sheykh Mohammed Sceatt Mabruah.

Not till more than twenty years later was Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine* to make these places, so to say, popular; but the critical exploration of Bible Lands was already beginning to attract attention. Hungerford and John Pollen travelled mindful of their Bible, primed with the latest book on the subject, Dr. Robinson's *Biblical Researches in Palestine*, and with imagination and heart open to all associations peopling mountain and plain.

"On March 7 we entered the pass leading straight to Sinai. . . . Majestic rocks of red and dark granite tower up on either hand for hundreds of feet; below is the bed of a torrent. . . . It was hard work for the camels, and the cliffs echoed to their cries. . . . Here and there in this wild and lonely path is seen a tree or shrub; the view back was unusually grand from the haziness of the day. . . . The road still ascends, and the valley widens, till it opens on a large slope towards Mt. Horeb: a vast cliff of 1,200 feet frowning right down upon the plain. . . . A place for mighty deeds."

Of the Franciscan Convent, the fortalice on Mt. Sinai, where they were hauled up in turn by a rope to the only entrance and most courteously received; of their adventurous ascent of the Mount St. Catherine, the highest peak of Sinai, much is recorded; as also of Bedouin manners and customs. Nor

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, vol i. p. 165

was their journey without considerable dangers ; weird stories of recent robberies and murders were rife, and the lives and property of travellers were largely at the mercy of the desert Arabs. The chief safety lay often in trusting openly to their sense of honour. Honesty was a rarer virtue. Rashedi, paymaster of the Pollens' train, had boasted that he would extract from the Englishmen a good deal more than he was entitled to by previous agreement. Failing in this, he wept continuously for days in succession ; moreover, in distributing the money to the men a regular fight arose, and two of them swore that Rashedi should pay for his conduct with his life. Somewhat later, however, a common danger seems to have reconciled these differences.

“ At Beersheba we met the Tiyahah Arabs in very great numbers. To-morrow there is to be a great battle with the Azazimah, who had killed a man of the former tribe. . . . The Tiyahah outnumber the Azazimah four to one, and say they mean to murder them all if they can (this battle was fought and sixty men were slain, as I learnt afterwards at Jerusalem). A gun fired is to be the signal for assembling, and thirty horsemen were sent out only yesterday to summon the tribe. There is great reason to apprehend an attack from the Ghais to-night in great numbers, as they are known to be a most rascally race, and the opportunity of the trysting of the Tiyahah is not likely to be lost. . . . These also may join against us. . . . Rashedi says, however, should we be attacked, if we are entrenched behind the camels and luggage, we might stand against a hundred. We must look out, he says, for *thieves*, not robbers. We mean to bury our money . . . 7.50 p.m. . . . 22nd.—We met with no interruption, and disinterred our money in safety . . . but we were later stopped by four of the Ghais, who laid hold of the camels, and swore we should not go on without paying ; but we, being ten, and well armed, the thing was not to be thought of for an instant. . . .

“ We presently paid our Tawarah Arabs, who were greatly delighted as well with our liberal backsheesh ; I parted from them on my part with regret.”

John Pollen had been specially touched by old Saleh, who always accompanied him out shooting.

“ Hungerford and I (one day) had walked ahead for some hours ; on returning we met Saleh ; he kissed my hand several times in the

greatest delight. A man had been altogether lost just here quite recently ; and Saleh, who had been looking for me, had expected to see me no more for ever."

At Jerusalem they rejoined Lord Nugent and his party, and with them explored Palestine and Syria, with an interest that may be imagined, and with fresh experience of Arab honour.

On an expedition from Jerusalem to Jericho, nearly thirty miles,

"We started, a party of eight horsemen, besides servants ; all were furnished with guns and pistols, and accompanied by an armed guard of sixteen men, furnished by their guide, Sheykh Abdallah, head of a tribe occupying the whole country as far as the Jordan. . . . Presently we descended upon a great wady, with flocks of sheep, goats, and camels innumerable ; the headquarters of Sheykh Yousef Abounshee, of a hostile tribe as it turned out. We passed the Sheykh and his tents quietly ; no one was visible ; but at the end of the plain, up ran one of his followers with a great shout, and presented his gun. One of our men did the same ; in an instant began a battle of stones, and swords were drawn ; then suddenly appeared, starting from behind every rock or bush of the hillside, sixty or a hundred men, fully armed. Our men, headed by Abdallah, promptly fled, and Lord Nugent's Greek servant, Triandaphyllo, spilling half our provisions out of his bags. Four of our party also retreated ; the rest of us rode straight forward to the Sheykh Yousef, and were most civilly treated. . . . No harm was intended us, he said ; he offered to do anything we wanted, and would send us safely to the Jordan, with an escort of a hundred men, binding us to no bargain ; we might pay what we pleased, or nothing, and not the value of a piastre should be lost from our goods. And this promise he kept religiously, compelling the restoration of two or three trifles that had been taken. Our party reassembled within two hours, and we set off with fifty men well armed, led by Sheykh Yousef himself on horseback. . . . On our return a feast was made in his camp ; all were seated in due order ; we, the English party, on a large carpet, by ourselves, servants and retainers in another group, the old Sheykh and his ten sons on the open side of the tent, more humble individuals and the children, beyond. Coffee was served, sour milk, rice with butter, and excellent cakes ; the Sheykh moreover insisted on giving us a live lamb in pledge of friendship : and he then escorted us back to Jerusalem. . . . Here we found our friends in great alarm. They had heard that the whole expedition

was a political intrigue of the French and Russians to get the English into a scrape; Abdallah had been bribed with seventy-five sheep . . . and so on."

These adventures and many more are recorded also in Lord Nugent's book. He was visiting the Holy Land with a view to inquiry after reading Dr. Robinson's *Biblical Researches*, one of the first works that attempt *a priori* to discredit utterly the old traditional sites, as "inventions of monks." Lord Nugent shows a more liberal spirit, and his conclusions, founded upon exact observation, are more in accordance with those of to-day.<sup>1</sup>

As to every detail of the highly entertaining traits of life and manners with which the noble author has enlivened the graver pages of his work, implicit trust is somewhat shaken by the following comparison :

"On quitting Nablous" [says the Journal of March 14, 1844], "we had a specimen of the Nablous society in five worthies with guns, one of whom demanded money with the most intolerable insolence; but we presented five barrels, and they retired."

To which Lord Nugent's account adds the following : "One of the Mr. Pollens instantly grappled with the first assailant for his musket"; with other graphic circumstances. Meeting his lordship one day after the publication of the book, John Pollen congratulated him on its success. "But how could you," he added, "thus embroider the Nablous affair?" "Well, was the reply, "one must, of course, add a little *spice* here and there."

In Pollen's journal is a lively description of the quarantine imprisonment at Smyrna, beguiled by sketching (to the high satisfaction of the models) gorgeously dressed Turks, who played hunt the slipper, or baited bulls; of the handsome Frank Smyrniotes, chatting in their doorways; of a country-house fête where

"the hostess by the laws of hospitality must herself hand round sweetmeats to her guests, so that we had perforce to sit still and be waited on by the fairest of the fair."

<sup>1</sup> Hungerford Pollen on his journey finished sketches for a companion volume of illustrations (published by Dickenson & Sons).



At Baalbec, Damascus, Rhodes, Constantinople, he witnessed, sketched, and closely described a hundred magnificent or animated scenes; dismissing more shortly the repulsive. There are the transcendent proportions of St. Sophia, visited through a firman obtained by Countess Orloff; the young Sultan sweeping round the harbour in his thirty-oared caique, and advancing to the landing-place between crowds of spectators in gaily appointed boats; "we doffing hats while he stared in return at the ladies;"<sup>1</sup> the marriage procession in the Jews' quarter, the guests playing timbrels and singing, and the bride closely veiled, led at a snail's pace by her bridesmaids; the sad and disgusting sights of the slave-market.

One symbolic picture remained specially vivid.

"Scutari, *May 14*.—Letters from England; one from my poor friend Edward Bigge written in the highest spirits from Merton; another telling me that he has been carried off by a fit of apoplexy. God's will be done. I passed in the street a funeral procession of a young Greek girl, exposed on an open-air bier decked with flowers; flowers were in her hand."

Remembering this, he quoted years after:

"The smile on the lip mocked the tear in the eye,  
Like flowers in the hand of the dead."

The romance surrounding Greek emancipation, then still fresh, was brought home to him by intercourse with the patriot Count Capo d'Istria, a man he describes as personally charming, and of apparently heroic mould, who had succeeded his more famous brother as President of Greece 1831–2. For the artistic aspects of Greece, for the fruits of recent excavations at Athens and Corinth, John Pollen had been well prepared as nephew and disciple of Charles Cockerell; the first man in Europe to point out that there is not, and how and why there is not, a single straight line in the Parthenon or the Temple of Theseus.

Pollen's sketch-books as well as his journal are eloquent of his own appreciations. His natural feeling for colour had been developed by visions in the East; most noteworthy are

<sup>1</sup> Abdul Medjid, then twenty-one years of age.



his delicate and rapidly executed sketches of the Holy Land, now in the possession of Lady Heathcote.

On June 27, he reached Trieste.

"Five times," he writes, "have I heard from England since I left the coast of Syria, and each letter has brought untoward news. Charley was off to Montreal, May 18, and I have missed him."

In Venice, John Pollen's observation and discriminating praise of Tintoretto and Luini in particular—artists just rediscovered by Ruskin—are remarkable and in singular accord with the verdict of to-day.<sup>1</sup> But nowhere do his descriptions smack of the guide-book. With the same individual spirit he rambled through North Italy, over the Italian Lakes and the Swiss, down the Rhine and about the Low Countries, and on September 14, 1844, he finally landed in England.

Here follows the first properly subjective passage of his journal.

"*September 14, 1844.*—Thus have I finished a journey over many miles, during a year all but ten days, the enjoyment of which has indeed been very great. I have been blessed with perfect health and safety, and for the most part fair weather. I have endured no hardships, and but such inconveniences as heightened the relish of my travels; been nominally alone, yet never lacked friends—seen climates and lands and things wonderful in nature and art—more than I had dreamed. As I have not been so long away but that I quit this mode of life with regret, so to look back to it, will always be a pleasure. And now I thank God for His great goodness, and trust I shall have derived some good from my wanderings."

The Pollens, devout churchmen as they were, never failed to attend service at one or the other of the Protestant Mission chapels en route, wherever this was possible. One passage only in the journal refers to the religious practice of foreign Christians:

"*Milan, August 12, 1844.*— . . In the evening I walked round the walls, and outside the gates I entered a small church. I was much struck by the chaunting, performed alternately by a choir of

<sup>1</sup> Ruskin somewhere says: "Five great painters were despised till I spoke of them: Tintoretto, Luini, Turner, Botticelli, and Carpaccio."

men and boys. The candles of the altar were arranged in patterns, and a thick smoke from incense made the small extent hazy. . . . There is much, certainly, in the religion of this land to charm and move the senses; but in all their ceremonies and services the *theatrical* predominates. I see no simplicity—and yet I believe that the priests are sincere and worthy men. The reverence of the poorer classes is profound and sincere *in* the church; from the outside one could not always conjecture so much.”

## CHAPTER IV

### HOME AGAIN (1844-1845)

JOHN POLLEN'S return had not been so soon expected, and his journal tells of the great joy and surprise at his sudden apparition at Rodbourne, of his own delight at the refreshing sight of the place and its inmates, of the home intercourse, shooting parties, county visits and gaieties that filled the remaining weeks of the autumn vacation. From these typically English scenes he was as ready to gather the "harvest of a quiet eye" as from the more gorgeous and romantic of his recent travels; some account of the hospitality of Rood Ashton, in Wiltshire, celebrating at once the coming of age of the eldest son and the wedding of a daughter of Mr. and Lady M. Long, on September 26, is chosen among many possible illustrations.

The Rodbourne party, John riding, the rest driving, reached Rood Ashton in a few hours. His journal contains a minute description, architecturally and artistically, of the fine house and its furniture, as well as of the gardens, park, and grounds.<sup>1</sup> Not only the manor itself, but every spare room in the village was occupied by guests who were to share in the three days' festivities; an omnibus collected others from outlying places.

"After the wedding of Miss Long and Mr. Dupper, followed dinner at six in a huge tent on the lawn; then a ball in the dining-room most successful and well attended. I got off to bed by good management at 4.30. *September 27.*—The day was, as the last, beautifully ushered in by bells, guns, etc; breakfast at eleven; tight-rope dancing on the lawn. The dinner at five, to a hundred and fifty of Mr. Long's tenants; to seventy of his troop, in the large tent; . . . tenants' ball in both tents, seven hundred or more. . . . Fire-

<sup>1</sup> A somewhat melancholy interest now attaches to these reminiscences, Rood Ashton being among the estates sold this year, 1910, by present representatives of the family.

works at midnight; the flower beds picked out with coloured lamps, and a covered way from the tent to the house illuminated. . . . Some were fresh enough to carry on the ball till much later, when Sotheron finished it up by a united 'God save the Queen.' *September 28.*—This was the poor peoples' day. Tournaments with brooms on the lawn, in which I carried Popham, who was floored. There were hurdle races, and wheelbarrow races blindfold, in which, having to drive round a post, some drove against it and stuck, and some past it, and went slowly on *ad infinitum*; other climbed up a greased pole with a leg of mutton at the top. . . . All finished with donkey races, and a chase after pigs with soaped tails. . . . A mighty cask of ale was broached, and stacks of bread and cheese were constantly ready in the tent. The fine weather singularly fortunate. I was much pleased with the hearty welcome, unbounded hospitality, total absence of all pretence or 'consequence' on the part of our host, and the satisfactory understanding subsisting between him, his family, and his numerous dependants."

A striking contrast this to a wedding festival, surrounded by all the poetry of the south, that John Pollen witnessed later at Turin—a scene that will be found in its place.

The story of John Pollen's life was for long to be played at Oxford. In order to see how far he was led by its momentous influences, how far he shaped his course in their despite, it will be well to inquire further what manner of man, by nature and by education, was subjected to the pressure of the critical and changing movement of 1838 and onward.

Regarding the qualities of his heart, his chief friends have been described, and the course of the narrative will make clear the mutual devotion; it is, perhaps, only a repetition of trifles, tedious in detail, that witness to some loves, as of home; yet some account must be taken in a general way of tender touches, that, like the dabs on an Impressionist picture, give to the journal a certain atmosphere throughout.

What was true in this way of John Pollen in the nursery, can be repeated of the man. Uncles, aunts, and cousins, he loves only less than his mother's own children; and the depth of her heart is shown in the strength that bound these together through life. In John Pollen's journal, anxieties, successes, joys and griefs of every kind are common property; anniversaries, birthday presents, good wishes, are never forgotten; every

one loves and is loved ; yet there seems to have been, without envy, a favourite son, daughter, brother, and sister. John is always the first to be sent for in family troubles, or consulted in delicate matters ; and the favourite daughter and sister, as her hold upon her brother's heart was immense, and her influence lasting, should be described—briefly, for in writing it is difficult to do more than suggest the personality of a charming woman.

Laura, whose dark curls contrast with those of her brother in early miniatures, had deep blue eyes and a fine complexion. A daguerreotype, strange to say a good one, preserves the regularity of her features, the dignity and grace of her figure ; but the descriptions of those who saw her go far beyond this record. She possessed her father's features and colouring, her mother's practical sense, and strength of will. She had married early Charles Griffith Wynne, of Voelas, and Cefn Amwlch, North Wales, eldest brother of John Wynne ; she was idolized by her children, her husband, and the poor on his estates, where traditions still linger of her action ; to all who knew her she was " a thing enshrined and ensainted."

This beautiful and stately woman was the object of her brother's chivalrous devotion. In the spring of 1845, arrived at Rodbourne an express from town with news that she was showing symptoms of dangerous illness. Her mother, Hungerford, and John, set out instantly for town ; several dramatic pages of the journal describe the hurried journey, the anxious faces and distress, the doctors in consultation, the sleepless night, the deep thankfulness as the danger gradually passed away.

A very different episode was soon to absorb the family interest.

The name, afterwards so eminent, of young Mr. John Godley,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Father of the present Arthur Godley, Lord Kilbracken of Killegar. " A friend of mine," says Aubrey de Vere (*Recollections*, p. 251), " to whom Ireland was deeply indebted was Mr. John Godley, a man highly honoured by all that knew him, not for his great abilities only, but still more for the noble energy and the exalted practical purposes to which they were ever applied." A. de Vere goes on to speak of Mr. Godley's magnificent scheme for Irish colonization ; it is well worthy of study. It was unfortunately opposed in Parliament ; and Ireland lost the services of a great man. Mr. Godley became the founder of the Canterbury settlement in New Zealand.



a friend of Hungerford Pollen, occurs frequently in the journal ; his recent book on America had keenly interested both brothers. Early in March, Hungerford had gone to stay with the Godleys in Ireland ; and John, his brother's confidant, aware of the attraction that was indefinitely lengthening the visit, was not greatly surprised on receiving at the end of April a letter from Hungerford announcing his engagement to Miss Godley.

"I rejoice in the full belief that it will make him very happy. May God prosper Hungerford thus throughout."

On May 26 the family started in force for Ireland, to be present at the wedding ; John Pollen was quickly won by the beauty and charm of the young bride.

"*June 5.*—This day Hungerford was married to Charlotte, by James Godley. Wind and storm. It is an affecting process, and a most melancholy day. They started off at 3.30. Charlotte looked very well ; I never saw her more composed. I think her most engaging and affectionate ; she has that charm of innocence, the contemplation of which is to me so instantly interesting."

The following episode, belonging to a later date, is placed here as illustrating, by a finishing touch, the Rodbourne home.

"Oxford, *December 3.*—I hear that poor Hudgell is sinking."

This was a trusty butler, who, with his wife as housekeeper, had served the family longer than John could remember. Hudgell had been constantly visited, and comforted during long hours by his young masters in vacation time ; and John, on hearing of his sad state, now started for Rodbourne. He found his old familiar already dead ; and gazed tenderly on "a most sweet, composed, and edifying countenance, as beautiful as death can be ; which is, in itself, a something contrary to God's work."

At the funeral old servants carried the coffin ; Hungerford Pollen was chief mourner, and John headed the procession of dependants and relatives, all clad in mourning veils.

## CHAPTER V

### THE OXFORD MAN (1844-1850)

THE beginning of Michaelmas term saw John Pollen back at Oxford; the journal is alive with eager greetings and inquiries, and curious inspection of recent improvements—or the reverse. Crowded omnibuses, with the names of colleges on their backs, he viewed dubiously as a convenient but undignified innovation; the days of motors and bicycles being indeed far off. “Uncle Robert’s” (C. R. Cockerell) new University galleries were to be admired, and Mr. Goulburn’s new open sittings in his church at Holywell.

These low open sittings, now common enough, were then a Tractarian innovation. Out of the beautiful carved oak stalls, whence the chant of praise had risen day and night in mediaeval times, had been constructed, in the seventeenth century, the old high pews, where children could crack nuts, or county magnates slumber secure. John Pollen himself would recall a special lollipop known as “Church sock” (query, from the root *suck*?) at Eton in his day. The face of the schoolboy being reverently buried in his hat, he could safely munch the delicacy mentioned. Did Pollen himself ever indulge in this practice?

But to return to Oxford.

He listens to his friends’ adventures, and relates his own; displays his Eastern sketches, and notes the admiration they evoke. Soon his proud mother convoys to Oxford “a vast assembly of friends and relatives, to see the College and my draughts,” and he has much converse with Arthur Stanley, already meditating the journey that was to produce his famous *Sinai and Palestine*, and anxious to gather what he could beforehand. Even some redoubtable “Heads,” Dr. Williams the Warden of New College, and the Principal of Magdalen, Dr. Macbride, did John Pollen the honour of a call; and he

was a constant visitor to Dr. Harington and Dr. Wellesley, the Principals of New Inn Hall and of Brasenose.

"I had at the time," he said afterwards, "the reputation of being a proper and well-behaved young man ; and so far thoroughly orthodox."

It will be well now to consider John Pollen's daily life in University surroundings. Oxford—the Laudian Oxford that passed away in 1854—was the preponderating factor in his personality, as far as this could be modified by education. Regarding, too, such acts and enterprizes as came from his natural bent, the old conditions must be remembered as a setting.

He meets his friends, of course, at frequent breakfast parties. His guests were sometimes children, for whom, rich or poor, he had the devotion of Keble or of Pusey.<sup>1</sup>

"Mrs. Balfour's boy and girl and little Charlie Harington to breakfast . . . Willie Coxe and Arthur Seymour to tea ; rare romps with them in the garden. . . . Willie told his father he was glad his sister Maggie was gone to heaven because, he said, she could ask God to make them good ; a charming story." <sup>2</sup>

At nine o'clock came the attendance at one or two morning lectures ; he then, save for church attendance, read continuously till one o'clock or two. For John Pollen had already entered into the mind of Dr. Pusey, "a man of large designs," <sup>3</sup> who had in view the formation of a learned clergy, trained amid the unrivalled opportunities of Oxford ; a body of trustworthy theologians who should both illustrate the Church and support her against infidel attacks. Pollen's Oxford mornings were therefore industriously planned from the first days of the Michaelmas term.

But set studies in divinity and ecclesiastical history formed but a part of his Oxford formation. "He that has acquired the faculty of judging soundly about all things, is the educated man ;" <sup>4</sup> to create him is the end of University teaching. In-

<sup>1</sup> Lock, *John Keble* (Methuen, 1895), p. 130. *The Story of Dr. Pusey's Life* (Longmans, 1900), p. 383.

<sup>2</sup> "Willie" was the son of Henry O. Coxe, Head Librarian of the Bodleian. See Dean Burgon, *Twelve Good Men* (Murray, 1888), 2nd Ed.

<sup>3</sup> *Apologia*, new edition (Longmans, 1895), p. 62.

<sup>4</sup> Canon Barry, *Essay on Newman*.

terests philosophic, scientific, moral, artistic, social, political, individual, opened out on every side; he knew things not superficially, but thoroughly, as far as he went; for the slenderest fact newly made visible by the ever widening bounds of his horizon was firmly seized and held in an attentive gaze, until the elementary principles, at least, that it exemplified, or its correlation to other facts of the same order, were manifest. There was never in him that self-satisfied smattering of unconnected and half understood miscellanies that makes the mind and conversation of some well-informed persons like an ill assorted museum, or a "bazaar in which wares of all kinds are heaped together for sale."<sup>1</sup>

Only the perusal of a considerable portion of John Pollen's journal could satisfactorily verify these remarks; but careful reading of even a few pages from any of his published works would be convincing. Here, a few data only, from among scores of similar ones, are put together as showing the scope and variety within his reach at Oxford. They are chosen from different years of his residence.

"March 10, 1846.—To the Architectural, where Sewell again, on the Greek Philosophers applied to Gothic Architecture. He is not, I think, right. His present view is of *an end*; of something wanting to give interest. Whereas should not Architecture be an expression of an actual Being, or Idea? *See thou make it according to the pattern that was shewed thee.* The fullness of the Christian, rather than the groping of the heathen. . . .

"December 16, 1850.—*O Sapientia.* St. Mary's; a remarkable sermon from Liddell on the mediæval philosophic theology. He affected to overturn it with Bacon and Locke; but I do not know why his, and the modern theory, should not be liable to an upset, were it found hereafter that there is another mental process for attaining truth, and one equally infallible, if *intellectual* phenomena and conclusions are to be the indications of what is truth. . . .

"November 7.—Asked Brookes to dine, and hear Charles Kemble read *Julius Cæsar* in Holywell concert-room. Kemble good, considering his age, and that his voice is no longer so strong—he is gentleman-like, and gave me a good conception of the characters; Brutus, Cassius and Mark Antony especially; I have seen him act, and well,

<sup>1</sup> Newman, *My Campaign in Ireland* (King, Aberdeen, 1896), p. 247.



in the latter. . . . *October 9.*—He read *Hamlet*, in my opinion most agreeably, to a very crowded audience. . . . ‘*As You Like It*’ is perhaps the best of his performances, as it is, I think, the prettiest play of Shakespeare.<sup>1</sup> . . .

“*Merton, November 22, 1850.*—To hear Sewell lecture on Shakespeare, analysing the character of Henry V., which he considers the impersonation at once of the King and of the Englishman, considered *in extenso* and in all its details, according to Shakespeare’s ideal. . . .

“I am not quite sure whether I consider Sewell to possess real breadth of view. . . . It was all very clever, certainly. Perhaps one has a tendency to depreciate efforts beyond one’s own exertions ; I am very far from being able to decide justly on those occasions ; I err both ways ; very often quite as much in over-estimation as in the reverse . . . *25th.*—To hear Bartley read Henry V. It might certainly have been better. If I could have heard John Henry Newman ! *there* were the reading ! Appreciation of the author, without studying the effect upon the *hearers*.”

He sat under Professor Henry Acland for Anatomy ; and was delighted with Professor Owen.

“*March 16, 1848.*— . . . To hear Professor Owen on the anatomy of birds, at the College of Surgeons ; exceedingly interesting. The best piece of lecturing I have ever heard. He is refined in appearance and manner ; an exceedingly intellectual head ; a very pleasing, distinct and elegant enunciation.”

Physical science was then beginning its day at Oxford. Pollen attended lectures in the Ashmolean from Buckland and others, acquiring a knowledge of elementary principles, and in practice applying them usefully, and watching in nature, in manufactures, or in mechanism for their manifestation. To such principles he alludes in many pages of the journal, filled with exact descriptions of ships, with their tonnage, machinery, and speed ; as well as of docks, arsenals, quays ; noting new and ingenious combinations, or resistance to forces. He writes all with an evident keenness of interest amounting to delight.

He was Dean of his College, Garden Master, and Bursar, during nearly the whole of his Oxford residence. Laborious

<sup>1</sup> This verdict tallies with that of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald : “ Charles Kemble on the stage walked, spoke, looked, fought, and died like a gentleman.” (*Memoirs*, vol ii. p. 387.)



days, sometimes several consecutive, were occupied with accounts from ten to six; the Bursars sat in their gowns, and carried on their work in Latin, then almost the only vernacular of Oxford. The journal notes:

"Bursar's day; . . . burial ground question, unsatisfactory; discussion on railroads, unfinished; . . . Voted against repeal of Convocation tax of 4s. levied for volunteers in the war, and now applied to the Bodleian; carried against us by seventy-nine against twenty-three."

A Shakespearian scene sometimes lightens the labour.

"Went with the Warden to settle a matrimonial dispute between Harris and his wife. . . . To see the rights of a quarrel between Pinfold the butcher, and Nichols the miller, of Holywell; old Manel went with us, and snubbed both parties; I was much amused. It took the best part of three hours."

John Pollen delighted in all Oxford scenes; regattas, gaudies, Commemorations, May Day on Magdalen Tower; this he describes many times and always in different language. The busy hum of men interested him everywhere; but perhaps he enjoyed nothing more entirely than the long walks or rides—now, we are told, out of vogue—in Oxford country, with one or other of his friends. Of Bagley Wood<sup>1</sup> in May:

"Three nightingales at once, answering one another; their song a burst of cool fragrance. It is like John Van Eycks' picture of Paradise at Ghent; a vision of the world unfallen."

Or he mounts Shotover Hill, whereabouts Milton wrote his *Allegro*. Towers, battlements, and tufted trees, were in Pollen's day romantic as ever; but the stores of Ladies, throngs of Knights and Barons bold, had sadly declined:

"With Hobhouse to Wormsley; glorious view. Here they had a sham tourney; anything so absurd as the dresses and the whole thing I cannot imagine."

An idea of the ridiculous scene may doubtless be gathered

<sup>1</sup> Enclosed from the public from 1851 onwards. "A grievous loss!" says the journal.

from Cruikshank's caricature of the famous Eglinton Tournament which this was probably designed to imitate.<sup>1</sup>

A few Oxford scenes and portraits may here be gathered together.

"May 1, 1851.—To the top of Magdalen; before the clock hit five the Tower was full. Frost, and brilliant sun; all Christ Church and Magdalen meadows and the country behind the town a sea of mist, with the tree tops in their first green piercing through. I was introduced to Mr. Coxe, the American poet; I took him over our College; he was presented to the Warden, and his delight knew no bounds. In the Muniment-room he kissed the seal of our Foundation Charter. 'This is genuine antiquity,' said he, 'six hundred years old, and we boast of our Constitution of seventy! . . . I am going to make a confession to you,' he went on. 'At my first sight of England from the steamer, I went below to recover self-control. . . . A tree was coming into leaf at Liverpool, where I landed; I walked straight up to that tree and kissed it.' He then sprang shamefacedly from his chair, afraid of our criticisms; but we assured him of our sympathy.

"He entered the chapel, and begged leave, as an American priest, there to return thanks for all that England is; he knelt, and recited prayers and psalms.

"May 2 came, with letters to me from Hope, Döllinger, the German historian, and Sir John Acton, his pupil. I was greatly pleased with Döllinger, a good English scholar; he thinks that foreign Protestants, though generally going rapidly towards infidelity, face fairly, if externally, the question of the Middle Ages; not so the English historians, who, he thought, had never appreciated or judged truly of those times. Döllinger, after seeing Pusey, left for Newman."

And a hundred other interesting personalities, touched in a few vivid words, flit across the pages of the journal.

<sup>1</sup> Cruikshank's *Comic Almanack*, 1840. "The Passage of Arms at Tuggeridgeville," p. 233.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE AMATEUR ARTIST (1844-1850)

**B**UT the most essential aspect of John Pollen in the mental order must be accentuated. In his respect for facts and accuracy of observation, he possessed certain qualities of the scientific mind ; these have their part also in the lover of Art ; and round Art centred for him all other subjects and objects of study. He was, more than all besides, an artist.

Of this something has been said already ; his foreign travels had augmented his imaginative wealth ; but from England too he was constantly gathering new variety. Oxford itself, then as now, contained many art-treasures ; moreover many a don, in those days, was a collector—of engravings, old books, coins, bric-à-brac ; John Pollen's own rooms were handsomely furnished with beautiful things.

His artistic education had wider scope in vacation time.

The National Gallery he of course knew by heart ; and every public exhibition saw him in town. He was assiduous, too, at viewing private collections, or lucky “ finds ” anywhere ; and his friends would carry him off to pronounce upon the authenticity of a Titian, a Murillo, a Velasquez. Until the dawn of British Pre-Raphaelite days, he does not find much in the Royal Academy to arouse his enthusiasm.

Towards the architectural efforts of the time he is merciful ; his criticisms, never drastic, accord rather with those of our day than of his own ; he condemns Trafalgar Square, for instance, all but the lions, is no ultra-Puginian, and finds wearisome the decoration of the new Parliament Houses.

London he loved ; every notable building in it is described in his own individual fashion, and the aspect of the city itself was much to him. Long before Whistler had taught the

public—slow to learn—the beauty of a “Nocturne,” John Pollen had written :

“*September 17, 1846.*—The view of London from the river is far beyond anything I know, in its way, anywhere. Even Constantinople, Venice, and Damascus, though not to be approached, yet lack the spirit of solemn grandeur, the indistinctness, and immense size, of London.”

England he came to know in every sense [by heart ; as to scenery, despite his southern experiences, he seems almost to award the golden apple to his native land—partly perhaps because he loved it and its people so surpassingly.

“ . . . As I sit here writing, the cawing of the rooks in the elms has a peculiarly English sound. . . . The more I see of Kent the more I recognize the *garden* of England, so smiling is it and English. It has a character about it ; the old Dutch style of farmhouse and cottage is universal ; a humility without meanness ; low flat fields, with a great ship canal on the Isle of Thanet . . . Dover Castle on the left ; on the right, Shakespeare’s cliff ; crimson-tufted flowers, orange and purple stocks. . . . Glorious weather ; the brilliancy of the scene is Genoese. . . . A row, and a jump and bathe in the deep waters. . . .”

Delightful was West Wales in the spring, in autumn the crimson coast of Devonshire, richly wooded, and of Cornwall, where round and about he sailed, or walked, or rode with his brother Hungerford, investigating and sketching objects proper to sea and land, enjoying a night’s hospitality at many delightful houses great and small, and wandering at will over countries unique in beauty.

Nothing he has written, perhaps, tells more of his artistic sense than the word pictures that abound.

“A most heavenly morning. Saw a girl of fourteen carrying a young child asleep, shading its face with a leafy bough. . . .”

Atmosphere and colour are noted.

“The Britannia Bridge over the Menai Straits is no dis-sight, from the grace and boldness of the lines ; a spar or beam of enormous span, supported at intervals. The banks of the strait are wooded with oak to the water. It is like the Bosphorus in small ; more



beautiful in variety and conformation of the soil. . . . Every house on this calm cloudy day was reflected in the water, still as glass, and all white, save where the reflection of the bridge piers restored its natural green.

"September 1.—Bideford Bay; the distant country brilliant, madder and purple; the abrupt coast, here high, there very low, in shadow; the shadows on the landscape those of clouds; the near woods rich green; the far, intense warm blue."

It is not too much to say that John Pollen studied profoundly every building that he entered, as far as time allowed—down to the very skeleton of its structure, its materials, and the practical utility of its disposition. Before the end of his stay at Oxford not only all the great cathedrals and notable churches in the British Isles are found in his journal most carefully described, but an extraordinary number in out-of-the-way places, and scores of country houses, great and small.

The English Cathedral most familiar to him was Wells. Dr. Goodenough, its Dean, had married his mother's sister, and John from boyhood had been a constant visitor at the Deanery, where he sketched and studied every aspect of the unrivalled group of buildings so highly praised by Ruskin. Moreover, Charles Robert Cockerell it was, who had dispelled the oblivion that had shrouded for many a century the glory of the now famous West Front. His enthusiasm led to his great pioneer work, wherein his nephew, John Pollen, collaborated: the *Iconography of Wells*; a subject which since then has not ceased to attract attention. Dean Goodenough, a man of much artistic taste, commenced judiciously in 1842 the restoration of the aisle and transepts; he removed the thick layers of whitewash concealing the sculpture, and the pre-tentious monuments intruded into the aisles.<sup>1</sup>

Dramatic insight is of course bound up with artistic power.

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Percy Dearmer, *Wells* (Bell, 1907), p. 28 ff. On the death of Dean Goodenough in 1844, Dr. Jenkins of Balliol was appointed to the Deanery of Wells. "This will, I fear," writes Pollen, "bring no good, either to the Church or the Cathedral." "The changes wrought under Dean Goodenough's successor," continues Mr. Dearmer, "were marked only by a complacent ignorance. The mediæval stalls were removed, and replaced by work of indescribable imbecility. No real improvement in the choir of Wells is possible, till every trace of Dean Jenkins' 'restoration' is swept away; but, alas, what is destroyed can never be recovered." (*Ibid.* p. 18.)



In the journal of these Oxford years a hundred scenes gay, sad, grotesque, typical, are suggested rather than related, in rapid characteristic touches: the wonderful old lady, Miss Walter, full of fire and life, out with the hounds at eighty-six, near Rodbourne—the “queer half-caste Parson in the railway carriage, who gave me his view of the *profession of orders*, that he wanted to cut, as it *did not pay*”—“the Duchess of Orleans with her son of thirteen years, the very handsome, tall, and dark-eyed Comte de Paris”—Thiers, Guizot, and other celebrities lionizing at Oxford—the parting of a very poor man with his soldier son, whom Pollen afterwards successfully induced not to desert—the “musical scrimmage at Jesus College, the Hall decked as a drawing-room, with tea and maids, books of prints, ladies young and old,” the senior Fellows listening to the “Welsh Nightingale” (the handsome Miss Williams), while the young gentlemen of the College, mounted on benches, were flattening their noses against the window-panes outside—the demeanour of the notorious Kalabergo during his trial for murder—but not the details of his execution, which some Oxford men (not Pollen) were minded to witness by telescope from the roof of the Radcliffe—the humours of a horsefair, and a ploughing match—the chairing of a newly elected Almsman, clad in smock, velveteen shorts, cocked hat and feather, carrying a huge loaf, and borne on a seat decked with greens—all is vivid.

Artistic data of all kinds are collected in the journal. At Charles Robert Cockerell’s house, for instance, he had met William Mallord Turner.

“*December 25, 1851.*—Concerning Turner, who died a few days ago, I talked much with Ryman, who knew him well. T. would make ten, twenty, or more sketches, with notes of two or three colours, keeping all in his pocket. The sketches he would paste together and from them make a picture. . . . Because the Hanging Committee played him false, he painted out his ‘Grand Canal, Venice,’ then painted it in again in the last three days before the Exhibition opened. He sold it for £1,500, and got £500 for the copyright.”

John Pollen’s own practice had been hitherto confined to

water-colour ; his sketches had been exhibited at *The Angel*, Oxford, and had excited "clamiferous satisfactions," and he had read a series of papers on colour at the Architectural Society. He was now ambitious of a higher flight ; primed with ideas from his Italian tour, he designed decoration for the interior roof of St. Peter-le-Bailey, Oxford.<sup>1</sup>

It was a labour of love ; the authorities, having examined the design, entrusted him with the execution thereof, "but not in colour." His powers in that line were not yet appreciated ; and to the old-fashioned English taste, any richness of hue seemed startling and offensive. He makes no comment, however, upon the restriction to stern black and white, but hunts up pretty children as models, and manfully overcomes the great difficulties of his first experiment in oil paint, and a cramped fatiguing position on the raised platform. With the result he was for long "not satisfied at all" ; but he painted and repainted, and Oxford finally judged the work a great success, and an augury of better things in future.

<sup>1</sup> This church, erected in 1740, is no more. It was demolished in 1872 for the widening of the roadway.

## CHAPTER VII

### PROBLEMS OF AN OXFORD PARISH (1844)

TO take up the narrative again in chronological order. Christmas arrived ; the Pollens, Palmers, Cockerells, and other septs of the clan, gathered together at Rodbourne for family festivity. Good news of the only absent member, Charles Pollen, of the Rifle Brigade, the youngest brother, had just arrived from Canada. They drank his health ; he was never again to cross the threshold of home.

Sport and gaiety find much place in the journal, and are described with zest ; the days are taken up with hunting and shooting parties, the nights with county balls. But, after the Christmas vacation, John Pollen was to dance, hunt, and shoot no more.

At Whitsuntide he was to receive the diaconate ; and upon his return to Oxford, his thoughts were drawn entirely to his coming Ordination ; towards this, lesser things were ordered, or altogether discarded. His idea of the priesthood was exalted ; and with all the ardour of a Tractarian, he set himself to prepare for such an office. To serve the Church of his nation worthily, he must himself be an efficient member, and, in order to self-discipline, refrain somewhat from such things as are lawful. He would no longer dance, even in family parties ; and notes somewhat ruefully "a regular sermon" delivered to him, half in banter, by a charming cousin, upon his "affected superiority." Sport too, was not sacrificed without a pang.

"Started two fine coveys of birds. . . . Oh for a day of Auld Lang Syne to be after them ! *C'en est fini maintenant.*"

The "wholesome practice of fasting," advocated in the

Homilies, and urged in an early Tract, he took up—apparently for the first time—this Lent. John Wynne and other Tractarian friends kept him company at Oxford ; it was a harder task to pass unnoticed at home, under the sharp eye of his mother. His resolutions are accompanied by records of progress or slackness in the spiritual life.

. . . “*Opus operandum est.* . . . O God, you are my hope. Carry me on . . . whither, I know not.”

His mornings were as far as possible given to assiduous study of Church History and the Fathers ; and he engaged for lessons in plain chant, from Hullah, in view of future Gregorian services : a new Liturgical improvement upon the “duets sung to a fiddle,” that he notes with regret, at Mr. Dundridge’s, who is otherwise “sound and High Church.” His afternoons he now devoted to active work among the poor, assisting Mr. Heathcote, his guide and mentor, in the parish of St. Peter-le-Bailey.

Here was an ample field of labour. By the beds of the sick and dying he found certain consolations ; but new, painful, and perplexing experiences augmented daily, and occupy more and more of the journal as the year goes on.

“To see Mrs. Stone ; read some Psalms, part of Isaiah, and prayers. . . . Truly she is a model of patience and of faith. . . . Visited Margaret Ebsworth, suffering and in bed ; she wants to prepare for the Holy Eucharist. . . .”

A “self-confident” Widow Ryman gave him trouble, but on the whole his good “elders” were amenable, and showed great sorrow at a report that he was going away ; a harder task was before him in the regeneration of the men, young and old.

“Tried in vain to move old Mr. Richardson, and Webb the dog-fancier. . . . Truly I feel like a man at sea without compass ; Webb is going, and not aware of his state. . . . Poor Webb dreadfully wasted ; dying, and I can do nothing.”

After some weeks, however, an impression for good appears to have been made.

“Received, with Webb, privately, the Holy Eucharist. . . .

Poor Webb dead. God help me. . . . Collecting candidates for Holy Communion. Alas! *nec quisquam ad cœnam invitatus accedit*. . . . Gave a short address to my candidates in the vestry. . . .  
*June 25.*—Want to get people for the Confirmation classes. *26th.*—Not encouraging. . . . *28th.*—Tried to advance the cause; with some better success. . . . *July 8.*—Still driving; can't get people to come. . . . *9th.*—Beating up still, hard and not pleasant work, I think we shall have a fight. . . . *11th.*—Succeeded at last in accomplishing the laborious work of unearthing the Confirmandi. . . .  
*August 26.*—Confirmation. . . . Got all to the scratch but two; one was ill, the other never came, why I cannot tell. All day in the parish. Terrible state it seems to be in! we must sow in hope, for there will be little result for us, I should fear."

Both the young clergymen were in sad perplexity concerning the burial of a notorious evil liver, who had died suddenly in a drunken fit. What service, if any, should be held?

Pollen was ever earnestly impressed with the necessity of preparation for the awful moment when the soul is to leave the body, and stand in the presence of a Judge, loving indeed, and merciful; but one who will demand a strict account of every thought, word, and deed. The more his knowledge grew of weak and sinful human nature, and of the crass ignorance, callous indifference, and vice habitual among so many, the more he looked for some tremendous supernatural force to raise up fallen man, overwhelmed in an abyss of spiritual woe; and he solemnly recognized that such a lever was furnished by the sacramental power delivered to the Church Catholic. He was a firm believer in the necessity of Confession, and in the validity of Anglican Orders. Much, as will be seen, was to turn upon this faith of his in after years.

As a curious contrast to John Pollen's experiences of human nature brutalized, occurs one of those examples of singular exaltation of mind—due whether to natural or supernatural excitement—not unknown to workers of long experience among the poor.

"*April 7, 1845.*—A. M. dined. Very curious history of one of his parishioners having seen a waking vision of Hell and Heaven and the Judgment. I must learn more from Hobhouse. . . . *April 8.*—I heard more of the vision. It is a woman of sixty-five; she was



well, saw it first in her sleep, and it continued on her waking. She called her neighbours to see ; but they saw nothing. She described a glimpse of unutterable happiness, but such as she could not define, on the opening of the gate of Heaven, and our Saviour coming from the East, with the twelve Apostles round Him, and Moses kneeling before Him. It is a wonderful circumstance. It seems to occupy her whole mind."

In the light of the events of that year, men might see in this strange dream something of prophecy.

In May the approach of his Ordination occupied all John Pollen's thoughts.

"*May 11, Whit Sunday.*—Received the Holy Eucharist at St. Peter-le-Bailey ; I hope the last time as a layman. *May 12.*—I am nervous about the exam., which begins to-morrow. God bring me through honourably ! It is not what I have been reading for, having thought it wiser to go on steadily. . . . *13th.*—In the exam. all day. . . . *14th.*—Concluded this day the exam. ; on which the Archdeacon paid me some compliments. God be praised for His mercy ! . . . *15th.*—The time draws on, I scarce can realize its being so near ; yet so long looked to as to be part of my nature.

"*17th.*—The Bishop's Charge at 2. Impressive and very good. Bids us prepare for labour and disappointment ; to aim at self-denial, purity, learning, zeal, contentment ; to read the Fathers for ourselves ; to use the morning and evening prayers daily. (Lord write all these Thy laws in our hearts !)

"A walk with P. in Bagley wood. Spent the evening in meditating on the vows of to-morrow, and a great peace on my soul. . . .

"*May 18, Trinity Sunday.*—This day I was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Oxford,<sup>1</sup> in the Cathedral. Any circumstances so impressive I have never experienced. Great and perilous is our office, His grace is sufficient for us ; may we all find it so. We were thirty-two altogether who received Holy Orders. Give us Thy grace, O Lord, that we may serve Thee, God our Lord, and dispose of me for Thy glory, and for the good and salvation of all men ; and may this day never be rubbed out of my memory. . . . I am completely exhausted by all I have gone through. . . .

"*19th.*—Letter from mother ; the first directed 'Reverend.'"

And his first sermon, to her joy and pride no doubt, was preached at Rodbourne.

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Richard Bagot.

Some question had arisen of his taking either Holywell, a College living which had been offered to him ; or Elham near Folkestone, of which Hungerford Pollen had the presentation,

“ with good temporalities, nice small house and glorious country. Truly a temptation ; . . . but W. B. H. has very severe work at St. Peter-le-Bailey, and no one to help him really well ; he is disappointed at my prospects, and my not staying to succeed him. . . .”

John Pollen finally decided to remain at St. Peter-le-Bailey, and sums his reasons, founded on the advice of Mr. Heathcote :

“ *October 30.*—(1) Inexperience. (2) Opportunity here of learning. (3) Wants of the Church, and help at Oxford. (4) A *permission* to go, but not a call. (5) I have work to do, and that not the most eligible here. (6) There are others to take Elham. (7) *Opus operandum est.*”

Mr. Heathcote's health presently broke down, and he was ordered to Aix-la-Chapelle for a change. Mr. Z. of Jesus took his place for the time at St. Peter-le-Bailey. He and John Pollen were of one mind, and became excellent friends ; but before long there appeared something strange in the demeanour of the new Rector. His health seemed seriously affected ; he too was obliged to retire from active work. Pollen wrote :

“ I sincerely trust St. Peter-le-Bailey may not come wholly to me. . . . But I do not know how far I am justified in shirking responsibility, if it comes in the regular course of events. God knows, it may be best for me.”

John Pollen was naturally self-diffident to a fault. But labour he never refused ; and on May 15, was made over to him formally for a time the charge of the parish.

His morning reading was now curtailed by the time necessary for the preparation of sermons, to which he gave much care. A not unfrequent Saturday is :

“ Not in bed till 3, Sermon writing !” a typical Sunday : Received the Holy Eucharist, preached morning, baptized afternoon, and funeral ; preached evening, and took my grown up school.”

Not long after his instalment he received the sad news that Mr. Z. had gone out of his mind.

“Merton, *December 7*.—At five to-day arrived Z., who had escaped from his keeper. . . . He was in a dreadful state, worn and wild. I kept him in my room and bed. His tales of his adventures with his keepers were awful ; a battle of four hours with a poker ; the man had a chair, and pinned him to the wall, but he broke every leg of the chair, and with the last blow smashed the poker. They were both found exhausted next morning. Another time he got out of the window and through a house, whence he took a cloak and was pursued and caught as a thief. I kept him in some fear. Took him, after a quiet night, which I spent on the sofa in my sitting-room, to Slatters, by whose advice I took him down to his brother’s.”

The poor man was perfectly quiet and obedient with John Pollen, whom he apparently believed to be his only friend. Pollen visited him from time to time in a private house where he was now confined ; and advised him “to see a priest occasionally.” Another friend took the patient to Wales for a change ; all this kindness appears from the journal to have worked a real improvement in his state.

## CHAPTER VIII

### A TRACTARIAN IN THE FATAL FORTY-FIVE

ALL this time, John Pollen's keenest interests had been engaged by a Movement that went far beyond the bounds of his own personal action—far beyond the widest ken of Oxford itself. It is therefore necessary to take up again the story of Tractarianism where it was left at the close of 1843; since when, though Newman had altogether retired from any active share in its developments, it had moved on, nevertheless, faster than ever.

It was the dread of Popery that had caused the first attack upon the Party by the Oxford authorities; during John Pollen's absence in the East, certain events had seemed to justify their apprehensions. The secession to Rome of Mr. Lockhart, one of Newman's intimates, was accomplished; that of others was prophesied.

But what had raised excitement to its full height, had been the publication, in June, 1844, of Mr. Ward's *Ideal of a Christian Church*, which hinges mainly upon two points—his criticism of the Anglican system, and his intimations that the Church of Rome is, in his opinion, to a great extent the natural guide and model for her reformation. The book was looked upon by moderate Tractarians with dismay, by the conventional Churchman with horror. Newman shook his head over it. Mr. Gladstone had attacked it in the *Quarterly*; and lesser magazines had followed suit. But as yet, the Oxford authorities had made no move; it was felt with all the more force, that the blow when it did come, would be deadly.

Meanwhile, Pollen, not in the thick of the fray, was assiduous in theological reading, as an antidote against any hovering Roman malaria.

"December 8.—Read a very good sermon by Archbishop Jebb, especially useful for the times, in which the writer argues the Catholicity and purity of the Church of England; and that we ought not to yearn towards Rome because we think, in an age of *learned ignorance*, that for the last two or three generations, certain points of doctrine have been *apparently* neglected. . . . Tait of Rugby's sermon . . . very good; . . . differences between religious communities allowable from analogy with the Bible. . . . Read the *Betrayal*, by St. Matthew. Strongly they insist upon St. Peter's deception!"

About this time are noted frequent walks and talks with a certain friend, who confided to Pollen that he was much "unsettled" concerning Roman claims. Pollen recommended him to go abroad for a year. To another young man of similar tendencies he gives the same advice; a common recipe in those days and one not unknown even now.

The threatened blow was now to fall on the Tractarians.

On December 13, 1844, the Vice-Chancellor had published a notice, to the effect that in two months from that time, in a Convocation to be holden on Thursday, the 13th day of February next, the following propositions will be submitted to the House:

The first amounted to a censure of a passage from the *Ideal* as "utterly inconsistent" with the good faith of W. G. Ward in signing the Thirty-nine Articles.

The second, that Mr. Ward be in consequence degraded from his degrees of Bachelor and of Master of Arts in the University.

But the opponents of the Party were hoping that a greater name than Ward's could be involved in lasting disgrace. The subject was in every mouth; and Pollen, with the multitude of Newman's friends, shared the general solicitude.

"February 5, Ash Wednesday.—A resolution has come to-day from the Heads of Houses, declaring the principles of Tract 90 unsound, and condemning them. To be submitted to Convocation on the 13th. The Warden (of Merton) and Hawkins (of Oriel) said to have resisted a motion of Harington (of Brasenose) and the Rector of Exeter, that it should be postponed for six months (i.e. *sine die*). E. Hobhouse tells me the Proctors are



likely to interpose their veto. I sincerely hope they may. . . . Lots of men up to vote : James Hope, Randolph, Sir William Heathcote, Gladstone, Badeley, Manning, Wilberforce, and Edward Coleridge, who all dined with us."

At last came the eventful day. On February 13, 1845, Convocation assembled at one o'clock in the Sheldonian Theatre. In the rostrum was Mr. Ward, with his supporter Mr. Oakeley ; opposite sat the Vice-Chancellor on his throne, surrounded by the majestic quorum of Heads, and a number of University men distinguished in public life. John Pollen, who had taken his degree in October last, occupied, with other resident Masters of Arts, the middle portion of the densely packed building.

"Ward's speech would have been good but for its flippancy in parts, and the contemptuous tone towards his opponents throughout. . . ."

How Mr. Ward was condemned and degraded, how the Proctors' veto saved Oxford from the disgrace of such a course in Newman's regard, has been often and vividly related. John Pollen's gratitude to his friend Mr. Church was profound.

But, before the close of the year, the Great Catastrophe, with sorrows in battalions before and behind it, was to come upon the Movement. Already on March 3, 1844, Pollen had written :

"Meyrick of Corpus gone over to Rome. God forgive him, and keep *me*. I do not trust in myself."

The temptation to recede had never even touched him ; but it was as if the plague were raging.

"June 10.—Newman certainly going over ; Keble, I believe, firm ; so is Copeland, I hear, and Pusey certainly. 29th.—St. Peter's day. Long talk with Hansell, *de secessione ab Ecclesia*. It is mournful to hear of one Capes, formerly of Balliol, who had laid out much money in church building at Bridgewater. . . . David Lewis lectured this morning, his tone is alarming. . . . He is, I think, dubious : though ignorant that he is so. . . . Grieved to hear D. Lewis went on Saturday. . . . Coffin much disturbed. . . F., I think, shaky. . . ."

Through that autumn, and the next year, men with whom Pollen had walked or talked, sometimes but a few days previously, suddenly disappeared, and were lost to Oxford.

But, before most of these, had gone the greatest of them all.

"October 10.—This day, John H. Newman, Estcourt, Christie and others were received into the Roman Catholic Church. It is said that Dr. Gentili was there. A very great loss. God knows how many saved. . . . October 21.—It seems that J. H. N. was received by Father Dominic. N. will very likely become a Jesuit; and should he be ordered to proselytize, it will be awful!

"November 3.—A walk with W. B. H. to Littlemore. Poor Copeland almost deserted by his daily people who have gone over. Forbes hears that Dalgairns will leave for France. . . . A melancholy desert."

Newman had gone; but he had left a potent voice behind him.

"October 27.—W. B. H. lent me in the evening Newman's last sermon. It is strangely good and touching. 28th.—Yesterday came out Newman's book on *The Development of Christian Doctrine*. Ordered it yesterday.

". . . November 29.—I have begun Newman's book, not without prayer to be quite safe. It is the last night of the Ecclesiastical Year; and the Vigil of St. Andrew. *Quid profecimus? quo processimus? qui finis?* I am in ignorance, but not in doubt. My line is clear. But what should guide me? O God, let me not deceive myself. Warn me, if there be any want of wisdom in me, and lead me in the way everlastingly.

". . . December 1.—Read at Newman's book. . . . December 3.—To breakfast with W. B. H.; converse *de libro*. He thinks it wonderful for intellect, and can detect no false logic in the application of Butler's principle; though as to proof of a developing power . . . ?"

In Mr. Heathcote's judgment Pollen had much trust; and he put the *Development* aside for the present.

He did not know until years later how near he had now been to losing his dearest friend.

John Wynne had felt no need of any theory to reconcile him to Catholic doctrines; believing that they were stored within the Anglican Church, he had never contemplated leaving her pale. But;

"Upon the news of Newman's conversion, fain would I have followed him. I had a sudden intuition that in doing so, I should be carrying Tractarian principles to their legitimate consequences. . . . But I was very young, and very properly diffident of my own capacity ; and the example and advice of those older and more learned than myself, kept me back."

In March, 1846, he wrote a very dutiful letter to his father, intimating that though he did not contemplate any immediate change, yet that if after further consideration his doubts and difficulties remained unsolved, he should feel it a duty to quit his present position, whatever the consequences might be.<sup>1</sup>

It seemed at first as if Newman's secession must be the death-blow to that part of the Movement which he left behind.

"The Church's Cause," wrote W. B. Barter of Oriel, "has lost its best and ablest supporter . . . the greatest of living writers . . . and, save for this fatal deed, the first of living characters."<sup>2</sup> . . . One hundred and twenty persons have gone after him to Rome already, and more may be expected to drop off."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> His father's reply is quoted, as highly characteristic of the view taken of Tractarianism as well as of Popery by its opponents at this time.

"MY DEAR JOHN—

"I cannot describe to you the grief and consternation your Mother and myself have felt on receiving your letter of the 17th, and on hearing the probability there seems to be of your falling into the trap laid for you by the horrible set of people who have lately infested Oxford. . . . I had always trusted in God's mercy and your own good sense to defend you from such a result. . . . Come up to town, and once more let me say a few words to you. . . . For God's sake do nothing hastily.

"Your affectionate Father,

"C. W. G. WYNNE.

"March 19, 1846."

On a somewhat reassuring reply from his son that there was at any rate no present prospect of his perversion, Mr. Wynne writes :

". . . We have just heard that W. Z. is now at Oxford. God forbid that I should utter an uncharitable word ; but it is my duty privately to speak to you the truth, and to say that I doubt the sanity of his mind upon the subject of Religion. I think it is probable he is now in the act of going over to the Romish Church, and will, very soon after his arrival, visit you. If you like to ask him to dine in hall, or to show him any civility in the presence of a third person do so ; but for heaven's sake hold no *private conversation* with him. . . .

"Believe me, my dear John,

"Your affectionate Father,

"C. W. G. W.

"March 25 1846."

<sup>2</sup> *The English Church not in Schism.* Burns, 1845, p 56.

<sup>3</sup> *Danger of the Church of England.* Rev. W. Gresley (Burns, 1846), p. 12.  
[Among J. Pollen's carefully kept pamphlets.]

One man, at least, kept his trust unshaken : Dr. Pusey ; and around him closed the remains of the Tractarian party. He it was who had kept John Wynne on the "right side of the Tiber" ; he was now Wynne's most intimate adviser.

There were not wanting some who imagined Tractarianism to be a mere fashion ; John Pollen was to make herein an absurd and somewhat annoying experience.

"Mr. Y., curate of X., dined with us ; a most offensive, snobbish youth, ignorant and inexperienced. . . . He proposed to take my curacy off my hands for two years, at the end of which time he told me, I shall be glad to give up my opinions, finding they will not go down ; *his* ideas, approaching the Wesleyan, being much nearer the mark. [It is characteristic of Pollen's forbearance, and ability to see the good side of everyone, that he records a few days later :] I had a long conversation with Y., and was well satisfied with his candour. Worthy man, but not fitted for Oxford."

Despite all the confidence of Dr. Pusey, the divided counsels at Oxford were a matter of painful rumination to Pollen as to Wynne.

John Wynne's journal runs :

"*All Souls, Whit Sunday, May 22.*—Sermon in St. Mary's from the Bampton lecturer ; positive heresy. Charles Marriott and other orthodox men composed themselves to sleep. I suppose this is the proper way of enduring dominant error."

"Church matters," writes Pollen, "look perplexing enough."

In order to elucidate matters, Mr. Sewell, not long after, brought out *The Danger and Safeguard of the Young in the present state of Controversy*. Upon the printed copy in Pollen's collection is written "From the Author."

The sermon describes with passionate eloquence the danger that besets those with

"deep thoughts and warm affections, closing where all must close, who contend without understanding in the name of truth, either in a blank despair, when bubble after bubble of opinion has burst and vanished before their eyes, or in recklessness of living as men who have exhausted every belief but the two lowest and most imperious necessities of the animal man ; 'Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity.' 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.'"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sermon before the University, February 2, 1848.



But when the preacher brings forward the "safeguard" against these very real dangers, we cannot but feel that, as Newman once said of himself, he "is doing credit to his imagination at the expense of his judgment."<sup>1</sup>

"Where shall we look upon earth for a sanctuary and stronghold of truth? Italy? France? Spain? Germany? America, the land of license? in which of these is the ark now building, which may save us, as the fountains of the great deep are breaking open? England alone remains. And England—alas, even England, as a nation, has no longer the faith."

So far the preacher was indeed not encouraging.

"But within England [he continues] there is still the Church of Christ . . . firm, unshaken, and unspotted; pure, as in the time of the Apostles. . . . And God has given her an arm of strength, . . . such as no other Church possesses upon earth. I mean this place [that is, Oxford]. To four great principles, all here are pledged. First, that the Catholic Church is a living reality; second, that God Himself has set within it Pastors and Teachers; third, that it possesses a vital spirit, through the two Sacraments of the Gospel, Baptism and the Last Supper. Fourth, that God has entrusted to the keeping of His Church a body of clear, definite, and positive doctrine, without belief in which they cannot be saved—the doctrine contained in the creeds. And when we ask, *what* it is that has been revealed . . . the answer is: What God has declared through Christ. . . . Close your ears against the strife of tongues . . . yet do not turn from any man with contempt, or refuse to listen to what he teaches, as if it were wholly false. . . . Examine the Law of the Lord, as well in the Prayer Book as in the Scriptures, and you will find that whether asserting doctrines or enjoining commands, it is always made up of two balancing counteracting truths, each of which is to be held alike, though they cannot be evolved the one from the other by any logical process, but must be received wholly upon faith. If a preacher preach to you faith without works, or works without faith; or predestination without free agency, or free agency without predestination; or the unity of the Divine Substance without plurality of Persons, or the plurality of Persons without unity of Substance; or the Deity of Our Lord without his Humanity, or the Humanity without the Deity; or authority without the exercise of reason, or reason without author-

<sup>1</sup> *Apologia* (New Ed., Longmans 1895), p. 30.



ity; or the imposition of creeds without liberty of opinion beyond them, or that liberty of opinion without the restriction of creeds; or the Scriptures without the creeds, or the creeds without the Scriptures; do not turn away with loathing as from a falsehood; do not throw yourself doggedly into the very opposite frame of thought; still less see falsity in the two opposite poles of controversy. Rather see Truth in each. . . . All things are double, says the wise man; all things are set one against the other. . . . Listen with humility, with faith in that Church . . . which has the Scripture in her hands, without assuming that posture of a judge which, in a young man, is a perversion of nature. . . . Such a view of things will enable you to see in everything truth instead of falsehood, and render even controversy itself a confirmation of your faith."

"Until I read this sermon," some one remarked, "I half suspected some conversations described in *Loss and Gain* of artistic exaggeration."<sup>1</sup> But truth is indeed stranger than fiction; and we realize in perusing Mr. Sewell's effusion how, as Newman somewhere says, "Mistiness, to certain minds, is the Mother of Wisdom."

In nature John Pollen often finds reflected the phases of his own mind or lot.

"December 11.—Rode all over Wansdyke, the Downs to the east. It is a glorious view, this Pewsey vale; rich to a degree. I came down by a very well preserved Roman camp, above Oare, Martenas (or Martyres) Hill. I and my pony nearly blown over the hillside by the wind. A great shoot of sunshine from the heavy clouds travelled along the valley. It lighted up what it touched in a wonderful way, and then left it as dark as it was before."

This was to be a day of contrasts.

"Walked with Miss Gore and Loui. We went to see an old woman, near a hundred, who was once in service at Windsor, and remembered the Duke of York and the Prince Regent there as dancers of celebrity. Her hovel was the essence of poverty and dirt; she was bed-ridden, lying on some hay on the floor, and her talk of princes sounded strange enough. . . . December 31.—Storms of wind and rain all day. . . . So ends this year. . . . How much has been done in it. What may be in store I know not. . . . God help and guide me."

<sup>1</sup> Tenth Ed. (Longmans, 1891), ch. xv. xvi. ff.

## CHAPTER IX

### HOPE, AND HOPE DEFERRED (1845-1846)

AFTER the defection of Newman and his following, it was thought advisable to place the see of Oxford under firm rule. Its Bishop, Dr. Bagot, was considered guilty of culpable weakness in having allowed so large a portion of his flock to err along the Roman road. He was to be removed to the more peaceable diocese of Wells; while for Oxford a hand was sought capable of using effectively both ends of the crosier.

The question of the appointment was burning that autumn in Oxford; Pollen's journal is rife with anxious conjecture. Dr. Samuel Wilberforce was enthroned in Christ Church Cathedral on December 13, 1845. His tact, charm, wit and general urbanity were already proverbial; his earnest piety and power of rule were soon to be felt. He was ready to take indefinite trouble, and to sacrifice much, at the call of duty; earnestness pleased him in others, and of both Pollen and Wynne at the first interview he formed, as will be seen, a high estimate. For the present he was anxious to make allowances, and to avoid the risk of driving promising men from the English Church by too uncompromising an attitude.

But he at once justified his appointment by a public protest against the great secession. Pollen's comments give an idea of the tension of feeling at the time.

"*December 20.*—The Bishop's Charge delivered to-day. Very hard words against Newman. One person burst into tears and was nearly carried out. . . . *21st.*—W. and P. to dinner. P. a Protestant, ultra. Thinks the Bishop is, too. He will run down Pusey, he says, first chance."

This month, however, Dr. Pusey preached before the University a very beautiful sermon entitled "The Entire Ab-

solution of the Penitent." It dealt with self-examination, and the benefit of Confession. Bishop Wilberforce was present in his robes ; and John Pollen gathered great consolation from this official sanction of the subject of the sermon, and was able for some years to quote it triumphantly as a proof that Catholic doctrines had begun to make their way.

On April 11 he rode over to Cuddesdon Palace for the usual interview preliminary to ordination. *What about the Articles?* He expressed his doubts as to their full import, and the responsibility he took upon himself in signing them. Such doubts, said Dr. Wilberforce, kindly, were of no consequence ; and he agreed to admit the new candidate to examination. John Wynne, next year, had a quite similar experience.<sup>1</sup>

In order to a more solemn preparation for ordination, Bishop Wilberforce had initiated the plan of lodging the candidates for three days previously in his own palace. Hours were set for meditation and prayer ; and after written answers to his oral questions had been carefully examined, the candidates were separately admitted to a friendly yet searching interview. The guests arrived on Thursday before Trinity Sunday ; at dinner on that day the Bishop played the genial host ; on Friday and Saturday, Ember days, there was no regular dinner, but every one helped himself as he pleased to cold meat set out upon the tables.<sup>2</sup> Where, in fact, the Roman Church proscribed meat, the Anglican abolished pudding ; and John Pollen would tell of a Roman Catholic dropping in to dinner with a High Church friend upon a Friday, and finding himself either *de jure* or *de facto* deprived of both courses.

On Saturday evening all adjourned to Oxford.

"*Saturday, June 6, 1846.*—Examination. About 7 p.m. Chapel, and the Charge ; very earnest and hearty. He has been very hospitable, entertained us plentifully, though all perfectly plain.

<sup>1</sup> " . . . Out to Cuddesdon. . . . Examination. . . . The Bp. objects to my views as identical with those of Dr. Pusey ; a charge I was at no pains to refute . . . he, nevertheless, finally professed himself satisfied in all respects. . . . His own opinions I thought exceedingly unsatisfactory. His theology, I should think, indifferent. . . . He was extremely courteous, kind, and hospitable." (Wynne, *Journal*, 1847.)

<sup>2</sup> Ashwell, *Life of Bp. Wilberforce* (Murray, 1881), vol. i. p. 123.

Much gratified on the whole. God grant all may be as we hope and pray. Trinity Sunday. Done, 10.30. The Cathedral. . . . O my God, as I have prayed, so grant, and so keep me to my dying day. *Dies notissima.*"

Far greater opportunities of devotion had been lately presented to Pollen, than during the preparation for his diaconate in the preceding year; yet, though his comments to-day show earnestness, and a desire of steadfast well doing, the old enthusiasm has evaporated. Upon his hopes of seeing the Establishment soon unfold its latent Catholicity had settled the blight of Newman's departure.

On the flyleaf of one of his pamphlets is written: *To the Reverend John H. Pollen, from S. Oson, Cuddesdon, June 5, 1846.* This was the Bishop's charge and sermon delivered in the preceding year, immediately after his appointment to the see of Oxford, and containing the "very hard words against Newman."<sup>1</sup> He thus tactfully conveyed to his subordinate what he conceived might be a necessary warning.

But John Pollen's steps were drawn irresistibly to desolate Littlemore.

" 'Walked'—or 'drove'—or 'rode to Littlemore.' . . ." Up to Littlemore; *asperrima omnia*. It is indescribably melancholy in its forlorn state. . . . Dined with the Observer;<sup>2</sup> . . . Johnson gave very interesting accounts of Newman's private life, and certain conversations with him; his saying: 'There is a step you know, beyond which we cannot go.' . . . To the Observer: *cum quo multa et intima de J.H.N.* . . . Who should come in yesterday but Uncle Robert (Cockerell). . . . Conversation with him, as always, interests me much. Generous, unselfish ideas, but undisciplined; philosophically misty. Calls *us* extreme and absurd (the Tractarians). Yet I think J. H. N. could have convinced him."

Mr. Heathcote now determined to leave St. Peter-le-Bailey's, and to stand for a mastership at Winton College, to John Pollen's deep regret.

Shortly after, a Mr. A. B. was appointed as new rector. Mr. A. B. looked coldly upon the "Catholic" ways of Mr. Heath-

<sup>1</sup> See p. 57

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Manuel Johnson, of the Observatory, Newman's great friend.



cote. He showed something less than civility to John Pollen, who, however, meant to remain and to continue his devotion to the parish; but the Bishop augured little good from the yoking together of two dissimilar men; and Mr. C. D. was named curate.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. C. D. issued at once a printed proclamation reflecting severely upon those who had preceded him, as "Roman," and announcing his own determination upon reactionary measures. To begin with, the daily services at St. Peter-le-Bailey's were to be discontinued. A vote of thanks from the Evangelicals of the place was at once sent round for signature.

But the better part of the parishioners were strongly attached both to their former pastors and to their action in the parish. A strong protest was raised against Mr. C. D.'s proposals; and Bishop Wilberforce obliged that gentleman not only to put forward a counter statement, but to continue the services as before. Mr. C. D.'s career was, however, destined to be short. In the course of a few weeks' time an action was brought against him for breach of promise of marriage, which he tried in vain to compound for £2,000. He decamped to the Continent; the suit was given against him, and Oxford apparently saw him no more. Whoever may have been the new curate of the distracted parish, the journal after 1846 records only, at intervals, "Sad accounts of St. Peter-le-Bailey."

John Pollen now gave a helping hand here and there in several parishes: preaching or taking various duties for overworked friends. In this turning to the "instant need of things," his mind found rest from the din of conflicting theories, and the discouraging retreat of hopes that seemed to flit ever further into the distance. "So much begun," he writes on his birthday, looking back upon the past year; "so little ever *more* than just begun."

"*St. Michael's Eve*, 1846.—Long walk in the garden (Merton), under a cold bright starlight. How often have I, so changeable, looked upon the unchanging stars; an earnest that the goodness of the Almighty does not cease to watch over His Church. These contradictions cannot be the effects of chance, but wisely so or-

<sup>1</sup> The living was in the gift of the Lord Chancellor; but the Bishop of Oxford's wishes appear to have been consulted throughout.



ained ; to-night I shall supplicate in prayer Him who has given His angels charge over us."

With these solemn words may close the history of his mind for this year.

## CHAPTER X

### THREE BRITISH LIONS AT PARIS (1847)

NEXT year, in a fellow-inquirer as to the problem of the poor, he was to find a new friend.

The Reverend Thomas William Allies, formerly of Wadham College, seven years older than John Pollen, had been the chaplain of the Bishop of London. This important position would certainly have bred preferment to a man of Allies' talent; but a volume of Newman's sermons had opened his eyes, and he was bold enough to contradict at the Bishop's own table the "uncatholic" expressions of his patron. Allies' pugnacious disposition, together with his handsome, dapper, and very small person, won for him the nickname of the "bantam cock." He was, moreover, a mental athlete, and it was desirable to put him out of mischief. He was, therefore, in 1842, relegated to the country rectory of Launton, in Oxfordshire. Hardly had Bishop Wilberforce been nominated to that see, when he was called to account by Mr. Allies for suffering a neighbouring incumbent to deny without public rebuke the efficacy of infant baptism. The Bishop's answer to this challenge was the polite equivalent of "mind your own business." But Allies was not to be silenced. His business was, he conceived, to break a lance against all comers where "Church Defence" was concerned. One lesson from Newman, reverence for a Bishop's authority, he had certainly not learnt; but however much Allies' zeal outran his discretion, he deserves respect for his disinterested courage. He never drew back, although his naturally ambitious nature felt keenly, and felt to the end, that he was, by his actions, utterly alienating any chance of removal from a dull country cure into some sphere of intellectual activity to which he was suited.

He had published in 1846 *The Church of England cleared from the Charge of Schism*, considered the most able work of its kind published since Newman's *Development*. Some minds, indeed, shaken by the latter work, had taken their stand with relief upon that of Allies ; and so far he was deemed a doughty champion of the English Church.

At Launton Mr. Allies had striven as earnestly as John Pollen at St. Peter-le-Bailey, to Christianize his people ; but in vain. Pollen was more capable than Allies of sympathy with inferiors ; and his efforts had met with some success. Nevertheless, both men felt grievously that no rope they were able to lower could reach the multitude in the depth of the abyss.

In June, 1847, Allies found himself at Oxford, and was much thrown with Pollen and Wynne. The staple of their converse was Allies' projected visit to France, where he meant to study the foreign method of dealing with the poorer sort. In pursuit of a common end, they determined to join him.

On the "Feast of St. Peter, Apostle, after Holy Eucharist at 8, at Margaret Street Church, and an interview with Uncle John, who was very nice and said he would be my banker " (for the journey) the "Three British Lions " as Allies, Wynne and Pollen called themselves, started on their travels. No one of them would, like Newman, refuse to go out of their way for the sake of the beautiful, the strange, or the humorous, because they, too, had a work to do in England. All three possessed a fund of high spirits, and unusual capacity for enjoyment.

In Paris they called upon Professor Cockerell's friend, the Abbé De Fresne. He received the travellers with all the courtliness of the old regime, and offered at once to supply them with any information he possessed, together with letters of introduction to persons of note. "He is quite a gentleman, simple and open in manner, with that refinement which is exceedingly pleasant when one knows it is not all 'façon de parler.'" "A very able, energetic talker," adds Allies.

"The Abbé invited us to dinner at his house, Rue de Londres 22. We had Monsieur Noirlieu, curé of St. Jacques, Paris, former Précepteur of the Duc de Bordeaux, and who, but for the change of dynasty, would have been a Bishop ; the Abbé Petitot, curé of

St. Louis d'Antin, Paris, and Mons. le Professeur Duclef (?) to meet us. The Professor was a convert from infidelity ; De Fresne spoke at him all sorts of 'belles choses' ; but nowise disconcerted was this huge individual, his legs in sacks, and a beard and moustache François Premier. He had been speaking for seven hours that day ; yet managed a song, with a fine voice, but so *tremendous* one could not have stood it for long. His host's delight and admiration were supreme and complete ; it might be very well, he said, to pay large sums for Italian singing ; but here, to his mind, was the apex of perfection."

This gathering ushered in the first of a series of conversations between the travellers—whether singly or together—and various French notables and English residents, concerning the then status and working of the Church in France.

In order to set forth intelligently the line of these investigations and their bearing, it is necessary to recall, in a summary way, the France of the year 1847, still gathering in, as she was, the harvest of the great sowing of the eighteenth century.

Barely fifty years previously, the Church had been the victim of bloody persecution from the State. With the ascendancy of Napoleon—though for years he was to retain the Pope a prisoner,—ceased the proscription of the Church ; since his day, under the more or less relaxation of one tyrannical grasp or another, she had made the best use she could of a freedom still shackled. "A mere order from the Prefect of Police is even now sufficient to close the doors of any church in Paris."

The State was still—as ever since—setting up for the children of the people in every parish a schoolmaster without a creed, antagonistic to the priest in his own sphere. The Professors of the Royal Colleges for the middle and upper classes, as of the Écoles Polytechniques, were suffered to instil systematic infidelity into their pupils ; and in 1847, but two out of thirty-two millions of Frenchmen were reckoned as practical Christians.<sup>1</sup> The conduct of life corresponded to the absence of all restraining influence upon the passions ; nay, to an active apostolate in favour of their free indulgence. The morals of our British pagan ancestors found a parallel in those of the work-

<sup>1</sup> The data contained in the following pages are to be found in Pollen's journal.

men of more than one quarter of Paris ;<sup>1</sup> the staple of the *bourgeoisie* in all the larger cities was absolutely godless ; the state of the University College, as of the Government schools scattered over the land, were described by all as "horrible in wickedness."

Yet foundations were left.

Now—in 1847—nearly all Frenchmen deemed religion a valuable possession for their wives and daughters ; of professed infidels, the majority, perhaps, would at death call for a priest ; an unsatisfactory state of things indeed ; yet, where faith had been instilled at the mother's knee, it might—as with Châteaubriand—be recalled to the mind by a simple conversion of heart.

Much in this way had already been done.

"Religion spreads among the upper classes. When the Restoration first took place, no young man dare appear in a church, or be known to go there ; now, this is encouraged by society ; in the salons of the rich an interest is shown in religious questions and practices. . . . Many notable Frenchmen, amongst them the King, give by their example moral weight to the good cause ; oh as Ratisbonne, glory in their conversion to the truth. Paris, that city of extremes, reckoned the worst part of France, yet contains the cream of all that is best there. In the parish of the Madeleine alone, 12,000 frs., were it imperatively needed, could be raised for any known good work within three hours. . . . Out of the million inhabitants of the city, 300,000 now go to Mass ; 50,000, the pure gold of France, are practising Christians ; 15,000 Paris workmen had been gained over by 1830 to complete reformation."

In her war with the powers that be of evil, how had the Church already accomplished so much ? who led the army of attack ? and in what arsenals were the weapons fashioned ?

The strength of the French Church was certainly little derived from command of revenue. . . . £32 a year was the pension of a Curé ; £400 to £600 that of a Bishop. Never could such resources have sufficed save for the generous alms of the poor as of the rich, the celibate system, and the gratuitous services of the wings of the army : the religious orders. Of these, the Government had already banished the Jesuits from the colleges.

<sup>1</sup> Cæsar, *De Bello Gallico*, Bk. v. § 14.



"These picked and valiant men . . . fill with dread the hosts of the free-thinkers in France ; they know not how to meet them but with persecution. . . . There is no disposition to apply the principles of liberty to the religious orders."<sup>1</sup>

In the Seminaries of great cities, priests were being trained for the combat ; and the ecclesiastical schools merited the first attention of our investigators.

"In each French diocese exists a Petit Séminaire ; in which boys are trained for all professions, and whence those apt for the priesthood may pass to the Grand Séminaire of the same diocese. . . . In these Seminaries, as in schools taught by the religious orders, morals and religion are made a primary consideration ; and though they have nothing to do with the University, and are excluded from all privileges, they are sought after by the sounder part of the community. . . .

" . . . M. Galais took us over the Seminary of St. Sulpice. The pupils are over 200 ; their appearance is very devout. Each has a small room to himself, with a bed, table, stove, and crucifix ; hardly anything more. The studies are for five years ; two in philosophy, three in theology, physical sciences and mathematics ; together with a course of Holy Scripture twice a week, exclusive of its private study. The order of the day of the students is given in detail. Allies remarked upon the difficulty the law of continence must impose on those who had to determine the vocation of young men. 'Here,' replied his interlocutor, 'is indeed the most trying part of our duty ; not all, indeed, yet the great majority, persevere.' "

The Petit Séminaire of Yvetot is described in detail. It may be taken as a type of the rest.

"The two brothers Labbé, priests, set up this school some twenty years ago, without any resources, living by chance donations from benefactors, building gradually the house and chapel. . . . "

The descriptions above given—of far greater length and interest in the *Journal* itself, as in the letters of the pilgrims—must serve as types of their investigations. They tell of the Grands Séminaires of Issy and of Rheims, of converse with learned superiors and professors ; of certain young seminarists advancing to greet their mother in peasant's costume, their

<sup>1</sup> Allies, *Journal in France* (Longmans, 1849), pp. 55, 272.

gentlemanly refinement marking the change wrought by their education ; of the Catholic Eton, the Poileau Academy near Paris ; of the Society of the Rue Picpus, numbering twenty-four houses in France alone, and dedicated to the threefold work of educating boys and candidates for the priesthood, and of preaching to the poor ; of a corresponding female order for the education of girls ; of the work of St. Nicholas, where :

“ M de Bervanger, the founder, has collected from the streets one thousand *gamins*, otherwise the refuse of Paris ; these he receives at a small pension ; aided by the Brethren of St. V. de Paul and the Sisters of Charity, he lodges, boards, educates and instructs them in various trades ; five hundred of the Garde Mobile<sup>1</sup> were brought up here ; in the larger workshops attached to the school the elder lads are able to earn their own subsistence. They are high-spirited and happy in their play ; the children are rarely punished, and never struck . . . they are, as in all such schools, on terms of intimate friendship with the masters.”

We hear, too, of the Archiconfrérie du S. C. de Jésus et de Marie, with its crowded monthly or weekly meetings for women of the poorer class ; of the Penitentiary, a work of thorny difficulty, where eighty women, who voluntarily enter, are helped and trained, and rarely leave till they are thoroughly reformed —of the Sisters of Charity, numbered by thousands, “ with their great cheerfulness, nay merriment, of tone, . . . who have five hundred institutions in the diocese of Langres alone, one in every commune ; ” whose six hundred sisters in the Rue du Bac, Paris, visit the sick at their own houses, attend the hospitals, keep their own school for orphan girls, and bright, cheerful “ *crèches* ” for infants whose mothers go out all day to work ; of their house of the “ *Enfants Trouvés*,” Rue d’Enfer, where at night, in the revolving “ *tour* ” near the entrance, infants, the outcasts of the world, are placed, sometimes without rags to cover them, sometimes diseased or dying ; an average of twelve —sometimes as many as thirty—being received, baptized, washed and clothed in a single day ; to the Hospital Necker, served also by the Sisters, where “ the face of every man, woman, and child, lighted up with pleasure as the almoner addressed them ; to the Institution des Aveugles,” where

<sup>1</sup> Who saved Paris in 1848.

"Boys on one side and girls on the other, were walking about the house and garden as freely as if they possessed the blessing of sight . . . cheerful and happy . . . reading by means of raised letters, or working with precision at many trades . . . many were practising music, and the smiles which now and then suddenly mantled their countenances were pleasant to behold; of the Dames du Bon Secours, whose work it is to attend on sick persons of good condition, and to use the opportunity of directing the thoughts to religion; the services they undertake being injurious to the nurses and often fatal."

Nor were our travellers less struck with the strange, unworldly, ascetic, joyous life of prayer and labour behind the grille, of the Carmelites upon the mountain, raising their hands in behalf of those who on the plain more actively battled for the cause of souls; vastly important too, in a country like France, were establishments for the intellectual, but above all for the religious and moral education of girls of the most influential class. Such was the Society of the Sacred Heart, founded in 1800 by a peasant girl with a man's heart and a woman's thought; versed in the ancient classics, famed for saintliness of life: Madeleine Sophie Barat. Upon his visit to the Hotel Biron, the Paris house of her Society—Allies records at length his admiration for the work there done.

Of the five great French missionary establishments, with their ramifying branches and extensive works, there is but space here to speak of the "Séminaire des Missions Etrangères," Rue du Bac. Here, our pilgrims visited the "Salle des Martyres," where are ranged the records of those who had borne, but a few years ago, the tearing of their flesh, the slow torture of fire, the hewing in pieces; fit ending to lives of peril and hardship of all kinds. Here, every evening, the seminarists implore the intercession of those whose fate they envy, and in whose footsteps they were being trained to walk.

Perhaps no sight in Paris impressed John Pollen more deeply.

"Upon the walls of the 'Salle' are pictures by Chinese Christians, representing recent martyrdoms, and tortures inflicted on missionaries and native converts. The uncouth style of art, want of perspective and pictorial effect, yet startling truth, make the representation horrible to a degree. . . . In a case is the cangue of

Mgr. Borié : a frightful instrument when fastened to the neck, and carried by him day and night from July to November, 1838, when he was executed. Seventy such heroic men have suffered in Cochin China and those parts within the last few years. . . . The mother of one of them still lives ; to her was sent the original drawing of her son's martyrdom."

In estimating the extraordinary effect upon the travellers of this hidden world suddenly unrolled before their eyes as an interminable volume behind gay and evil Paris, we must transport ourselves in mind to the England of their day. Now, indeed, the educational, charitable, conventual establishments of the Continent are known here, and for the most part well known. Moreover, philanthropic or governmental institutions professing to perform similar outward works, are now multiplied in England herself. Some idea of the foreign establishments had in fact been introduced here in the early forties ; Allies and Marriott had done much in this way ; and the foundations of Harrow Weald,<sup>1</sup> of Radley, and others, were clearly echoes of the continental system ; but these instances were unique, and even to the educated Englishman that system, with its poverty of resource and wealth of results, was a terra incognita. England was still the land of Dotheboy's Hall, of the Squeers, Gamps, and Bumbles ;<sup>2</sup> and of the workhouse union, "where poverty is kept alive on the smallest pittance that can be devised."

But the spiritual influence won upon the souls of men was to the travellers a greater revelation than all beside. They had, for years past, been familiar with the foreign sight of the poor workman or common soldier, entering the church for a few minutes' refreshment or supplication in absorbed prayer upon his knees—as the thirsty wayfarer at a roadside fountain—before proceeding to his labour, or at its evening close ; but now, despite the indifference or irreverence of some Paris congregations, the theatrical music, the childish exaggerations, the faults of taste or of decorum that now and then offended the fastidious senses of the Oxford man, the deeper influences at work, probed home to their origin in schools, seminaries, or

<sup>1</sup> See p. 93.

<sup>2</sup> *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Oliver Twist* were published in 1833 ; *Martin Chuzzlewit* in 1843.



hospitals, bore down upon our Englishmen with a cumulative force that struck them with astonishment and enthusiasm.

Allies—and Pollen, who identified himself with his friend—thus expresses himself:

“The keynote of all the Roman services is, ‘The Word was made Flesh, and dwelt among us.’ The Real Presence . . . broods like a spirit over all: gives meaning to every genuflection; life to every hymn; harmony to that wonderful ‘cloud of witnesses,’ with the Virgin Mother at their head, who intercede with the Most Holy Trinity, and join their praises with the angelic hosts, and voices of feeble men suffering the conflict of the flesh. . . . The Real Presence is the secret support of the religious orders, as of the priest’s self-denying mission; by it the most lonely feels that he is not alone. . . . And a concomitant of the true doctrine of the priesthood is that system of confession which is the nerve and sinew of religion in Catholic countries. . . . Rome’s great spiritual empire erects its tribunal for the heart and conscience of every one belonging to it . . . she does not recoil before the pride, the self-will, the independence of human nature; but grasps it in its innermost recesses, and compels it to hear on earth the voice of the Judge of the quick and dead. . . . The efficacy of a pastor must depend entirely on the knowledge of his people’s state; . . . on his power to guide them in their penitence . . . and, in Catholic countries, we see the priest—however much he may earn the dislike of the worldly—respected, cherished, and obeyed by his people. . . .

“No more interesting spectacle is there in the world, to my eyes, than the aspect and attitude of the French Church. Fifty years after such an overthrow as no other Church ever survived, behold forty thousand priests at work, under eighty Bishops, in the great task of winning back their country to the faith. Despoiled of all territorial power, of all political authority as priests . . . with a temporal power jealous of spiritual influence, and the whole mind of the nation infected with infidelity—year after year they are winning ground, they are making themselves felt; they present a front before which even the tyranny of centralization pauses in its career, . . . and recoils from its aggression. . . . How is all this done? What power is this which makes its way against such tremendous odds? If any fact was ever patent in history, it is this—let us not be ashamed to own it—it is the power of the Cross. This great spiritual empire of Rome dares to offer up the dearest affections of the natural man to the more uninterrupted service of God . . .



and . . . while honouring marriage as a sacrament, requires of all the members of her hierarchy to abstain from it.

“Lastly, to consider the extension of this empire among the heathen. . . . Sisters of Charity are seen to cross over the ocean to the extremity of the world, that they may work in combination with missionaries, whose task it is to live among savages, and to make them first men, that they may hereafter be Christians; both alike without endowment, trusting to the labour of their hands for maintenance, putting their lives into the power of the faithless and fickle savage, and showing him, by their own homelessness, that they but live and labour for him. Nor has the blood of martyrs ceased to flow . . . whom the grace of God has nerved to endure torments unsurpassed for their severity in the earliest persecutions of the Church. . . . Thus does the Roman Communion exhibit the convincing proof of her mission: ‘Believe that I am the Church, for behold me exercising the supernatural powers of the Church.’

“It is, on the other hand, an unpleasant task to show how Anglicanism—in practice—is gold largely mingled with earthly alloy. . . . Are our Universities at present a fit school for preparing men for a life of patience, self-denial, and humiliation? . . . What sort of labourers, how grounded, disciplined, and tried, have *we* been sending forth to the Church’s forlorn hope in her assaults on the stronghold of heathenism? . . . Are *we* never to reform? Not by introducing novelties, but by recurring to ancient practices . . . for the Prayer Book of the Church of England has the deepest accordance with the Catholic system . . . Roman Catholic ignorance of us is, I think, almost exceeded by our ignorance of them. . . . This *Journal*, . . . despite its incompleteness, . . . has for its object the removal, to some degree at any rate, of misconception and prejudice. . . . When ignorance and misapprehension make up so much of the difference between the Churches, are we not to hope for better things? . . . Is not Providence removing on both sides the impediments to the union of the Church of God in all lands against the common foe? . . . I am convinced that this reunion of the Churches of England and of Rome would be an incalculable blessing to the whole Church of God, and to the whole human race. Should we not, each in our several spheres, labour and pray for reconciliation? for the mutual understanding of Christendom? One alone can effect this—let it be our first and last prayer to Him.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Journal in France*, pp. 2-9, and 339-367.

No little interest had been excited by the passage of the "Lions" in Paris ; and they quitted their new friends with regret. The Oxford Movement had attracted much attention abroad ; the names of Newman and Pusey were well known ; yet even distinguished men who had mastered Bossuet's *De errore Anglicano* were mostly "quite unable to understand our position." Luther they knew, and Calvin they knew ; but "who are you ?"

"M. Xavier Labbé, of Yvetot, is a fair English scholar, and really *un brave*, he seems so hearty in his feelings towards us ; yet, fearing to encourage us in schism, declared that in seeking for reunion we were trying to bring about what never could be. I said I was confident that what remained to be done was less than what had already been done. He is very serious and earnest, has been in England and at Oxford, and certainly does like us very much. Allies says he means to say Mass for the conversion of us three in particular. He looked in for some time, and enclosed in a letter two relics, one for me and one for Allies ; mine a piece of the carpet on which Borié knelt to be beheaded. . . . The Abbé Noirliu gave us letters of introduction and bid God's angel watch over our journey."

And so they departed.

## CHAPTER XI

ITALY, YOUNG AND OLD (1847).

THE travellers, after a short stay at Lyons, passed on towards Genoa, bent on seeing her charitable institutions, famous ever since the sixteenth century ; the time of the great moral reformation in the Roman Church.

“*July 14, 1847.*—Coasting down the Corniche, we passed the towns one after another, and watched the sun rise upon the magnificent scenery above them. By half-past seven we distinguished the lantern of Genoa ; an hour later we had dropped anchor inside the mole, and by nine were on our way on shore. Nothing but Constantinople rivals the view of this place from the sea. . . .

“ . . . We delivered our letter of introduction to Padre Giordano at the Jesuits’ College. No sooner did he receive it, and Wynne’s reply in the affirmative as to whether he was a Catholic, than, fulminating at our heads his *Tu es Petrus*, he attacked us furiously as rebels, Protestants, and what not. . . . He was utterly unscrupulous in argument even on his own ground, and we were exceedingly annoyed. . . . It so happened, however, that the points he took were just those that Allies had most at command ; he was therefore obliged to beat a retreat, leaving us all three convinced that reasoning was not his forte, and that at least in his case the Jesuits were not employing gentle insinuation as a means of converting.”

The subsequent kindness of the old Father, whose heart was better than his head, and his readiness to do them every service in his power, gradually allayed the irritation of his guests.

“Genoa altogether reminds me of Cairo in the intricacy and narrowness of the old streets, and of Venice in its palaces ; yet nothing there can compare to the most noble and grandiose Strada Nuova of Genoa, composed entirely of palaces. The gigantic height

of nine or ten stories of wall is common, and enormous architectural eaves; the street itself is paved with coloured marbles in symmetric patterns as a rich carpet. . . .<sup>1</sup> The Genoese are a fine race, with a look of blood and breeding; the ladies, in place of a bonnet, wear gracefully a white muslin veil, pinned at the back of the head and descending behind as low as the waist.

" . . . In their charitable foundations, the merchant princes of Genoa have been princely indeed."

He proceeds to describe them in detail; above all, the *Albergo dei Poveri*, the Poor-house, in fact, for two thousand persons, who are loved and honoured guests in a stately and enormous building.

"In Genoa, the religious institutions, the beauty of the surroundings, and the romance of the town, are as much mine—perhaps more, as far as enjoyment goes—as of old they were those of the proudest noble of the republic. . . . No city, to my mind, exceeds Genoa in beauty; few in interest; . . . nor has any place within my knowledge, shown a sense so religious and so charitable of the Hand that has filled them with plenteousness."

With these thoughts the three comrades departed with long regret from Genoa.

They were armed with two letters of introduction; one, from the Abbé De Fresne to his friend Manzoni—author of the *Promessi Sposi*—who at Milan would put them on their way; the second, of a humbler nature, "a recommendation from Padre Giordano to the conductor of one of the *correre* on our route—a subject of his, and who, though huge as a lion, is gentle *comme un petit agneau*; you might lead him, he said, by the ear."

By diligence, along

"a magnificent road, and threading for many hours continual defiles of the Alps, between hills of indescribable richness, chestnut groves, and continual flats of garden ground, skirting the bed of a vast torrent torn through the black marble rocks,"

the travellers reached at last and crossed the bridge of boats over the Po, "facing Monte Rosa and a long line of

<sup>1</sup> J. H. P., *Lectures on Architecture*, 1855. The author treats this important feature, and the particular instance in Genoa, at considerable length.



7. Study of a peasant child with golden hair and black eyes. Italy, 1847.  
Detail. *Water-colour.*

*Facing page 74.*





high Alps"; and presently arrived at Milan. Here they presented their letter of introduction to Signor Manzoni, and were cordially received by both him and his wife.

"Signor Manzoni is quite a gentleman, quiet in manner, apparently over fifty years of age, with grey hair and a kind pleasing look. De Fresne had told us that Mme. Manzoni had been converted to Catholicism; and he, following her example, was restored from a state of indifferentism, or worse, to that of a devout Catholic. He spoke of James Hope (Scott) and with great warmth of Gladstone, saying it was a satisfaction to speak with such a man. . . . He regretted much having been in the country when Newman passed through Milan. Allies mentioned Newman's great reputation with us; 'He has the same here,' replied our host. Newman he admires profoundly. In reply to the question whether the clergy here were learned, he said there were learned men amongst them, but that the Church, ever since the time of Joseph II. has here been in a state of most oppressive thralldom. He spoke also of the miserably infidel state of France; yet admitted the remark that a great change in this respect appeared to be passing over the minds of many. But what seemed to interest him, and on which he spoke at length, was the philosophical system of his friend Rosmini, the great metaphysician; . . . for whom all error consists in the will, and not in the mind. . . . He spoke in clear Italian, save that as we bowed ourselves out of the room, he came forward cordially and said 'shake hands.' We left him much gratified."

Their next goal was the historic town of Trent. The discomforts of travel in July heat, in a ricketty *legno* "called by courtesy the *Poste*," with "comfortable room for two," but packed with seven inmates, reached its height when the gallantry of the "Lions" obliged them to submit to the entrance of "a *bella donna* of eighteen stone;" that of a ninth passenger, imposed by the rapacity of the conductor—not, it is hoped, Padre Giordano's "lamb,"—was however stoutly and successfully resisted. As it was, the taller horse, Rosinante, staggered at the addition to her burden, proceeded at but a foot's pace. At last, on entering Trent, the road runs up an incline.

"Rosinante, though we all now dismounted, refused motion, regardless of argument. . . . A cart with four bullocks was passing; . . . the driver attached his leaders to our pole, and fairly

dragged our vehicle and horses up to the pitch of the rise, from whence we descended in safety [to the place whose very name recalls the first great victory of the Anti-reformation.]<sup>1</sup>

“Round this most comely city, with its grim towers and battlements, standing right into the swift Adige, which comes rolling from the mountains, an ‘exulting and abounding river,’ are ranged the hills of the Tyrol, castellated and flat-topped, with snowy Alpine peaks beyond them every side. . . . What delightful constitutionals must the Dons of 1545 have enjoyed after their hot work in the Council !<sup>2</sup>

“Near the Palladian Church of St. Mary’s is erected a pillar, inscribed : ‘The Church is the pillar and ground of Truth.’ . . . Within the building the Council was held ; upon a cloth hung at the west end, is an inscription claiming for that of Trent the same authority as the first four Councils ; and there is a picture containing portraits of its most eminent divines.”<sup>3</sup>

The three travellers made an excursion from Trent to visit the *Addolorata* Domenica Lazzari, at Cavallese, in the Tyrol. The visit is fully described in the *Journal in France* and in John Pollen’s journal and letters.<sup>4</sup>

The three pursued their journey from Rivoli to

“the faded beauty of Verona, the ghost of former times, . . . then to Vicenza in an omnibus, whence I came out pressed angular like an old fig from a Smyrna drum ; . . . Vicenza, surrounded by the festooning vines of Lombardy, undulating from tree to tree in luxuriant and unequalled beauty, . . . and, the evening of August 4th, we saw at last ‘the long low line of Venice floating on the sea.’

\* \* \* \* \*

This evening we came down the Grand Canal, with the throng of gondolas, two or three hundred yards in extent, accompanying the band ; all so jammed together that they could only move in the mass. We were in the thick of the *furia*. In the private gondolas of smart Venetians were ladies beautifully dressed, the gondoliers in liveries, blue jerkins and caps, or puce velvet with blue silk sashes. . . . At the Lido, I observe the mountains, from the Arsenal, are a glowing purple, becoming colder and colder, till, over Torcello, they are a clear and exquisite turquoise blue. . . . We returned to find

<sup>1</sup> Journal.

<sup>2</sup> Wynne’s letter.

<sup>3</sup> Journal.

<sup>4</sup> See also *Letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury to Ambrose Lisle Phillips, Esq.* London (Dolman), 1842.

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7a. Grand Canal, Venice, 1847. *Water-colour*.  $\frac{1}{8}$  size.







Venice against the sunset ; it was gold with broad rays ; the city, a dark indistinguishable purple, with a golden sea before it. Never did I see so grand a sight."

Like true Anglicans, the three friends were all on the watch for editions of the Fathers, then not so easily found in England.<sup>1</sup> In Venice they visited

" the great orientalist, Count Minnescalchi, a Veronese, a very well-bred man and an English scholar. . . . The Roman text of the Hebrew Bible, he says, is totally incorrect ; he thinks Wiseman will help Newman in his translation of the Scriptures. . . . Tells me Rome is not so good as Venice for books. . . . I have purchased St. Augustine, the Venetian edition, fourteen volumes for seventy florins—I was asked 100 ; but Ct. Minnescalchi says I have paid very dear for it. He has given me one of Rosmini's books, and begs I will freely write to him to procure me books ; he begs from me in return any account I can find of Etheridge on the Syrian Churches."

Oxford faces looked familiarly strange in the city of the Doges.

" Here were young A. and B., undergraduates, now showing a first moustache, . . . and C., who has at last discovered a place where there is good *beer*, and likes Venice, . . . and X., with not much of the *clerk* about him, in a ' Brougham and Vaux ' suit, eating ices at Florian's, and eager for Galignani. . . ."

Now, X. was no less than a Head of College, and he eyed—with even less of edification than had been given by his own check habiliments—the three white neckties going in and out to Roman services. The lions were to hear of this again.

At last it was time for the three to tear themselves from Venice.

" How sorry I am to leave ! These places are so inviting that they tempt me to forget myself. ' Bethink thee what thou art, and where. . . . ' <sup>2</sup> We took our last breakfast under the colonnade, and our last look at San Marco. Under the Doge's Palace we walked for the last time and talked of things past, present, and to

<sup>1</sup> In the Merton Fellows Library are entered a large number of such books as borrowed and returned by J. H. P.

<sup>2</sup> Keble, *Christian Year*, Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

come; we were unanimous, liking the same buildings, the same pictures, and the same principles."

Great was the mutual regret when at Padua Allies left his brother lions, and proceeded homewards. Pollen tried to solace himself by drawing the graceful Palazzo Erbe; "but it defied my pencil, and set my brushes at naught;" and after a renewed study of Giotto in the Arena, Pollen and Wynne pursued their journey.

"At Rovigo we witnessed that most beautiful sight, the assembling of an Italian market; men, and women, fresh-dressed girls and children, piles of many-coloured fruit and vegetables in carts of donkey, horse, and cream-coloured oxen. . . . The road continues, flat and Lombardesque till we reached the Po, and crossed at S. M. Maddalena; here is the Austrian frontier."

It was a stirring time. The agitation preparatory to the outbreak of 1848 was already in high ferment; Austria and Young Italy were face to face, flourishing their weapons, practising the coming fray. Mrs. Browning was gazing with poetic emotion from Casa Guidi windows at the evolutions of the golden youth of Florence, fired as they were with "the purest and most spontaneous patriotism." More matter of fact and penetrating observers were able to see the wires—and even the very long arms that were pulling them—across the length and breadth of the peninsula. "Profit by everything," Mazzini was writing to his friends in Italy, "to assemble the masses. . . . Fêtes, songs, assemblies, . . . suffice to make ideas gush out. . . . Organize! Organize! . . . The secret societies give irresistible strength to the party that can call upon them. . . . All, by different means, *work to the same end.*"<sup>1</sup>

"On to Bologna. Here, as at Ferrara, and all over Italy, the Pope is forming a civic guard. They mount guard with cockades in their hats and belts, clothed with beard, whisker, and moustache of beautiful variety, but not with uniform. . . . They have guns of all kinds; double-barrelled fowling pieces, and long duck guns, for want of muskets; but the Prince de Joinville, we are told, has sent

<sup>1</sup> *E.g.* Ruskin, in his *Stones of Venice*, has pertinent observations; and see O'Clery, *History of the Italian Revolution*, p. 202 ff. (Washbourne, 1875).

10,000 of these from France. The Austrians have doubled sentries ; and in the Piazza Erbe a strong guard of men, in twos, threes, and sixes, armed with long bayonets, are walking about among the people ; everywhere within sight of the guard house, and of an occasional officer, eating his ice ‘accidentally’ at a café. They are determined not to be taken unawares. . . .

“ . . . What was our surprise to recognise in a quiet Englishman, studying the scutcheons in the University, *Church*, on his way home leisurely to Oxford.

“ Walk with Church to St. Luke’s for the sunset. . . . He gives a most interesting account of his travels in Greece, and we remain another day at Bologna to see more of him. There is great satisfaction in meeting here a friend, especially one with so superior a mind. We discussed the Oxford election (Gladstone won by 190)—and ecclesiastical prospects in England.

“ . . . Terra-cotta is beautifully worked in the architectural mouldings here, and at Ferrara. It would pay any architect to study these well. I am struck with astonishment at the tall tower, more elegant than the lantern of Genoa ; it is the highest conception in that way—physically, I suspect, as well as mentally—that I have ever seen ; the square brick towers, too, are full of mystery and grandeur. . . . As I write—Wynne fast asleep—the night is cloudless, with a bright first quarter moon. The Great Bear is clear over the roofs ; a torrent of Italian tongues are at work in the room below ; now comes a burst of laughter. I wonder where Allies is now ? . . .

“ *August 21.*—At Lugo (an out-of-the-way place on our way to Ravenna), the inhabitants turned out of their houses to wonder at us. We were certainly spies, or agents ; but for which party ? from what country ? if not employed by the Cardinals. Our host of the inn tried hard, but without success, to apply his political pump on us ; altogether the question assumed so much importance that, on our sitting down to a *collazione* a police officer, followed by a soldier, entered, and requested to see our passports ; they proved quite correct ; the police apologized and withdrew.

“ . . . After dinner, an elderly man accosted us in the street ; this time, it was a request that we would decipher for him an English letter from his daughter-in-law in Paris. We consented ; the mistress of the house where we stood begged us to enter, and conducted us most politely upstairs, where we were enthroned upon a sofa at the side of the room, the whole family, ladies, men, children, and servants, crowding round us to hear and see. John Wynne by



degrees brought to the glad ears of the father-in-law the entire meaning of Louisa Matilda, *née* Jackson's, piety and affection. The old man was delighted, supplying copiously all ornamental expletives imperfectly rendered, or barely suggested, by the homely British composition. . . . They were very nice people ; we sat and chatted with them for nearly an hour. One lady, a young Dalmatian, a fine bright animated person, with a great deal of Italian beauty, took the lead. She was a visitor, and far superior to her hosts ; she spoke of Venice, while an interesting little girl investigated my sketch-book, and the maidservants were allowed the privilege of a prolonged stare. Finally we rose from our throne, and the audience ended. When later we left the town, our *vetturino* took this very street ; as soon as we passed the house, some one on the look-out having given the alarm, the entire family poured downstairs and out of the front door full swing, headed by the Dalmatian. We unbonnetted, and were saluted with enthusiasm, and watched until the town gate hid us from the view of our friends.

"Ravenna, *August 22*.—The Swiss were despatched last night to Ferrara to make the Austrians evacuate. The whole town was in a ferment.<sup>1</sup> The citizens accompanied the men with torches, and they came flashing round the corner into our street, bands playing, and 'Viva Pio Nono' sounding. This morning there was a great *baruffa*, and they had all returned, having received (as I hear from our host) an *estafette* from Rome or from Ferrara, to say that the Austrian troops had evacuated the Piazza. This was the bone of contention ; so, said our host, the *Tedeschi* have cut a *brutta figura*. . . . He is full of the *Guardia Civica* and of Pio Nono. These valiants are even richer than the refractory "Gardes Nationales" at Paris. It is so new to them.

"Down by canal to S. Appollinare in Classe, and to the Pinetum. . . . We bathed in the Adriatic, and returned in a boat, towed by an ass whose limbs were thwacked by the *Padrone*. His daughter, a cheerful little maid by name Pierra, steered ; and drove the ass and us into all sorts of awkward places, eliciting some hard words from her father ; but the plenitude of her spirits were such that she ran

<sup>1</sup> Prince Metternich, alarmed at the generous policy of Pius IX., whose liberal concessions might, he feared, encourage Italy to throw off the yoke of Austria, had made an attempt to overawe the Pope. Eight hundred Austrians, with bayonets fixed and matches lighted, made their entry into Ferrara. . . . Cardinal Ciacchi at once demanded—and secured—their evacuation. By this foolish attempt, Metternich had but played into the hands of the revolutionary party ; for the result was to evoke further irritation against Austria. See O'Clery, *History of the Italian Revolution*, pp. 207 ff.)

along 'strong in song,' from the Pinetum<sup>1</sup> all the way back to Ravenna. Next day at noon, again by canal to La Pineta, coasting the Adriatic for some seventy miles. Never saw I the like of this forest in solemnity and beauty; it is what a plain of seventy miles would be if covered with cedars of Lebanon. The trees are wild and grand stone pines, with vast umbrella heads; their foliage has a refined and high-bred look. The ground underneath is fine moist turf, broken with brakes and bushes of thorn overgrown with vine, plum and juniper. In the *Guardiano's* house we got some cones; there is a little chapel near, and the whole smacks strongly of Ivanhoe. The sun set among the glowing red and orange stems; by moonlight the forest was most awful in its solemn beauty; we walked back to Ravenna over the desolate moon-lit waste."

One of his finest water-colours was here executed.

Of Ravenna's architecture, best representative of the style that stands half-way between the primal Basilica of Santa Sofia, and the culminating perfection of St. Mark's, he made a careful and prolonged study.

It was the day of architectural pioneers. Pugin had with enthusiasm already inaugurated the Gothic revival; but John Pollen was asking himself whether in truth Gothic could live again. Mr. Beresford Hope's treatise on the Basilicas—till then dismissed cursorily as barbarisms—had been followed by Ruskin's *Stones of Venice*. We find, analysed at length in the journal, in plan, measurements, and every secret of their structure, and filling his sketch-book with their detail, the venerable buildings of Ravenna: the tombs of Theodoric and of Galla Placidia; the churches—and first San Vitale—with their solemn and symbolic grandeur, their exquisite refinement and riches of colour; their red porphyry tombs, and yellow marble pavements; their graceful alabaster capitals; their mosaic of "barbaric gold and pearl," green, silver, and ultramarine, where gleam imperishably the grave and stately figures of Christ—towards whom flocks of sheep are hastening—of apostles, saints, and angels, of emperor and empress with their eastern court. Enforced by these visions, John Pollen

<sup>1</sup> This is "Ravenna's immemorial wood"—sung by Dante and by Byron—that furnished timber for the fleet of Rome, and of Venice in her prime. It is now mostly destroyed by fire.

was, not many years hence, to produce his own greatest architectural work.

"August 26.—Started for Florence with Sir F. Scott [who had joined them at Ravenna] in a vetturino, we having agreed for food and journey, 2 days, 18 scudi. Our man undersold us to a most unpleasant fellow, a regular scoundrel. No sooner did we get to Forli and breakfast than he refused to pay it, saying he would only pay for next day. I and Scott went off to the police office and made our complaint; unfortunately the *patto* was not signed. Next morning, at the wayside inn near Rocca, our friend served us a quantum of breakfast so small that we determined to pay him off by no backsheesh. We breakfasted the remainder at our own cost, and saluted him with bursts of laughter which disconcerted even *his* villainous countenance. Accordingly on our arrival, we saw our luggage safe out, counted out only the scudi of the bargain into his hand, and told him why we punished him. First he refused to take his money, so we retired laughing at him and wishing him good-night. He then seized his money, frantic with passion, and could only gasp out '*Siete tre assassini!*' making his way out of the 'Grande Bretagne' amidst the smiles of the waiters and hangers on."

This story Pollen could never tell without hearty laughter to the end of his days. Wynne and he could fast with the "highest" when expedient; but to be unlawfully defrauded of his breakfast did not become an Englishman.

"Florence, September 4.—With Scott and De Tivoli (our Italian master, red-hot for 'Young Italy') to the Convent of Vallombrosa, where we dined, walked in the walled garden, examined the fish-stews and farm building, and gazed at Florence with the hills behind. The hidden glories of these mountains draw me with a spell inconceivable. . . .

"On our return, every café was full of some portentous announcement, which proved to be that of the Guardia Civica, proclaimed by a *motu-proprio* at five in the afternoon. De Tivoli could not be kept in for tea. . . . September 5.—The town brimful of this business. An *avviso* from the Gonfaloniere of Florence calls for an illumination this evening. The Grand Duke's proclamation calls upon all Tuscans to obey and to show him their affection. Certainly Pio Nono carried off more enthusiasm and louder cheers than Leopold II. Nothing all day but processions, four and six abreast, marching with more than military importance with calico banners, bearing 'Gioberti' 'Libertà' 'Lege dellà Stampa,' 'Pio

Nono e Leopold II., 'Lege Italiana,' 'Amore e forza,' etc., and favours of red and white with an L. II. button in the middle; occasional and rather shabby attempts at cheering, clapping of hands, and other demonstrations. Round the Duomo in two lines, going and coming, seems to be the prevailing course; and here the names of the cafés are all to be changed, on Monday, by a slap of Young Italy's wand, the new names being at present written upon slips of paper or wood *in petto*. Banners and carpets hang out of every window. Both the Piazza and the new street are crammed with holiday townsfolk; and fifteen ells of particoloured calico is flying from the Campanile. I was at High Mass in the Cathedral when the first cheer of the procession sounded. It was like an electric shock. Though the service was nothing like ended, every soul turned full round to the door upon the instant; the function, however, was then resumed. At five, the *Te Deum*, by the Archbishop's permission, was sung in the Cathedral. The town at night was lighted up with bunches of lamps in large melon-shaped globes. The Duke<sup>1</sup> came to the window of the Pitti, wearing a favour; he bowed, and *selon* Bardi, the print seller, shed tears (?)."

Pausing long at Lucca, and lingering by the Mediterranean coast, witnessing at Chiavari the splendid illuminations for Pio Nono, whose praises sung by the *vetturino*, lulled them to sleep on the night journey, they again entered Genoa by the "unequalled ascent out of Spezzia. . . How fresh the Mediterranean did look! It lapped the black rocks as quiet as a mill-pool." By the evening of September 14, they were in Turin, where Pollen was soon revelling in the Armoury.

"The King's guard, fine-looking men, fill the hall of the palace. Every public office; theatre; Cathedral, and whatever else he wants, are all under one roof. . . . A very handsome lackey I saw in the beautiful Sardinian livery; a long scarlet jacket, and waistcoat all embroidered, short white kilt and scarlet leggings from the knee. . . . Drove out to the Villa belonging to the Marquis Boyd, father-in-law of Count d'Aglié, a relative of Wynne; here asses were in attendance, and we rode up the great ascent to the Superga, whence we saw the Alps to Monte Viso; Milan, and far down towards Genoa; all Piedmont, in round terms. I was much pleased with my reception by the Marquis, Marchesa, Count and Countess d'Aglié; the

<sup>1</sup> Leopold II. Grand Duke of Tuscany.



Marquis entered warmly and with much zeal into the Catholic question ; as ever, I found ignorance of our whole state most profound . . . In the evening (September 16) we were invited to a serenade in honour of the signing of the marriage contract of a niece (?) of Ct. d'Aglié. The house was full of well-dressed people ; the contract was exposed, and the amount of the lady's pin-money and other facts publicly discussed ; in an adjoining room were exhibited the presents of the betrothed ; pieces of velvet and other beautiful stuffs, and handsome jewellery ; every gift was ticketted with the donor's name. One carbuncle was bigger than the largest pigeon's egg, the gift of the bridegroom, Count Alfieri, a boy of nineteen. The company in the garden below, lighted by torches, was much less select ; there were many officers, and persons in morning dress ; mere visiting acquaintances. Two military bands succeeded one another ; the very handsome bride was good enough to come out upon a balcony whence the garden company could see her ; beyond the garden iron gates, which opened on to the street, crowds could be seen assembled."

"*September 17.*—D'Aglié drove us in his carriage to Moncalieri, a chateau of the King, some five miles up the Po ; a glorious view over its plain. We were introduced to the royal princes, the Duke of Savoy's children ; <sup>1</sup> two little boys and a girl, the eldest boy being heir presumptive to the throne,<sup>2</sup> with the governess, the Marchesa (?) a very pleasing and high-bred person. She is never to lose sight of them, and has but two hours of her own all day. The children were nice ; and *thorough children*, too. They romped the room into famous disorder."

Wynne and Pollen proceeded leisurely towards and across Lake Maggiore, and thence in a carriage on a dark night towards Varesa. Here they narrowly escaped a fatal accident.

"The driver was ignorant of the road ; he turned up a steep and wrong road towards a vineyard, and was some height before he found

<sup>1</sup> The Duke of Savoy, Victor Emmanuel, who was to succeed his father, Charles Albert, King of Piedmont, the following year.

<sup>2</sup> The late King Humbert of Italy, assassinated in 1900. The girl was Princess Clotilde, then four years old ; in her fifteenth year she was to be forced by her father, despite her prayers and tears, to marry the notorious *Plon-plon*.



out his mistake ; the right road had descended ; the one he was on ascending alongside of it on a walled bank rising from nothing to twelve or fifteen feet. The driver saw the right road on his right hand ; it was the same colour as the wrong one ; it was midnight, and so dark that he did not perceive the difference of level. He therefore turned sharp to the right, backed over the edge of the sunk wall, and hurled the *legno* head over heels seven feet into the road below. John Wynne and I were asleep ; but I felt it go ; Wynne awakened by the shock ; we fell, he uppermost. The first part that touched was the corner of the carriage-hood, which smashed of course. We got out perpendicularly at the uppermost window, in great alarm lest the horses should fall down upon the whole thing. Fortunately they had just sufficient length of trace to be left on the edge. They were soon cut loose ; we fished up hats, books, and other portions of luggage scattered widely. No one was hurt ; and some men from a neighbouring village came with lights ; the battered wreck was set in a condition to proceed. Our fall took place exactly at the foot of a monument in the cemetery wall over against us ; ‘ to this ’ said one of our helpers ‘ you owe your lives.’ He pointed out that had the accident taken place five yards further where the fall was deeper, the horses must have been upon us ; and, confined as we were in the hooded carriage, I do not know what, short of a miracle, could have saved us from the solemn resting-place beside us.”

After crossing the Alps they proceeded to Augsburg, “ a very noble old German town,” where they enjoyed the Albert Dureresque spires and roofs, the German Gothic, and ironwork, to their hearts’ content ; at Munich the new phase of German art, developing rapidly under the energetic patronage of King Louis of Bavaria, engaged all John Pollen’s attention. The most important architectural work now just completed was the Church of St. Boniface—the first Basilica ever constructed north of the Alps ; “ altogether a most gratifying work for the present day.” Pollen was among the first—if not the first—to judge of the Munich school generally, as the consensus of art-criticism has since pronounced. The obvious plagiarisms from mediæval art, the cold and heavy colouring, the evidence of learning and perseverance rather than of creative imagination, could not escape his comment ; but the sincere attempt to react against the wretched

taste of the day, the magnificent generosity of the patron, the religious and patriotic sentiment which dictated the efforts of the school, interested him greatly. The new Churches, Palace, glass windows, and paintings, as well as the great shops for ornamental glass work, chased, cut and gilt, set up by the same enterprising monarch, all are described in much detail; in the spirit of the true critic, Pollen dwells chiefly upon all that is good. Only a few phrases can here be given.

"St. Peter's; a new Gothic building of the King's. Of the exterior I do not think much . . . but inside the proportions are good—some good modern glass in the windows; great plagiarisms from Giotto, Ghirlandaio, and others; a little dull in colour. . . . The great thing here is the paintings by Cornelius. On the whole these are grand productions for the present age. I wish they had been done in outline, or chiaroscuro; the tone of colour is very unpleasing, I think, generally, in these modern frescoes."

He reverts, then, to the fascination of the old German masters in the Pinacothek, more especially the "astonishing Holbeins and Dürers," to the treasury of the chapel of the old palace, with its costly reliquaries and carvings; "I doubt whether Florence is richer, *qua* valuables;" he revels in the Glyptothek—where he sees for the first time "Uncle Robert's Ægina Pediment."<sup>1</sup>

In Munich therefore, instead of in the British Museum, John Pollen had the pleasure of admiring

"These most admirable marbles . . . a pleasure mitigated by the discovery that the Germans have restored throughout! . . . and so

<sup>1</sup> It was Charles R. Cockerell who had turned up these remains unexpectedly in the Island of Ægina, 1810. The account of his "rapture and excitement" at seeing under the care of his workmen excavators, "the head of a helmeted warrior, perfect in every feature, coming out by degrees from the ground," may be delightfully read in his journal. Cockerell successfully accomplished the rescue of sixteen statues, and many fragments; and got them safely shipped off to Malta, successfully evading the Turkish authorities by means of "a sharp fellow," his agent, Gropius, half a German by birth. Patriotism perhaps determined the event; for it is not without suspicion of bribery and connivance with the wily agent of King Louis, that the British government envoy, sent out to buy *carte-blanche* for the British Museum, was misinformed of the place of auction; and despite his efforts to annul the sale, the marbles were knocked down to the King of Bavaria for 10,000 sequins. (*Journal of Charles Robert Cockerell, R.A.*; *Travels in Southern Europe and the Levant*, 1810-1817. Longmans, 1903.)

in every one of the antiques of the Glyptothek; a great error, I fear."

What old-world Nuremberg—the absolute artistic contrary of modern Munich—was to him may be imagined. Here—alone of all cities—the destructive hand of the "restorer" has left no trace. The artist not only walks in the town of Dürer, but sees what Dürer saw. One typical criticism must suffice.

"The tabernacle of Adam Krafft is exquisite but *irony*; it is full of knotted volutes and *tours de force*, which do not seem to belong to stone. It is very beautiful, and, as a triumph of power, unequalled."

After a study of Cologne and of Antwerp, the pair of friends proceeded to Brussels; and first to the field of Waterloo.

Some months earlier occurs this entry:

"At the Waterloo Panorama (London?) I met Manning,<sup>1</sup> who told me he saw the place ten days after the battle, while the blood was still on the floors."

Hougoumont is as untouched now, perhaps, as it was then; but Pollen and Wynne had the advantage of reconnoitring the ground with an eye-witness.

"Found Cotton the Englishman (a Waterloo veteran) at St. Jean, and took him with us. He is straightforward and well up in facts; I was much pleased with him. . . . Lieutenant Blackman is buried inside the orchard where he fell; on his solitary grave a plain bead-shaped stone bears name, date, and a legend along the centre. It was, said Sergeant Cotton, 'along of a young lady of wealth in Holland' strongly attached to him; she was at Brussels at the time of the battle, and herself had the gravestone so inscribed, and placed here. She never married, and lives yet. . . ."

One grave only has since been opened in that orchard; Sergeant Cotton, the narrator of this romantic story, was in 1849 laid to rest near its hero.

"Cotton told us many details of great interest; the way the Old Guard seemed stationary on the top of the hill, the first ranks being destroyed by our artillery as fast as they mounted the ridge; the hoots and blows of the squares when the Belgian cavalry, who

<sup>1</sup> Not of course H. E. Manning, born 1808; perhaps his elder brother?

would not charge, passed them ; the sort of appearance which the ground wore immediately after the worst parts of the battle, and the universal destruction that seemed to have taken place ; the confusion of the break up at the final charge, and of the flying crowd at the last ; the excitement of the men when the army halted from the pursuit at eight o'clock ; the Prussians passing, shouting and playing ' God save the King ' as well as their pace allowed them ; and of their ferocity."

In Antwerp's "glorious Cathedral" John Pollen had been "astounded by the richness of colour, the majesty and solemnity of Rubens' Crucifixion ; nothing lives beside it ;" he devoted a considerable time to the "Paradise" of Van Eyck at Ghent.

"October 5, Bruges.—The Academy ; Memling ; the great Baptism of Our Lord with the volets. The head of the Blessed Virgin, and the standing saint who presents the founder, beautiful to the highest reach of beauty I have seen in the Northerns."

These pictures occupy the last page that records this journey.

October 6 is marked but with a small Latin cross in ink.

The last letters from home had been followed by a strangely prolonged delay. That morning, one arrived for John Wynne. It laid upon him the painful task of breaking, as well as he could, to his poor friend, the news of the death of his younger brother, Charles Pollen, at Montreal.



## CHAPTER XII

### PUSEYITE ACTIVITY (1847-1849)

**L**IEUTENANT CHARLES POLLEN, of the Rifle Brigade, aged five-and-twenty, had been at Montreal in full health and strength. One day, when over-tired and heated by exertion, he drank off hastily a glass of iced water. Apoplexy instantly set in, and he shortly expired. His gravestone stands in the beautiful and carefully kept little military cemetery near the city.

But a few scattered phrases in John Pollen's journal speak of his sorrow.

"Mother much better now. . . . My dear brother Hungerford arrived to-day, deeply sad ; this has made my mother so again. . . . Saw Dr. Pusey ; very very good to me ; said all he could to comfort me *de afflictione*."

From this time forth, Dr. Pusey, the confessor of Allies and Wynne, was to number Pollen too amongst his penitents. The Doctor hoped, moreover, to find in him a valuable instrument ; and he was enrolled in the very vanguard of the High Church army. Its forlorn hope was a certain esoteric society, arranged in 1844 by Mr. Alexander Forbes, for undergraduates ; its scope later was extended, and Pollen with all his Tractarian friends are found in 1848 among its members. It was called by the name it still bears ; the "Brotherhood of the Holy Trinity."

The Brotherhood was due primarily to the man who had originated everything. Newman had sketched a "Plan for the Society of Prayer for Unity." The prayer, "Vouchsafe, Lord, to grant to thy faithful people . . . unity . . . both visible and invisible," was, after 1845, issued to the Society by Pusey and Keble for daily recital. Its object was to effect a reunion—upon a basis of mutual concession—between the



Roman and English Branches. Rome, it was hoped, would reform her abuses ; England was to imitate her in practical measures for the moral elevation of the masses, and in a renaissance of Catholic practice.

But such leaven must be carefully preserved from Romanism proper, and the road to secession carefully guarded. Desertions were of course the most dreaded calamities ; for they gave colour to the accusation that Puseyism tended that way ; moreover, they deprived the Cause of such men as were best capable of forwarding its interests.

As to secession, the great waves of upheaval of 1845-46 were subsiding somewhat ; yet the sky was threatening still.

“ Oxford, October 19.—Allies slept here ; very glad to meet ; book finished (a new edition of the *Church of England cleared from Schism*). . . . Seen Burns the publisher, who has gone over. *He thinks our state of things all sham*. . . . Bennett’s curate (Mr. Gordon) gone too. . . . That night we all started out on appearance of a fire. It proved to be Aurora Borealis, so bright as I never saw it. The whole north from horizon to zenith gleamed with broad, distended, quivering rays of yellow and reddish light.”

In the Great Cause—*Opus operandum est* is a motto frequent in his journal—John Pollen was now to work side by side with Dr. Pusey’s most devoted disciple.

Charles Marriott (1811-1858), known to all his friends as “ dear Charles Marriott,” a great though not a brilliant scholar ; at every one’s service but his own any hour out of the twenty-four ; beloved by his parishioners at St. Mary’s, to whom he ministered through small-pox and cholera ; acting as Pusey’s literary hack, himself the author of not a few books of devotion or commentary ; entangled in an unmanageable correspondence with a hundred persons without claim upon him save that they were unsettled, or in sorrow, or in need, or in doubt—Charles Marriott, subject to continuous ill-health, careworn in appearance, somewhat shabby in attire, yet reflected in his manly and dignified bearing, lofty forehead, and beautifully cut features, the charm of his character and his utter singleness of purpose.

Upon Newman’s conversion he had transferred his allegiance to Pusey. With Marriott it was always the “ one man ” system ; nor could that one be himself.

“Much talk with Marriott of various things. He is a very remarkable person.”

Now, less than ever, would the Party be content with theories. It was a time of extraordinary activity. London, since 1845, and not Oxford, was the centre of action. Here the members of the Brotherhood were meeting constantly, sometimes by their own initiative, sometimes more directly under Dr. Pusey. Novel and important plans were commenced, or encouraged, or developed. And thus minds found relief from the pressure of mental difficulties, more acute since Newman's departure.

Pollen, despite all clouds, was full of high hopes for the future of the English Church.

“Merton. *Monday before Easter week*, 1848.—‘Tried what could be done to swing our bells by means of pullies in the galleries . . . *Easter Day*, 12.45, night.—Precisely as the clock struck midnight, I had the bells rung for half an hour. O soul of our Founder, and all Wardens of this place, may your prayers avail to bring as these bells do, music and life into the dark midnight, now, at the eleventh hour, while all life remains, but yet so sore diseased. Now, while all things round are crashing, and the Church heaving with what is to come, now may my humble successes be instrumental to restore the decaying embers of the spirit of ancient order, discipline, and piety; to spread the voice of Christ's Holy Catholic Church far and wide over the English Empire, and all places whither she may ever set our feet.”

Mr. Alexander Beresford Hope, a Puseyite pillar, was a man of wealth and lavish generosity. The beautiful church of All Saints, his gift, was now building in Margaret Street. With the influential incumbent, Mr. Upton Richards, Pollen now became intimate.

“*January 26*, 1849.—To Oxford with U. R. *Multa de se et rebus suis, præsertim de capella*. . . . *July 23*, 1849.—Plans for new Church Omn. SS. at Margaret St. It is to be of brick, red and black stripes. Inside, tessellated with tiles; marbles and fresco decorations. The East end is to have a large painting on gold by Gêrente. Hope proposes a mural cross with his large jewels therein; the Bishop objects to the cross. There is to be a court with buildings on either side joining the church, and the street side open; one of these buildings will be for the boys, and one for the clergy.

As a design I think the whole is full of genius. The shape of the church is almost a square, which is awkward ; but this was necessary by the *forma loci*. Neither B. Hope nor U. R. must be frightened by what they are doing. . . .”

He knew well, too, the Chaplain of the Bishop of London, Mr. Bennett, by whose initiative an extensive group of buildings was beginning to rise from the ground at Pimlico : the church, schools, and orphanage of St. Barnabas, London. Both Mr. Bennett and Mr. Upton Richards were inclined to ritualistic developments now familiar, but then startling, and little favoured by Dr. Pusey.

“October 31, 1848.—Upton Richards wanted me for the admission of a chorister. It was an interesting *funzione*. Their little chapel, and the cross over the altar, were decked with flowers ; there were lights in sconces. The clergy and choristers proceeded from the vestry, chanting, and then ranged each side the Oratory. The chorister, without vestment, remained outside, and was brought in, knelt at the altar, and was clothed with the surplice, and blessed ; the chants continued, and the procession went out as it came in. . . .

“ . . . In the p.m. to St. Barnabas. . . . The place crammed, and the sexes strictly divided by a lay clerk. A fat knee-breeched clergyman in front of me highly disgusted at the whole proceeding, specially the Baptism. He did not attempt to disguise his feelings, but evinced them in divers pishes and shrugs ; and finally when he got out, told me he'd never seen the C. of England service so prostituted, though he'd been thirty years in Orders.”

The Rev. Edmund Munro now initiated a remarkable scheme for evangelizing London, by a mission given during the Lent of 1848. Aid was to be supplied by Tractarians, lay and clerical, from all parts of England ; there were to be early and late services, lectures, sermons, and the confessional ; a small lending library was to be organized. The Bishop of London approved throughout ; Pusey, Keble, and their friends, eagerly took up the idea ; John Pollen and Charles Marriott were sent about to indoctrinate others and procure volunteer aid ; but opposition arose from more than one quarter, and the scheme was necessarily postponed.

Puseyite activity was not confined to England. The ruins of St. Augustine's Monastery at Canterbury were purchased

in 1844 by Mr. Beresford Hope ; and a fine Missionary College was soon erected by generous subscriptions.<sup>1</sup> Of this undertaking John Pollen writes at length ; he and his friends attended the consecration of the College ; it was then that he first met John Keble.

The Education question was already beginning to be a subject of struggle between Church and State ; whence Pollen and his friends were also on fire.

In 1849 the battle ran high. The " National Society " protecting Church interests in Education was to meet in force on June 6. Counsels were divided. The High Church generally, and the Tractarians in particular, urged a bold fight for the freedom of the schools. The " practical men," seeing no further than the present advantages of State aid, were for unconditional surrender ; the moderate, or " peace " party headed by the Bishops, and fearing nothing so much as a rupture with the State, were for compromise ; and John Pollen, who attended with his brother this great meeting, feared that compromise had won—or rather lost—the day.

Two remarkable schools now springing into existence he frequently visited with the keenest interest : Radley and Harrow Weald.

Harrow Weald School, Middlesex, for the training of poor boys upon mediæval lines as ideal schoolmasters, or clergymen of the future, appeared to him one of the noblest and most interesting ventures ever undertaken in this country in post-Reformation times. It was the creation of the Rev. Edmund Munro.

John Pollen frequently visited, and minutely describes, the working of this school. The lads were trained in agriculture, farming, carpentering, even building ; they studied, laboured, and prayed, at fixed hours, and served the poor ; they were

" highly disciplined, manly, and sensible ; they might, from their manners, be gentlemen's sons." <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> With this College was connected the Canterbury Settlement of New Zealand ; a cradle of English High Church life in the Colonies. The settlement was begun in 1848 under the directorship of Mr. John Godley.

<sup>2</sup> The school at Harrow Weald has long been broken up, and the buildings sold. An inscription on the lych-gate tells that it was erected in memory of the devoted Vicar of twenty years' standing ; he is still kindly remembered



Another educational experiment was to be made, this time at the opposite end of the social scale.

St. Peter's College, Radley, Berks, was in 1847 nearing completion, and seemed worthy of its brilliant founder, William Sewell, John Pollen's friend. Here he would educate gentlemen's sons as thorough Churchmen; duty, or the love of learning for its own sake, should form the sole incentives to study, without prospect of prizes or honourable grades.

John Pollen, year by year, was a constant and most sympathetic visitor to Radley, conversing with its founder and reporting its progress.

"One has to see how it will develope; whether good scholars will be produced seems questionable; the principle of emulation has obtained so largely elsewhere that one almost despairs of doing without it. They will at any rate make the boys Christians."

The Oxford Penitentiary was founded in the early forties by Walter Kerr Hamilton together with Mrs. Pusey. Its patron was Bishop Wilberforce; the Heads of Colleges sat on its committee; and the names of John Pollen and his friends occur in the subscription list.<sup>1</sup> In the course of his parochial work at Oxford, he had rescued several girls from a life of sin, and induced them by kindness to enter the Institute, where they were sheltered and supported for a time, and trained to some trade or post that would provide for the future. Hard was the task of sustaining the courage of the sorely tempted penitent; of his charitable patience his journal gives ample proof. Later on, as Senior Proctor, he was to have special opportunities of rendering valuable assistance to the Penitentiary.

At this time arose the Anglican Sisterhoods.

John Pollen took an extraordinary interest in these beginnings. Having no cure of his own, he was always ready—and was often requested—to take Mr. Dodsworth's or Mr. Upton Richards' duty temporarily at one or other of the chapels attended by the new "Sisters of Mercy," whose increase, despite the storm of prejudice against Popish appear-

by a few old folk of the place. The "public" has forgotten his name; there is One that seeth.

<sup>1</sup> *Report of the Oxford Female Penitentiary* (Baxter), 1847.



ances that was encountered at the outset, he considered a triumph for the Cause.

"Miss Sellon's was a victory, don't you think?" he wrote to Allies, a young lady relative of whom he marked down as eminently suitable for a Sister of Mercy; she is "good, simple, and unselfish; a little afraid, as yet, of the severity of the life."

In all these enterprises, John Pollen aided Charles Marriott in humble and self-devoted drudgery, here and there as required; acting as Tractarian whip, or as go-between with ecclesiastical authorities, taking extra duties, visiting and aiding the poor.

Another project touched him yet more nearly. John Wynne's journal says:

"*Whitsun Eve, 1847.*— . . . With Heathcote and John Pollen; walked out to Water Eaton after service; talked of the need of some monastic institutions in this country, and considered the materials required for their foundation; not incompatible with Anglican principles and our present policy. Water Eaton would be a spot very favourable for the experiment; its neighbourhood to Oxford. . . . H. and P. would be admirable men to carry into effect a scheme of such foundation. Heathcote's great wisdom and maturity of mind, combined with much shrewdness, would qualify him extremely well for a monastic general; while John Pollen's great practical abilities, and readiness as well in action as in furnishing resources, would make him a most efficient adjutant. . . . And as for me, I would depend entirely upon such true and dear friends, accepting any position assigned by them in the community, only striving to serve therein to the uttermost. . . .

" . . . J. Pollen and self have been examining vacant palaces at Genoa, with a view to their aptitude for a future Puseyite coenobium; for which purpose we deem them suitable."

"*November 9, 1847.*—All Souls, Oxford. Allies calls from Launton and talks over 'the Order.' It will, I feel confident, gain ground."

John Pollen was less sanguine. It may be added, that John Wynne alone of the three friends was suited to the life in question. Strong opposition from outside arose to the project; it was postponed; and the next chapter will show how John Pollen's energies were absorbed by a new interest.

## CHAPTER XIII

### ST. SAVIOUR'S, FIRST ACT (1840-1846)

**J**OHNN POLLEN was now to play his part in another drama of the Movement. The scene of action lay this time in the North of England; the historian is John Pollen; with the year 1837 begins his tale.<sup>1</sup>

“Leeds was then, as now, a great manufacturing capital built on the Aire, in a beautiful part of Yorkshire.

“... The visitor is there invited to study one of the larger mills, as a monument of the physical energy and the growing wealth of England. The intelligent foreman will lead him from room to room . . . where ranges of nicely fitted machinery protrude like shelves in ancient libraries from the wall, and form multitudes of bays, in each of which are several girls, hitching and unhitching, with unfailing acuteness, the work before them.

“... What exactness, order, and application! what a multitude of men, women, boys, and girls, employed from morning till night in one mill, and that mill only one of a vast number. Its tall cylindrical chimney is but a unit in a fierce and dreary forest of its fellows. . . . They whose affections are kind, who have grown up amid the dignity and virtue of their English country homes, will think of the long confinement of young boys and girls amid the din of revolving wheels, the glare of furnaces, the mist of smoke and flax-dust. At noon the factory bell will sound, and troops of girls defile along the streets, clad in long canvas aprons, wearing the graceful headdress of a handkerchief pinned beneath the chin; the neck and arms uncovered and adorned with gaudy trinkets; the wearers coarse and immodest in voice, demeanour, and expression.

“... After dark, a crowd of young persons of both sexes return to their homes in narrow lanes. . . . In a back street is a large upper

<sup>1</sup> John Hungerford Pollen, *A Narrative of Five Years at St. Saviour's, Leeds* (Vincent), Oxford, 1851. From this narrative are taken (unless otherwise specified) the facts relating to St. Saviour's in chap. xiii.

room, with lights ; a place for balls. Further on is the great hall of the Socialists ; their band, in summer months, parades the streets to lure the young to attractive haunts where the 'restraints of society' have no hold. . . . Follow a youth, . . . the youngest of whose sisters, thirteen years old, has been for the last half hour wandering in the dark streets. He is perhaps not attracted to the dancing-room. He has gone to hear an old man lecturing many listeners. This time his subject is : *Twenty-five reasons for being an Atheist*. A printed copy is handed to the boy at the close, and he is considering reason thirteen . . . that 'the idea of God originated when man was in a savage state, unable to comprehend nature's laws ; . . . and is perpetuated by crafty and tyrannical priests, who live by raising the hopes and exciting the fears of their followers.' <sup>1</sup> Before leaving the lecture-room the lad is enrolled a member of the Society of Rational Pioneers. At a later hour, coarse oaths and blasphemies, and other revolting sounds and sights, break the solemnity which, in this place of remorseless toil, is known only to the dead of night."

Yet darker and more vivid scenes are pictured in the *Narrative*. Familiarity with corruption began here in early youth. A fiendish ingenuity, sometimes the aid of medical means, were employed in opening to children of tender years the path of evil ; and those who had fallen were successfully employed to decoy, by the hopes of high wages, former companions, still ignorant, from their country homes. Vice of the most enormous kind flourished wherever the young were herded together ; both at times when the sexes were separated, and when they were not. Even the outward veil which convention substitutes in open day for that of darkness, was too often withdrawn ; and only by treating such matters as a legal nuisance, could a zealous clergyman obtain some approach to the exterior decency which is better than none.

Such was the Leeds of the early thirties.

But Newman had cried aloud to men of the English Church ; and one thoroughly startled by the call, set himself to the spiritual regeneration of Leeds.

In 1837, a friend of Dr. Pusey's, Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., whose statue now adorns the city, was appointed its Vicar. He faced at once the tide of evil. At the start

<sup>1</sup> *Twenty-five Reasons for being an Atheist*, printed and published by the Society of Rational Pioneers, Leeds. (In the possession of J. H. P.)

he perceived the inefficiency of the old systems; whether of the Church, held in contempt, or of Dissent, whose total faith and works consisted in the Wesleyan doctrine of Assurance, maintained as it might be through a life of profligacy to an unrepentant death-bed: "Believe that you are saved, and you are saved." One body of Christians alone, he saw, maintained a hold upon its people, and added to their number: the Roman Catholics. Romanism Dr. Hook detested. But Roman methods answered; and he was a practical man.

Vast sums of money were collected, and the Church of St. Peter's rebuilt from the ground on a magnificent scale. Frequent services were set on foot, schools, and visiting societies; an attempt was made to popularize the Establishment, and Dr. Hook became a member of the "Odd Fellows."

More effectual was the personal devotion of himself and his curates. These were "full of cheerfulness and fervour;" they practised the self-denial advocated by the Tracts; they were assiduous with the sick and dying; they taught the sacramental efficacy of confession, a *sine quâ non*, Dr. Hook discovered, in any moral reform; he, especially, heard a large number of penitents.

These noble exertions began to tell; and whereas at the outset no decent person could pass along East Street when the factory people were congregated, without encountering the grossest personal insults, a certain respect was now universally shown for the clergy. Individuals had been won; yet these first operations, the Doctor found, did not prick to the bottom of the evil. To work Leeds effectually, he obtained an Act of Parliament dividing it into thirty districts, and he generously endowed each with a portion of his vicarial tithe. Each was, in time, to own a separate church and school, and to constitute a parish.

Just about this time—1840—a "Penitent," whose name was to remain unknown, but who was really no other than Dr. Pusey himself, "conceived the plan of building a church, in order to repair the ravages made by sin over the face of his native country." Dr. Hook suggested that Leeds would be a suitable place for such a church. The Penitent acceded to the proposal.



Many projects were welded into one around the scheme as it matured. Tractarian principles, far from the rooted prejudices of Oxford, could here peacefully develope, and thus demonstrate to the world what could be done practically by the "Church of the Prayer Book." A personal interest of the founder, too, was bound up in the proposed "Church of Holy Cross, Leeds." Its sacred vessels were to be a memorial of his greatest earthly treasure.

Dr. Pusey's daughter Lucy Mary, a wonderful child, had longed to devote herself in a single life for Christ's sake ; Who accepted her offering without delay. She died in April, 1844, in all the innocent charm of her fourteen years. "She was a saint," said Newman ; and upon her tomb in Christ Church Cathedral was placed a cross, "as simple as herself," with the words : "*Puella jam in votis Christo desponsata.*"<sup>1</sup>

She had bestowed upon her father's future church a chalice encrusted with jewels, and engraved with the words : "*Propitius esto, Domine, Luciae Mariae.*" The last object which had given her pleasure was the design, interwoven with crosses ; to point to these was the last motion of her wasted finger.

"The founder meant the Church of 'Holy Cross' to proclaim, from without as from within, to the parish, to the city, to the commercial world, the significance of the Cross of Christ. The building was planned by Mr. Derick of Oxford—a friend of John Pollen—in the form of a cross. The first stone was solemnly laid by Dr. Hook upon Holy Cross day, 1842 ; part of the inscription ran :

By Thy Cross and Passion,  
In the Hour of Death, In the Day of Judgment ;  
Good Lord, deliver us.

"The church stands high at the eastern end of Leeds, overlooking a noble country ; but, save on Sundays, the prospect is hidden by smoke. The waters of the river, here turbid with mud and dye-grease,<sup>2</sup> are bordered by mills in full operation with the roar and

<sup>1</sup> Liddon, *Life of Pusey*, vol ii. and journal of Hungerford Pollen.

<sup>2</sup> "The Aire below is doubly dyed and damned,  
The air above with lurid smoke is crammed ;  
The one flows streaming foul as Charon's Styx,  
Its poisonous vapours in the other mix."

(Inscribed in the flyleaf of an old book in an inn at Leeds some hundred years ago.)



glare of furnaces, and the whirl of fly-wheels. In this gloomy suburb are found none but the houses of the poorest ; above their low roofs the lofty and narrow proportions of the church loom through the dull air with imposing effect. There is a central tower and spire ; the west end is crowned with a rich bell gable ; the nave, transepts, and choir bear the usual ornaments of fourteenth century Gothic ; the high northern porch serves as a baptistery.

"Seldom has the ignominy of the Cross been represented with so much dignity as in the noble glass windows by Welby Pugin. In the northern transept is seen the 'Passion Window' ; the prevailing colour is red ; the Agony in the Garden is depicted in the centre, and other events in detail below. The western window shows the Crucifixion ; the southern is the 'Martyr Window,' where our Lord carries His Cross in glory, surrounded by St. Stephen, St. Laurence, and other heroes ; the Ascension occupies the eastern. Over the west door, internally, runs the simple legend :

'Ye who enter this holy place, pray for the sinner who built it.'"

The founder intended that in a house adjoining the church, the Vicar and three curates should live after the Collegiate manner. As the Vicar's office became vacant, the curates were to fill his place out of their number. Thus the late Vicar would always be succeeded by a man of the same mind, and the *cujus regio, ejus religio*, at every change, as in the case of St. Peter-le-Bailey, would cease from troubling. One or two laymen were to be educated in the College for the work of the ministry ; youths, if of great promise, of even the lowest rank. Again, the house was to be a sanctuary of repose, whither persons, whether lay or clerical, might retire from secular business for a season of prayer and reflection, and whence they would issue with fresh heart for work in the Great Cause.

Such a College as the Founder contemplated was incompatible with any but a celibate life. For this very reason "the poor of the district would look upon those as friends, who for their sakes were almost as poor as themselves, and were visibly living as strangers and pilgrims on this earth, looking for their home but in Heaven."

Such experiments were new in those days ; but the warm-hearted Dr. Hook anticipated no opposition to the noble intentions of his benefactor, and welcomed his plans in every detail.

“The married clergy cannot do all that they ought in self-denial. You do not know, my dear Pusey, how perplexed, how miserable I sometimes am, . . . pulled on one side by the claims of my family, on the other by those of the parish. . . .”<sup>1</sup>

Again :

“ . . . I wish for a fair living representative of the Oxford Tract system ; . . . one who will not *talk* of the celibacy of the clergy, and then marry ; one who will not *talk* of fasting, and never fast ; but one who will proceed from right principles to right practice. . . . As for the inscription (over the west door) I will mention it to our dear good Bishop, and of course he will not object. Who would ?<sup>2</sup> In your prayers for unity, sometimes remember your poor friend.”<sup>3</sup>

Dr. Longley, Bishop of Ripon, consented, in fact, to everything ; and the festival of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, September 14, 1845, was chosen for the day of Dedication.

“But now a change was felt. Controversies about Tract 90 had not been without their effect upon the middle-class Protestantism of Leeds ; and the Vicar was watched by a numerically powerful party with anger and suspicion.<sup>4</sup> The very title of ‘ Holy Cross Church ’ ; the legend over the west door ; the provisions for a celibate clergy, and many other circumstances, real or imaginary, were the subject of comment ; an unmarried lady, not of the parish, devoted her copious leisure to investigations for the public good. Day after day saw her early on foot with a basket of needful provisions, in the neighbourhood of St. Saviour’s ; until late in the evening, undeterred by rebuffs, she went from house to house, gaining admittance where she could, questioning minutely, opening cupboards, and comparing notes. She was doubtless the author of many of the anonymous and warning letters, an average of three or four daily that poured in upon the Bishop.”<sup>5</sup>

Dr. Longley became alarmed. He resolved to reconsider his concessions as to Dr. Pusey’s church ; and the day of Dedication was postponed.

In October the “blow under which England still reels”<sup>6</sup> had fallen ; the Bishop was dreadfully “nervous” ;<sup>7</sup> but

<sup>1</sup> Liddon, *Life of Pusey*, ii. p. 470. Letter February 23, 1841.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 468. August 16, 1839.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* p. 470.

<sup>4</sup> Liddon, *Life of Pusey*, ii. p. 472.

<sup>5</sup> *Narrative.*

<sup>6</sup> Saying of Benjamin Disraeli.

<sup>7</sup> Liddon, *Life of Pusey*, ii. p. 493.

Dr. Hook was thrown into a state of panic. He rescinded considerably, and at once, his High Church views. He now openly opposed the idea of a college of professedly celibate clergy. The Parsonage must be provided with additional conveniences for the case of its inhabitants wishing to marry. The Bishop objected to the title "Holy Cross"; he demanded the removal of the cross from the chancel screen; Dr. Pusey yielded; the title was altered to that of "St. Saviour's"; and the consecration, to which the whole Party looked forward, at last took place on October 28.

"Vast numbers were present, and all the great Tractarians from Oxford. One hundred and fifty clergy, habited in surplices, proceeded from the schoolroom up the steep ground, and entered the west door of the church. . . . They filled the chancel, into which the sun shone through the coloured glass in which purple was predominant; and the worshippers in the nave thought of the angel that had the golden censer; and the smoke of the incense . . . with the prayers of the saints . . . that ascended; and so the services began and continued for eight days."

On each succeeding day the morning and evening services were followed by a sermon. The first, from Bishop Longley, was carefully considered; it dwelt upon a pure and Biblical Christianity, not omitting such animadversions upon the Church of Rome that formed—now more than ever—the indispensable seasoning of episcopal discourse. Dr. Hook followed closely, marking—to the disgust of the Tractarians present<sup>1</sup>—his desertion of the Cause; very different, naturally, was the tone of the great Puseyites who succeeded him in the pulpit, including Dr. Pusey himself, Keble, Marriott, Dodsworth, and Upton Richards.

And now the parish was complete; and the clergy hastened to enter upon their duties.

The first Vicar was the Rev. Richard Ward, of Oriel, forming, with (eventually) three curates under him, the College of four, as planned by the founder. One or more voluntary helpers would join them for a period of days or months, according to need. The working-guests throughout the year 1846 were two young

<sup>1</sup> Allies, *A Life's Decision*, p. 68.

laymen : Mr. Wilkinson, of Crook, twenty years of age, of Durham University, and Mr. Daniel Haigh of Erlington.<sup>1</sup> Clergy and guests lived the "Simple Life," recent theme of Essays polite.<sup>2</sup> Each of these cultured scholars had a small room, with bed, rough chair, and table, for sole furniture ; the food was served with corresponding homeliness. The laborious day began by Prime at seven in the morning ; nor was the close of Compline, after ten in the evening, always the signal for rest.

From such a home issued the men who were to open the first campaign at St. Saviour's. "A crying hell of wickedness" was Leeds, said an intimate observer. Yet the stuff was well worth the shaping.

*Wuthering Heights* shows the men of the West Riding as they were early in the century.

"Men . . . rough in fibre, . . . loud in speech, . . . keen of perception, of shrewd common sense. . . . 'I have had more trouble with the town of Leeds . . . than with all the rest of Yorkshire,'" wrote John Wesley of his turbulent converts. . . .

"But the tenacity of a Yorkshireman makes him a faithful friend as well as a doughty foe."<sup>3</sup> 'Never,' the Vicar of St. Saviour's was soon to write, 'never did I work amongst a more interesting or a more promising people.'<sup>4</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

"It was only by degrees that the general feeling of the parish turned towards clergy and teachers. Daily services were held, and on Sundays there was a considerable congregation. Many curious and some unfriendly visitors there were, and the Dissenting teachers uttered their denunciations ; but many also, of all ranks, showed deep interest in the works. The schools were soon well attended, by both adults and children ; some of the teachers were drawn from the highest class of society ; the managers, too, were devoted and faithful ; . . and though the more reckless of the mill-girls stood at the

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Ward had been Incumbent of Christ Church, Skipton, and had for years enjoyed the confidence of Dr. Hook. "Tell Newman," he wrote to Pusey in 1838, "that I can never be sufficiently grateful to him for sending me that excellent man Ward." Liddon, *Life of Pusey*, vol ii. p. 481.

<sup>2</sup> The journals of 1908 wearied not of the subject, and the Bishop of London treated it at length.

<sup>3</sup> S. Byles, *English Illustrated Magazine* (Macmillan), 1888-1889. Article on Leeds.

<sup>4</sup> Letter from Mr. Minster, 1847.



churchyard gate to jeer at those who went to the school-room, . . . such assaults were, on the whole, nobly withstood."

Recreations were not neglected; cricket and football, as well as kites, fire-balloons, magic lanterns, and school feasts, appeared on due occasion. So the children learnt to love and greatly trust the clergy, who often tended and succoured them in sickness and distress; and this intercourse opened the way to the homes and hearts of the parents. Dr. Hook showed the College much kindness.

Thus the work of St. Saviour's prospered and extended. Associations were formed for visiting cottages; there was a Savings Account for various necessities, and a Clothing Club; and a Library of over one thousand volumes was opened, for a subscription of one penny a week. This library was to bring trouble to St. Saviour's.

That autumn, 1846, Dr. Pusey, to complete the College, sent to St. Saviour's a third Curate, the Rev. Richard Gell Macmullen, D.D., formerly of Corpus, the Vicar of St. Mary Magdalen's, Oxford. He was acknowledged the intellectual superior of any man at St. Saviour's; yet no trace of jealousy arose to mar cordial submission to his influence, and hearty co-operation with his measures. His arrival threw fire into everything: class attendance was doubled, and Sunday catechising was commenced in the church, where listeners crowded to his effective sermons in the evening.

But now Dr. Hook received the appalling news that the Littlemore *Lives of the Saints* had been introduced into the parish library; and further that on All Saints' Day Mr. Macmullen had closed his sermon with the following words:

"What a comfort to us, who are struggling, to know that the prayers of those who have reached the eternal shore are offered on our behalf; for those who covet purity of heart to remember that the Blessed Virgin is interceding for them—for the penitent to think of St. Peter asking pardon for those who have erst denied their Lord—for the Christian Priest, toiling for souls, to know that the Apostle of the Gentiles, once in labours abundant on earth, now pleads in Heaven the cause of those who strive to follow in his steps."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Five Years, report of Mr. Casenove*, pp. 51 ff.

This was all — but it was more than enough. Mr. Macmullen refused to retract. The case was carried to the Bishop ; urged by Dr. Hook, he agreed to inhibit Mr. Macmullen from further ministrations in the diocese. In a frantic letter Dr. Hook denounced to Dr. Pusey the “ traitors ” he had introduced into Leeds. “ Your conduct,” he wrote, “ cannot be justified by any but a Jesuit. . . . I call upon you in the name of God to withdraw Macmullen, and to give the patronage of St. Saviour’s to the Bishop.”<sup>1</sup>

But a development had been precipitated in the mind of Mr. Macmullen himself, which rendered all further action as to his removal unnecessary.

He had been persuaded, like other Tractarians, that to the Church of England belonged of right all Catholic Doctrine. To teach such doctrine was his duty ; nor had he, he believed, contradicted any formulary of his Church. But the conduct of Dr. Hook and the Bishop on this occasion had, he avowed, opened his eyes to the true character of the Church of England. It must be as Protestant as the language used to defend it. Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Haigh had come to a similar conclusion. On January 6, 1847, the three together were admitted into the Church of Rome.<sup>2</sup>

Canon Liddon relates at length<sup>3</sup> the consternation of the Bishop, the frenzy<sup>4</sup> of Dr. Hook, and the deeper distress of Dr. Pusey. Upon the Tractarian party, in fact, the blow fell with detonations far and wide. Loud was the triumph of those who had “ prophesied from the first.” The goal of Tractarianism, cried its enemies, was Rome.

But Dr. Pusey’s determination had survived even Newman’s desertion, and did not collapse with St. Saviour’s. He still believed in his own principles, and his party believed in him. To Dr. Hook he wrote letters of contrition for his over-trust of Macmullen ; the patronage of St. Saviour’s, however, he would not forego. Pusey, Dr Hook forgave ; but high words passed between him and Mr. Ward.

Charles Marriott, as peacemaker, was sent north ; and he

<sup>1</sup> Liddon, *Life of Pusey*, ii. pp. 124-126.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Wilkinson became R. C. Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle.

<sup>3</sup> *Life of Pusey*, ii., chapters on St. Saviour’s.

<sup>4</sup> Hook’s letters are incredibly violent.

induced Mr. Ward, no longer countenanced by the Bishop, to resign.

Not without protest did the poor people of St. Saviour's see their Vicar depart, and the fruits destroyed of the conquest effected in a single year. Hundreds signed petitions ; first for his retention, then for his recall. But the Bishop was inexorable ; and everything at St. Saviour's fell back. Was it death or sleep ?

## CHAPTER XIV

ST. SAVIOUR'S, ACT II. (1847)

THE journal now takes up the tale.

“Oxford, *January 23, 1847.*—Consultation with Pusey and Marriott about Leeds. . . . Things in a dreadful state . . . Dr. Hook nearly demented about Ward . . . Marriott and Pusey offer me the living of St. Saviour's . . . but [he wrote later] I could not trust myself with so great a charge.”

At last the choice of Dr. Pusey fell upon Mr. Forbes. He struggled on alone at St. Saviour's. The daily services had been discontinued, but the heavy work among the poor remained. In June, John Pollen wrote :

“I hear that poor Forbes is very ill ; I determined to go to Leeds for a Sunday to help him. . . . He appeared at the door to let me in ; he is delighted to see me. . . . I took three duties, chanting, etc., a wedding, two classes. He has a sore burden. None of Hook's people will help him.”

In the autumn of 1847 Mr. Forbes was nominated Bishop elect of Brechin ; a wonderful honour for a Puseyite, and a St. Saviour's man. The Party thought it a good sign. The appointment Mr. Forbes accepted, not without sinkings of heart ; he was to insert, upon the inhospitable northern stem of the English “Branch,” a first Tractarian graft. It was to receive the welcome dealt of old by the Covenanters to a Laudian emissary.<sup>1</sup>

“Poor Forbes [wrote Pollen] what a leap he has to take alone ! Almost one wishes that one could take it with him !”

<sup>1</sup> For his battles in the North, see Liddon's *Life of Pusey*, iii. pp. 448 ff. and Rev. D. J. Mackay, *Life of Bishop Forbes*.



In September Mr. Forbes was consecrated at Aberdeen, and a new Vicar had to be found for St. Saviour's. John Pollen being disengaged at the time, was sent during the interregnum. On November 13, he started early from Oxford. He visited on the way a kindred spirit, in a home which was the very echo of what St. Saviour's had been, or Littlemore. This was the Vicarage of St. Margaret's-with-Knighton, Leicester, occupied by the cousin of the Archdeacon of Chichester, the Reverend William Anderdon, of King's College, London.

"He has much about him of both Charles Marriott and William B. Heathcote. I like him greatly."

The income of St. Margaret's, a parish of ten thousand souls, was small, and the place a moral wilderness. He had established a College for ten persons, clerical and lay. The house was roughly furnished; the rules were severe, and strictly kept; the inmates had fixed hours of prayer in a private oratory. They ate in common, observing silence, while one read. The stables had been turned into an almshouse for two old women; and, one of the College being skilled in medicine, they kept a small dispensary. Mr. Anderdon showed John Pollen all that was doing; he was altogether devoted to the prospects before him, and had bright hopes for the future. Neither man guessed how utterly it was hidden from their view. Experiences tallied; acquaintance had ripened into friendship. As they walked towards the railway station, the two spoke still of the Cause they had at heart; and it was past midnight before John Pollen arrived at Leeds.

His first care was to approve himself to the Bishop, and obtain his leave to take the duty.

Charles Thomas Longley, Bishop of Ripon,<sup>1</sup> a prelate of "most pleasing look and manner" (he had been an ideal Senior Proctor at Oxford) having perused a letter from Bishop Wilberforce testifying to the zeal of the bearer, proceeded to question him as to his orthodoxy. "I tried to stand my ground, but humbly," says the journal. "Did Mr. Pollen hold the doctrine of the Real Presence?" He replied that the Body and Blood of Christ were verily and indeed eaten in Holy Com-

<sup>1</sup> Appointed Bishop of York in 1860; Archbishop of Canterbury, 1862.

munion. "Yes," replied the Bishop, "by those who take it in *faith*." "The use of a veil after consecration, directed by the rubric," observed the other, "implied that a change had been made." The Bishop "was kind," pressed the matter no further, but gave his approval; and John Pollen set out to see how the land lay with Dr. Hook.

He was received with great good humour.

"I see," said the Doctor, "I shall get on very well with you." He presently returned Mr. Pollen's visit, and invited him to dinner, and presented him to his family,

"a very agreeable one. . . . Mrs. Hook is *pleine d'esprit*; the Doctor, too, is clever and cordial. . . . Not quite sure, though, what idea we have of one another!"

Dr. Hook made very light of the labour needed in St. Saviour's. Mr. Pollen, he said, with one curate, could manage it all. The sick were but seven in number. The Doctor's once extensive plans for the good of the parish had shrunk to a minimum before the dread of seeing the resurrection of the College.

The Pro-Vicar, alone for the present at St. Saviour's, proceeded to look about him. A Miss Maud, cook, matron, and factotum, "a good, faithful creature," devoted to the place, was able to give him much floating detail concerning its work, and Mrs. Shadwell, a lady living in the parish, who despite all discouragements from those of her own rank, had never for an hour withdrawn from the clergy of St. Saviour's both countenance and help, visited him, and delivered traditions touching the management of schools, classes, the sick, and the poor.

Of the clergy of Leeds and its neighbourhood, not all, by any means, held aloof from St. Saviour's. But the dangerously sympathetic had been withheld by Dr. Hook from active service there. Upon Mr. Pollen's arrival such men began to seek him out; he returned their visits, and gives in his journal astonishing particulars of the spread of Tractarian principles in Yorkshire. He notes the devotion, simplicity, and goodness of his neighbours; as to mortification of the body, some, left to their own guidance in these matters, and wishing to emulate ancient ascetics of iron frame, went, as amateurs will, too far.

But their single-minded courage may well be admired. Curious details are given in the journal on this head.

“*January 6.*—Spent the night with Hathaway at his cure, Shadwell, five miles off, with Casenove. Nice bit of a house, and a small Norman chapel, a raised absis, very religious throughout. He has daily service at 10 and 3; rings himself. *C'est un brave*—and agreeable great parliament, not in bed till 1.30. . . . Young Lewthwaite (brother of him of Adel) a great ascetic; a more simple, guileless, austere, cheerful character has rarely if ever crossed me.”

Many a long conversation had Mr. Pollen with these zealous men. He gathered the benefit of their experiences in the Leeds parishes; together they discussed burning questions.

He was grateful for the occasional help they gave him at St. Saviour's, for there was much to do; teaching in the schools, scripture lectures, besides the services, and the usual quantum of marriages, funerals, and baptisms. Above all, the sick must be sought out and visited. These proved, *pace* Dr. Hook, to be forty in number, some of them dying. They were the great objects of Pollen's solicitude; how to deal with the death-bed was to him a still unsolved and most grievous problem—but for all that he did his best, assisted the sick in every way, and watched by the dying until the end. His journal, alone gives details of his self-devotion.

Numbers of poor came for relief.

“They have an idea that there is much to give; . . . but I have only eight shillings left.”

The preparation of sermons was sometimes, of necessity, completed during the night. John Pollen began at St. Saviour's, with some trepidation, to preach extempore, as was the foreign practice, thanking God for his successes with the greatest simplicity. He received the confessions of many former penitents of the late Vicar, and of others as well.

He carried out what improvements he could, material or otherwise, in preparation for the coming of the new Vicar. The church had been lighted with candles in sconces, but the expense proving too great, he had gas put into the church; by an economical arrangement characteristically ingenious,

he had the old sconces bored, the burners placed thereon, and pierced in various forms so as somewhat to ornament the church. He tried to do without fires of any kind, but in vain, the poor of these districts being used to large fires in their homes and in the mills. Coal was very cheap. He therefore warmed the church with hot air from a furnace in the vaults.

The only remains of the Collegiate life originally initiated was the tea given to the Choir every Sunday and Festival at the Vicarage. This choir consisted of about ten boys from the school; the most deserving if they could chant or sing; each received a yearly gift of £1 from a friend of St. Saviour's; the schoolmaster was precentor. The tea was a great treat to the guests, and to a child-lover like Pollen, wearied with responsibility and labour, a delightful relief.

"The most onerous duties of the day were now over; the long morning fast owing to the late hour of the Liturgy, the school teaching at nine and at two, the prayers and perhaps funeral rites at four; the evening sermon had been written, a boy had carried off any needful letters, and by five o'clock it was a seasonable relaxation to hear, at the end of the passage, the shuffling of heavy shoes, clattering of mugs, questions and answers, and bursts of laughter. As I entered the refectory, the noise ceased, every one's hands were composed, a short blessing was said, and down sat on each side of a deal table, rather more bodies than the form was meant to hold. The schoolmaster was at the bottom; John Highton, joiner, sexton, and choral vicar, sat next; then such sounds prevailed as are produced by the swallowing of coffee, and the compression of 'space bread' and buttered cakes between rows of ivory teeth. A playful word soon drew out the stifled mirth of the children, whom only modesty kept silent."<sup>1</sup>

Advent drew to a close, and John Pollen was comforted by the thought that a friend and adviser would arrive soon after Christmas in the person of the new Vicar. This was the Reverend Thomas Minster, late chaplain to Viscount Campden, who had recommended him to Dr. Pusey for St. Saviour's.

Meanwhile, John Pollen had done his best to prepare for the Christmas octave, directing, with much care and personal

<sup>1</sup> *Five Years*, pp. 65-7.



labour, the decoration of the church in traditional fashion.

At last, on December 29, during Evensong, the north door of the church was heard to open ; some one stole in, and knelt behind the choir. It proved to be the new Vicar ; and two days later, another friend arrived at St. Saviour's ; the Bishop of Brechin. None rejoiced more to see him than the poor ; he was, to be sure, as the world reckons, but a Scotch bishop ;<sup>1</sup> but nowise diminished thereby was the glee of his old parishioners at the new dignity of " Lord Forbes," as they called him. They were encouraged to hope for happier days ; in fact, the Bishop, actively aided by Mr. Minster and Mr. Pollen, lost no time during his flying visit in furthering plans previously matured : all three were determined upon the restoration of the Cotege.

On New Year's Eve John Pollen preached, and a service was held ; the *Te Deum* was sung in thanksgiving for the blessings of the past year ; the next opened with supplications as solemn.

" January 1, 1848.—The Bishop is in great tone. Holy Eucharist ; Procession, singing the Litany ; and *Adeste Fidelis* at 11. The recital of the Day Hours was recommenced. After the evening sermon, we sang the *Veni Creator* as an invocation on the coming year."

And so opened the new campaign at St. Saviour's.

In order to follow the matter to the issue, it is necessary to recall once more the Puseyite position : the standpoint of the new Vicar and his friends. It is well reviewed in the Preface to the *Five Years* somewhat as follows.<sup>2</sup>

The Church of England is, *a priori*—witness Pusey, Keble, *et hoc genus omne*—a branch of the Church Catholic ; all Catholic truth, therefore, she teaches ; *a posteriori* : her Prayer-book and Homilies, rightly interpreted, do set forth this Truth ; nor—see Tract 90—is it contradicted by the Articles.

" In the divided state of the Church of England [says John Pollen] it is clear enough which party is in power, and has the preponderance of numbers on its side ; but that the other has most to say for

<sup>1</sup> Elected, not by Government, but collectively by the clergy of the diocese.

<sup>2</sup> Preface (ix).

itself on paper, is confessed by the cry of its opponents for alterations in the Prayer-book."

Meanwhile [pursues the Narrative] Truth is latent in the Church, and the mission of the Party is to serve and save her—and that at any personal cost—by upholding, when and where possible, such doctrines as have fallen into oblivion.

"Now, the working of St. Saviour's was an attempt to give a practical solution to questions of inexpressible interest to some of us. . . . It would convince those who doubted whether the Church of England could satisfy the longings of those amongst her children who yearned after the deeper and more unearthly gifts which the Holy Ghost brought down upon the Apostolic body. It was a loyal and constant attempt to forge a new weapon for the Church; to wipe off that reproach of a modern historian <sup>1</sup> that she never has had the power to use enthusiasm."

In sum, the watchword of St. Saviour's ran: "Catholicism first; if authority oppose it, we must obey God rather than man. Forward, then; and God defend the right."

Not that, in John Pollen's opinion, humility, charity and prudence were to be forgotten. Respect for authority, submission in all things where principle was not concerned; gentleness, in order to win men's minds gradually to the truth, "this was not," says he, "working in guile." Thus he alludes to the charge of deceit, made by many against the Tractarians as against their great founder, who had not, as yet, publicly and triumphantly refuted it. This calumny was the hardest item of the obloquy nobly faced by men of stainless honour. For those who knew them, the accusation bounded back on those who hurled it.

The men of St. Saviour's must now be introduced.

The Reverend Thomas Minster, of Farnley Tyas, was about forty years of age; frail and constantly suffering in body, strong nevertheless in resolve to seek a more ascetic life. His letters to Hungerford Pollen show a man of intellectual power and considerable culture; he had left the comforts of his position as chaplain to a patron of most congenial mind, Lord

<sup>1</sup> Macaulay, *Essay on Von Ranke*, par 20 ff.

Campden, in order to labour more arduously for the Church and the poor. His was the lofty spirit that actually rises beneath a fresh burden, moral or physical ; his will had something of the inflexibility of steel, and of this fault he was partly conscious. He was open to advice on this head ; he trusted to Pollen's greater moderation and width of view, and would fain have retained him at the difficult post of St. Saviour's.

On January 22 arrived Mr. Minster's own curate, the Reverend F. Beckett, "a most gentle, humble, and, I opine, zealous person, who will, I doubt not, do well for St. Saviour's." The College was soon completed by the Rev. George Crawley, characterized by frank Dr. Hook as "a man earnest-minded, and deserving of all honour" ; and, sent by Bishop Forbes, a young layman studying for orders : Mr. Seton Rooke, M.A., of Oriel.

He was not the least remarkable member of the College. Pollen styles him "altogether charming" ; other testimonies there are to his most winning character. "Do you like Rooke ?" was asked of one of his fellow-workers. "Like him ? I love him !" was the reply. Despite a certain austerity, he easily won the hearts of the young ; his ability in their government seemed to promise him a position of influence in the future. His power of work was immense ; he had inherited from his ancestor who captured Gibraltar in 1704 an indomitable energy, and he might, like him, have distinguished himself in the navy, his original destination ; but his dream was of a religious life. Dr. Longley considered him a dangerous man at St. Saviour's, he hesitated long to ordain him, but did so at last ; an act the Bishop lived to regret.

Good John Lewington must not be forgotten. He was a young book trade apprentice who wished much to devote himself to a more religious life ; he had received a fair education, but an incorrigible stammer prevented his being of use in the College save in the capacity of sacristan. He was to have plenty to do. From six in the morning, and sometimes till nine or ten at night, he busied himself with the cleaning or arrangement of the church ; his work he greatly loved, and the smallest item was performed with tender devotion. John Pollen, as will be seen, and others who will be mentioned

in place, were to join the house either as guests, or to render aid during periods of exceptional stress.

The year was not five days old when a letter arrived from Dr. Hook. He had heard that a *Litany* had been recited publicly at St. Saviour's. What might be its character?

Mr. Minster, accompanied by John Pollen, presented themselves without delay at Dr. Hook's residence, bearing a copy of the *Litany* in question. It proved to be taken mostly from that in the Prayer-book; Dr. Hook scanned the additional petitions, and professed himself satisfied.

And so there was peace—for a fortnight.

The journal is full of hope. "*Jucundissimi dies; et jugiter prætereuntes.*"

Early on January 14, Bishop Forbes was called back to his diocese. He was anxious, considering the fragile health of the Vicar, that all new plans should be set on foot before the departure of Pollen. One of the most important of these was a sisterhood, to manage a little orphanage in the village. Pollen searched high and low for a residence; all he could obtain was "a not over-nice cottage, in Bridgefield Buildings, down by the river." Good Miss Maud worked hard getting together the needful furniture and clothing. The person in charge of the new establishment had formerly been schoolmistress; her sole companions were her charges, two little orphan girls; she washed the linen for the church, and lived otherwise in retirement, and by religious rules, but took no vows.

To Dr. Hook, as Rural Dean, his scouts reported a whole romance. He wrote violently to Mr. Minster. He had heard of "evil practices" and "perpetual vows." The conduct of the St. Saviour's clergy had been "as bad as bad could be" to allow such things; and he would "expose them" to the Bishop.

Mr. Minster's reply gave the facts.

"If such works as these," he said, "are to be cast out as opprobrious before the world, I cannot but fear for the Church of England. . . . But, as for myself, I have *no* desire but to live and die in faithful communion with that branch of the Church into which I have been baptized."



Dr. Hook was silenced ; but how, after that last ill-omened Twelfth Day at St. Saviour's, could he be convinced ? In committing the parish to Dr. Pusey he had, he believed, uncorked the bottle from which the Roman phantom issued still, swelling to terrible though vague proportions ; his scared imagination saw it everywhere, brooding and invulnerable.

Both Doctors had their convictions ; as firm as his friend-opponent was Pusey ; unchanged, though all should change around him ; consistent to the end.

The story of St. Saviour's, then, must be a tragedy for those who entered into it. It deals with men of right good will, and all in deadly earnest ; and, though in different ways, each, in Newman's eyes, unwittingly in the wrong.

Mr. Minster, talking to John Pollen one day of the greatness of the responsibility of guiding St. Saviour's, said to him : " I wish you would stay and be the head, and let me work ever so hard under you." But Pollen's own duties called him back to Oxford ; and before the end of January he left for a time " the interesting and blessed walls of St. Saviour's," leaving much of his heart there, and watching anxiously from afar the course of the ship as it laboured through the waters.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a year of storms ; and soon after his return he was startled by a great reverberation from the countries he had so lately seen in their smiling beauty, leaving there new friends.

" Oxford, *February 26.*—Most awful news from Paris. Louis Philippe has abdicated, owing to the rows on change of ministers. There has been a revolution. Five hundred people, they say, slain in storming the Palais Royal alone, and many more besides. . . . *28th.*—The King's abdication at Paris took place Thursday, *24th.* The Duc de Nemours escaped in disguise to this country ; the Duchesse was left behind, but had since arrived. The King reported to have escaped to Rouen, disguised as a citizen. Guizot, they say, hanged by the mob. . . . *29th.*—Louis P. seen at Dreux with but five francs in his pocket. They have sent the *Stromboli* to look out for him. . . . *March 28.*—The accounts of the revolt in Lombardy are awful. The Austrians are shut into the Castle at Milan, and are in the last extremity. Charles Albert of Sardinia is said to have marched forty thousand troops to assist the

insurgents ; to have expelled the Jesuits from his dominions, and to have seized every acre and farthing of Church property."

Poor Padre Giordano <sup>1</sup> (the news arrived later) died of the injuries he received when the mob attacked his peaceful convent at Genoa. It seems likely that the good old man, being porter, received the ruffians on the threshold with characteristically fearless rebuke, and thus, making himself a scapegoat, saved his brethren ; for there we do not read of further victims. The news must have greatly grieved his English friends.

"*February.*—A letter from Miss Young, introducing L'Abbé Duclos, just over from Paris, which he thinks is in a fearful state—nothing else than a *guerre civile* impending. He excused the part the clergy had taken in the benediction of trees and statues of Liberty, saying they were literally forced into it. He gave us an account of the way in which the citizens, and the Ecole Polytechnique got hold of the fortified barracks. 'Faites descendre, s'il vous plait, celui qui commande les troupes ici.' Then they 'représentaient' how cruel it was to kill brethren . . . and the troops, anxious to get out of it, departed, leaving to the insurgents muskets, ammunition, which they had in quantities—and cutlasses. Duclos had lamed himself, and passing for a wounded man, was safely conducted along the streets by two men *en blouse* to a place where he could say Mass. He described Lamartine haranguing the mob about the colours,<sup>2</sup> and gave an account of the children demanding in a body their 'privileges,' namely : i. Not to attend Mass on a Sunday ; cela les ennui. ii. To knock two hours off study time,—and so on. These gamins average eight years of age. The footmen have a *Club*. One of the items in their bill of rights is that their masters be compelled two days in the week to dine at two, in order that their servants may secure an evening promenade.

"Duclos had no luggage—literally none, save great-coat and breviary. He was charmed with the University, which, he said, gave him an idea of what the old French convents must have been. He was touched by our Founder's prayer,<sup>3</sup> and the Puseyite tenets."

<sup>1</sup> See p. 73.

<sup>2</sup> Every student of French history will remember the dramatic scene when Lamartine upheld the "Tricolor" emblem of a moderate republic, against the mob, howling for the "Drapeau Rouge." "Never," cried the orator, seizing the Tricolor, "has this been dragged in the mud." His eloquence won the day.

<sup>3</sup> Walter de Merton.

John Pollen apparently organized a collection for this good man's needs and charities, and he himself was "admitted this evening" apparently by Duclos to the "Confraternité de Notre Dame. *Deus benedicat.* . . ."

"April 1.—Took leave of the Abbé Duclos, with mutual benedictions. Poor man! their look-out is dark enough. . . ."

In connection with the doings of 1848 is here given the account of Mr.—afterwards Sir—George Ferguson Bowen of Trinity and Brasenose—at a breakfast party given by John Pollen, December 3, 1852.

It will be remembered that by a series of insurrections beginning on March 13, 1848, Vienna fell into the hands of the burgher guard and students, conspicuous being the leader Robert Blum. On October 31 of the same year the city was recaptured by the imperial troops, led by Baron Jellacic, Ban (or Viceroy) of Croatia.

"Bowen was in Vienna during the siege, and was forced by Blum's party to work at the barricades. He ran away, and joined the imperial army. He witnessed from a church room the storm of the great barricade by Jellacic and his Croats at eight in the evening by the light of three hundred burning houses; saw the white feather of the Ban and the red cloaks of his followers. The imperialist line charges—mounts the barricade—is beaten back by the pikes and bayonets of the burgher-guard on the summit—forms again, advances, mounts, and falls back again, 'like a wave of the sea'—forms a third time—mounts—a moment of uncertainty—the pikes waver—down goes the crest of the billow over the top of the barricade, and the yataghans are fleshed in the burghers, who are stabbed furiously and fall down or are flung over in crowds upon the street below. . . .

"Blum was shot in Bowen's presence, and his account of the trial by Count Nogent was horribly graphic.

"The prisoner was charged with appearing in arms contrary to the law of nations, against His Imperial Highness the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary, King of Bohemia, and so on. He refused to plead, and began to enlarge upon the rights of man. The President, in the most courteous language, recalled his attention to facts. 'It is no question, my dear sir, of the rights of man; but of whether you were, or were not in such a place in such a day' . . . and so

on. Blum was condemned to be shot in half an hour ; to the query whether he wished for a priest to prepare him for eternity, he replied : ‘ Think you that I believe your superstitious tales ? ’ The Count civilly assured him that there needed no discussion as in thirty minutes he would know all that could be said upon the question. The condemned man was blindfolded and led to the foot of a grave which had been dug during the court martial ; at a given signal a file fired ; he fell in at once, and was covered up.”



## CHAPTER XV

A SCOTCH TOUR ; AND THE " JOURNAL IN FRANCE " (1848)

**I**N August, 1848, John Pollen went upon a tour in Scotland with Mr. Edward Dean and Mr. Upton Richards. To all three, these weeks were a delightful distraction from the harassing difficulties of the struggle for Tractarian existence. John Pollen describes the country with enthusiasm. The word-pictures seem intended for translation into paint.

" Passing under Ben Nevis, an almost sheer perpendicular, we saw the upper peaks of the fullest indigo blue, the summits lost in cloud . . . and the tops of Glengarry were of the hue of the distant Mediterranean. . . . The banks of the river near Melrose show every colour from bright scarlet to green ; . . . over the red and purple sandstone here and there runs a line of mysterious feathery cover of birch and bracken to the water's edge."

The sketches are distinctively Scotch, and clearly marked off from the Swiss and Italian.

" We crossed pine forests resembling the Pineta of Ravenna. There, the trees are tossed upon gigantic masts to a greater height ; the sandy soil produces a turf of velvet, and the underwood is of rose, wild vine, and juniper ; here, the ground is broken and rocky, and covered with heather in bloom."

Cities, castles, and churches are rendered from far and near, in breadth and in detail ; similar or contrasting monuments and sites from east or south come spontaneously to hand.

" Durham Cathedral for its situation equals that of Berne ; . . . it surpasses the great Hall of Karnak in the dignity of its columns ; . . . the fortifications . . . of superb Edinburgh resemble those of Malta ; . . . the Old Town shoots up towers, stacks, and gables, like the crags of a granite rock ; . . . the High Street is French to a degree with its wild and infidel look."

The human element is never absent.

"By the fruitstalls of Dundee are bonnetless girls, with fine figures and carriage erect; they and the beautiful children, with their expressive eyes and lovely hair, go barefoot. . . . The men look clever. . . .

"Near Blair Castle there passed us 'Bearded Willie,' one of his Grace of Atholl's gillies; a hairy kilted fellow six foot seven. . . ."

But the native that made the most romantic impression upon Pollen was a piper who was pacing the deck of the steamer in the Caledonian canal.

"His Lowland dress was ragged; he had a lean and determined countenance and an eye full of spirit. A rival musician made some disparaging remark; my friend was furious, gave it out that he was 'a blood John Campbell' and would not submit to insult. He recommenced his own tune, keeping time with his foot as if the heel were to go through the deck like Rumpelstiltskin; he then marched solemnly round its whole extent to 'The Campbells are coming.' I only wondered he could summon the step and air without Clans Chattan and Quhele to have it out behind him."

At Kessock Ferry, on Beaully Firth, an old Eton friend, Hugh, Captain Baillie, of the Blues, was waiting to guide the travellers who were to be his father's guests at romantic Redcastle.

This towered sea-built fortress, with its terraced garden, ancient trees, memories of Prince Charlie, and of times more distant, is drawn with all its fascinations in the journal. Here, for some time, the three friends thoroughly enjoyed the Highland life, albeit mere spectators of its fishing, seal and deer hunting.

"The family consists of the signor and signora, Hugh, the eldest son, and Lady Glentworth, his wife; Duncan Baillie, also in the Blues, and a younger boy from Eton. . . . They are all exceedingly fond of one another, and form a most agreeable household; we guests enjoy a quite boundless hospitality. . . . In the evening Duncan, an apparently jointless figure, danced to perfection, with other guests, the *Gillie Callum*, over two crossed swords, with steps, jumps, and capers beyond words."

Presently Captain Baillie's leave expired; "his parting from his family resembled that of a schoolboy after the

holidays," and with somewhat similar feelings John Pollen himself bid adieu to Redcastle. "This too pleasant existence would make me discontented with my ordinary lot. . . . 'Be-think thee what thou art, and where.'"

The Baillie family were Puseyite in their sympathies, and John Pollen was here far from the chill Puritanism of the south. Most engrossing of all to him was the religious aspect of the country.

Far indeed were the Scotch Lowlands from High Church novelties, as from any lingering Catholic customs.

"John Knox, from a pillar upon the higher ground overlooking the Cathedral, still tyrannizes over all Glasgow. . . .

". . . In Aberbrothock Abbey little remains but three sides of the shell, with indications of lancet lights, lovely arcades, belfry turrets, venerable tombs and headless sculptures. . . .

". . . In what, we asked, consisted Presbyterian obsequies? as we saw a body carried in by some fishermen. 'They take him to the grave,' replied the Guardian of the cemetery, a Churchman, and leave him. No better than a dog.' This was, in fact, done afterwards in our presence at St. Andrews. . . ."

The University of Scotland here attracted all Pollen's attention; he enters minutely particulars of its buildings, scholarship, statutes, discipline, and religious tone, comparing it in all things to his own Oxford.

"Religion, said Mr. Muir, the rector of Brechin, is excluded from the University system. Any one may worship where he pleases on the Sunday, and they make no invidious distinctions."

In Scotland John Pollen was to make a new and lifelong friendship.

He had seen a good deal of young Lord Lothian at Oxford; there too he had met Cecil, Marchioness of Lothian, his mother, a noted Puseyite, and she had invited John Pollen to visit her at Mounteviot, near Jedburgh.

To those who knew Lady Lothian, the very sound of her name recalls a face and form resembling in stately elegance the recumbent figure upon some quattrocento sarcophagus in Venice or Verona; a combination of womanly grace with the

repose born of virile force of will. Her heart was wide as the world—and who that knew her was not her friend ?

With his hostess and with her chaplain John Pollen had more than one

“long conversation *de rebus spiritualibus*. The boys, girls, and governess, all very devout. . . . The high-spirited children most interesting; the schoolboys utterly uncorrupted and untouched by the world.”

But his most important visit was paid to an Oxford friend revered, to whom by marriage in 1847 had passed the national monument of Abbotsford, with its relics and traditions: the “dear James Hope-Scott” of Newman’s inimitable *Vale*. Saving Newman himself, for whom he had an unreserved admiration, James Hope was perhaps the most winning character of his day.

The ideal beauty of his face and figure are noticed in his own and other biographies; Gladstone declared him at the head of all his contemporaries in the splendour of his gifts; the strength and charm of his moral character are superbly set forth by his greatest panegyrist.<sup>1</sup>

Of Mrs. Hope, it suffices to say that she was a most attractive person, and entirely suited to her husband.

Abbotsford, with such a host and hostess, possessed a triple charm. John Pollen shared Newman’s “devotion” and “extremest sympathy” for Sir Walter,<sup>2</sup>—whose spell was still in its freshness—and knew him, prose and verse, practically by heart. With Hope, who was at the service of his guests from morning till night, he studied at leisure, “the arms, exceedingly beautiful, covering the walls with the *luxe* of an antiquary’s room,” the pictures and historic relics; and in daily rides or walks, by moonlight and sunlight, the glens and knolls, with their tales of the marvellous; the trees, every one of Sir Walter’s own planting; the cottage, whose tenant was the original of Dugald Dalgetty; Newark and Roxburgh Castles, and the old-world houses, with armour and portraits, vast trees, and walled gardens, belonging to Mr. Pringle at Yair, Sir William

<sup>1</sup> Ornsby, *Memoirs of James Hope-Scott* (Murray, 1884). Appendix. Newman’s funeral oration.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* vol ii. pp. 153 and 253.



Russell at Ashestiel, and other intimates of Sir Walter ; proud of his friendship, and ready to unwind their reminiscences, which are carefully entered in the journal.

So, and at length, are visits to palatial Floors, and to Bowhill, ending :

“His Grace (the Duke of Buccleugh) is very pleasing, and perfectly simple ; they have admirable servants ; that is the perfection of a great house, and a point which always tells more for the lord and lady, *me judice*, than any external sign I know.”

Alone on successive days, and for many hours together, he studied Melrose Abbey. One little scene in the churchyard tells its tale.

“Hope and I assisted at the burial of the gardener’s little child, baptized by me two days ago. They carried in the body, covered, and laid it in the grave. The sexton then shovelled in the earth, no one saying a word ; when the grave was full, all bowed to each other and departed, the mourners going off to deep potations of whiskey afterwards.”

A legend, of date unknown, on a plain gravestone, was, ever after, part of the endless store of verse that John Pollen knew by heart.

“The earth goeth on the earth,  
Glistening like gold ;  
The earth goeth to the earth  
Sooner than it wold.  
The earth builds on the earth  
Castles and towers,  
The earth says to the earth  
All shall be ours.”

Amid all the interests of Abbotsford, not for a day did host or guest lose sight of the main question to them : the fortunes of the Church of England. James Hope, Q.C., could bring to bear upon all matters his sound sense and balance of mind. John Pollen, as every one else, relied much upon his sagacity. With Mr. Badeley and Mr. Bellasis, eminent lawyers like Hope, he discussed the unsolved problems.

A letter to Abbotsford brought bad news. “Young Eric Leslie,” who had promised his personal services for St. Saviour’s

had lately been solemnly warned by John Pollen against the attractions of Rome.

"I too have felt them; but our duty is clear: to remain in the Church, truly Catholic, of our Baptism."

Now, Mr. Leslie informed his adviser that he had followed his mother—a lady of extraordinary influence and charm of character—into the Roman Church.<sup>1</sup> John Pollen was grievously disappointed; kindly letters, nevertheless, continued to pass between the two.

Mr. Hope took a different view of such conversions. "Pray remember," he had said to Gladstone in 1845, "the beneficial effect which the English mind will thereby bring to bear upon the Roman Church itself."

In the journal, here and there, many other devout Puseyite households, visited not unfrequently by John Pollen, are described: amongst others, Campden, where he had designed for Lord and Lady Campden the family chapel and its furniture; and Markington, with the William Wilberforces. One thumbnail portrait it would be a pity to omit:

"With Mrs. William W. I am greatly struck. She combines a perfect repose with the best side of the Wilberforces: their eagerness, or rather their intentness."

But nowhere was he more welcome than at Mr. Allies' Rectory of Launton, near Bicester.<sup>2</sup>

Its mistress in 1848 was five and twenty years old, and extremely handsome. She was a lady of marked, though somewhat untrained mind and character; yet her woman's wit, and the naïve simplicity with which she always made straight for the point, gave a piquant charm to her conversation, and sometimes cut the knot of tangled questions broached in her presence, and perplexing a learned circle.

At Launton, Pollen was often joined by William Beadon Heathcote, John Wynne, and the Rev. James Laird Patterson, another Oxford friend and contemporary; other companions to his mind were Allies' fine children, playfellows and

<sup>1</sup> See Stone, *Eleanor Leslie: a Memoir* (Art & Book Co., 1898).

<sup>2</sup> Mary Allies, *Thomas William Allies* (Burns and Oates), 1907, p. 43.

models for sketches, Cyril, "a noble boy," and Basil; both named after the early Fathers, in Tractarian fashion.

A strange circumstance was afterwards related by John Pollen, and is recorded in the journal.

The conversation happening one day to turn upon the Launton ghost—a mere joke to all the party—Mrs. Allies informed them that "Dr. Brown" was said to issue, every night, from a cupboard in the wall of a small bedroom, usually empty. Pollen expressed a wish to sleep in the haunted room that night, by way of a novel experience. A bed was accordingly placed there; and the men of the party, in high spirits, adjourned in the evening to the room, and carefully inspected the cupboard in question. It was empty, opening into the room only, and by a single door. They declared in schoolboy glee that they would secure Pollen's rest from all ghostly visitations; they shut the cupboard door, and dragged close in front of it a heavy press full of linen, which could only be moved by the united strength of the four men. In front of this again, other heavy furniture was placed; and with mutual assistance, trunks and portmanteaux were piled thereupon, so that the ghost, unless he could subtly pass through material obstacles, was effectually barricaded within the cupboard.

John Pollen thought no more of the ghost, and the door of the room being locked inside, went to sleep as soon as his head was on the pillow. He remained entirely undisturbed until next morning, when on opening his eyes he perceived that the heavy press, and the furniture surmounted by trunks, all still preserving the same relative position, had been pushed back some four feet from the cupboard door, which now stood wide open. How this was done has never been explained.

There were more ominous phantoms at Launton.

"Mrs. Allies," says the journal in November, 1848, "is in a great fright about the *Journal in France*," of which Allies was now correcting the proof sheets. He did not in the least share her misgivings, and now asked both Pollen and Wynne to furnish him with contributions to the book, in the form of letters written during the tour, and signed by the respective writers. The volume praises enthusiastically as to practical matters, both the Church of Rome and her Bishops; and that in the very point

where the Establishment and her authorities are confessedly weak. Pollen, who had seen the proof sheets, took time to consider.

"It will, I fear, give great offence. On the other hand, there is so much truth in the book, that one does not like to check its publication. It imports to give it to the world."

Pollen and Wynne accordingly threw in their lot with Allies, and the *Journal* was issued in February, 1849.<sup>1</sup>

Pollen writes to Allies :

"I hear nothing more, for the present, *de libro* ; we are all considered knaves and fools, I doubt not. Time must prove it all. Breechin is delighted with it. He tells me he expects a row in Scotland with the lairds, so it is not, you see, only in this quarter that the foundations of things are being shaken."

The press soon spoke its mind.

"Furious article," writes Allies, "in *Old Mother Gamp* ;<sup>2</sup> indescribably beastly in *Church and State Gazette*, unpleasant in *Guardian*, angry in *Britannia*." John Pollen's request to Mr. Church, that he would notice the book favourably in the paper he edited, the *Christian Remembrancer*, received the following reply.

"MY DEAR POLLEN,—

"J'y penserai. I have heard on the same subject from John Wynne, in great distress.

"I must say on starting, as I said to him, when he complained of the cautious and jealous tone of the C<sup>n</sup>. R<sup>r</sup>, that our Roman friends here have cut us off from freedom of speech. I am sure it is not want of sympathy with those noble French fellows that would make me hold my tongue ; but, with David Lewis [then editor of the *Tablet* and exceedingly troublesome to the High Church party by his indiscretions] on the look-out for every word that drops, it is necessary to measure words,—unless we go for *submission* and not *union*—and for that I am not prepared. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Captain Wood, a young naval officer, found the book on his mother's drawing-room table ; he resolved to verify some of the facts for himself. He did so ; and they led him into the Roman Catholic Church, and to its outpost : the Society of Jesus. (*Eleanor Leslie ; a Memoir*. Art & Book Co., London, p. 220.)

<sup>2</sup> *The Times*.



"Those who will work for the English Church will have plenty of need of patience. They will have an uphill game against Protestantism for years to come yet. . . .

"However, if I can find an opportunity to write I will; but it does not altogether depend upon me as to the C. R.

"We are in the thick of a Fellowship examination—Fifteen theories about *Slavery* to consider, oimé!

"Ever yours,

"R. W. CHURCH.

"*Easter Monday.*"

But a more formidable critic was now to appear.

The Bishop of Oxford called upon the author of the *Journal*, either to reconcile its statements upon the Real Presence with those of the Articles, or to renounce his ministry and emoluments in the Church of England.

Mr. Allies was as good a fighter as ever. He challenged the Bishop, though in respectful terms, to state what *was* the doctrine of the Articles upon the disputed points; a declaration never yet, he said, authoritatively made; and observed—which was true—that the *Journal* advanced nothing incompatible with the *Prayer-book*.

Bishop Wilberforce, finding that he could get no concession from Allies, determined in April to put the matter for judgment into the Court of Arches. This was exactly what Allies wanted. He longed to get the Church authorities to state exactly what they did hold upon the Sacraments, and what they did not. But, that matters should be brought to this issue, was the last thing that Dr. Pusey desired. What the Church of England *did* hold he knew would certainly never be defined. But it was more than possible that the Court would declare that Puseyite doctrine she did *not* hold; which declaration would drive—not the immovable Pusey and Keble, but not a few of their followers, out of the Church. Manning and others shared this prudent opinion.

Hence followed a strife throughout the spring; Pusey, Manning, Judges Alderson and Coleridge, Bishop Forbes, and others, trying on the one hand to induce Allies to withdraw the book from further circulation, on the other to prevent Bishop Wilberforce from attempting litigation. They warned

the latter that his own brothers would be struck at by any public blow aimed at Allies, and their defection to Rome rendered likely. He was therefore anxious not to bring the matter into court; but in view of public opinion he was resolved to secure a public retraction or apology from Allies. This Allies was equally determined not to give.

On returning from the Continent in May, John Pollen found the battle still raging, and the "Romans," too, involved in the fray.

"A fire of letters to and from David Lewis in the *Tablet*. 18th. Despatch from *Brechiniensis*, and Upton Richards, who are dreadfully alarmed at the turn things are taking. . . . Mrs. Allies very anxious and unwell."

As a last hope, Mr. Lenox Prendergast brought Mr. Allies down to John Pollen at Oxford. It was late at night; Allies yielded, not before dawn.

He promised to issue no further edition of the book, and to apologize for publishing "what seemed to his Bishop an infraction of the Articles." Further than this qualified admission he would not go. Bishop Wilberforce, on his side, abstained from all public censure of the book; an important point for both Pollen and Allies.

And so the matter was patched up; but the poison still rankled in the wounds. Allies and his wife drew one moral; that "but one inexpiable heresy was recognized in the Church of England; namely, praise of her mighty antagonist."<sup>1</sup> The loosened hold of his friends upon the English Church was a matter of grave concern to Pollen; to him personally, also, the thing was not ended; worse than all, another effort, upon which so much had been staked, so many hopes built for the Cause, had ended in failure.

<sup>1</sup> Allies, *A Life's Decision*, 1st. Ed. 1880 (Kegan Paul), p. 198.

## CHAPTER XVI

### ST. SAVIOUR'S, ACT III. OPEN WAR (1849)

THE news from St. Saviour's spoke of a state of painful and growing tension between the College and the Bishop of Ripon; John Pollen seized the opportunity of a week's leisure to return to Leeds, April 4.

He found a wonderful development in the work of St. Saviour's. The College was under regular discipline, and in full activity of work, interior and exterior. Its fervour equalled that of Mr. Ward's day, its strictness of life was even increased.

The Vicarage had a library, refectory, kitchen, and small study; upstairs, a little oratory, and four bedrooms. A small adjoining house harboured Mr. Rooke, and other lay helpers, guests, and youths studying under supervision. Every one made his own bed. It was now Lent; "*Minster non sapiens in rebus asceticis*," is the comment in Pollen's journal; and it was apparently owing to the latter's remonstrances that the Lent discipline was relaxed to limits attainable without bodily exhaustion by men engaged in incessant and arduous labour.

This labour was increasing proportionately to the growing hold of St. Saviour's upon the poor and middle classes of Leeds; within the parish, at any rate, the clergy and their doings were loved. Of the orphanage, the day, night, and Sunday schools, of the clothing and saving clubs, the funds for funerals and the sick, of the visiting, catechizing, Scripture and Confirmation classes, of the choir, of the services twice daily, and sermons, mention has been made.

Certain young men of ability, in the course of the years 1848-1849, fell under the influence of John Pollen. Among them were Mr. Eric Leslie, Mr. Roger Lingard, and Mr.

William Neville, of Trinity College. All three were much attached to him ; they travelled with him at various times, and were inspired with or confirmed in devotion to the Cause. All three he engaged at different times to go to St. Saviour's as lay helpers ; for often no others could be had. A veto from the Bishop of Ripon kept back from St. Saviour's such neighbouring clergy as were friendly ; moreover, to throw in one's lot with St. Saviour's was to be a marked man, and to close the door upon any chance of preferment.

Mr. Neville arrived accordingly in the course of 1849—not without misgivings. But he soon threw himself into his work, and was to remain till the end. He was almoner, and took charge of all financial and secular arrangements ; nor in this only did he prove of great service to the College.

Classes were formed at St. Saviour's for any or all who could be induced to attend them, where teaching was gradually woven through an interesting framework. Together with Mr. Seton Rooke, Mr. Neville opened a night school, themselves instructing men and women on alternate nights. Mr. Neville also made himself a friend to an assembly of lads of divers ages from the mills, whom he won, little by little, by attractive readings. John Lewington, and other young mechanics, acting apparently as lay-brothers, and under the guidance of Mr. Rooke and Mr. Neville, were lodged permanently in the guest-house adjoining the Vicarage ; three lads also, who taught in the poor-school, and whom the two devoted masters were training carefully as pupil teachers, so that St. Saviour's might benefit to the utmost by their action.

With this quasi training-college the clergy desired to house the young boys of their choir ; for it had been found that unless a permanent home influence could be exercised over these children, the labour and instruction of school hours were powerless to keep or to wean them from surrounding corruption.

Such additions to the household made an enlargement of the house necessary ; the Vicarage itself required guest-rooms ; alms were given for the purpose, and John Pollen was charged with the plans. Of set purpose he discarded a fine and very practical plan supplied apparently by Pugin ; for money spent upon mediæval dignity would be so much subtracted from



funds available for the poor. Pollen therefore ran up the building "one brick thick in the cheapest and most temporary form."

The works went on and increased, and a fresh one in addition was set on foot by Mr. Minster, on the lines of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, a "Guild of the Holy Cross," the Vicar being *ex officio* superior and chaplain. The Brotherhood numbered many members among laymen of all classes, both in Leeds and elsewhere; they were pledged to lead a devout life, and to win to it others as far as they could. Each wore a small silver cross; they assembled occasionally at the Vicarage for common prayer, and collection of alms; sometimes they distributed large doles of meat to the poor in the church porch. The members were to pray each day for the conversion of sinners, for the perseverance of all in the faith, and for the cause of unity in religion. John Pollen, as member, was spoken of at St. Saviour's as *Frater Johannes*. It is wonderful to think how all this, in addition to the baptisms, churchings, weddings, and funerals of the parish, was accomplished, together with the recital of the breviary in common at six different and fixed times in the day; a certain time also was set apart for private study, and sermons and lectures, when possible, were carefully prepared.

But wonder increases when we find such a work accomplished, and successfully, despite sickness and slender resources. Mr. Minster himself, as well as Mr. Crawley, were not unfrequently even prostrated by ill health; the latter received no money, nor would the Bishop license a third curate, unless he were a married man, on the departure of one of the number during the year 1848. Yet neither labourers nor funds failed the College at absolute need. John Pollen and his elder brother, and Mr. Anderdon, as it seems, amongst others, sent from time to time such sums as they could afford; others, wealthy as well as generous, as Lord Campden and Mrs. Shadwell, appeared to have bestowed large alms upon the College. Charitable ladies maintained the children of the orphanage, now six in number, and paid the house-rent.

"You are a plague-spot in my diocese," the Bishop of Ripon had said to the heroic workers in his harvest-field. Yet not

the poor only, or the Puseyites, thought well of St. Saviour's. With those who came and saw for themselves, prejudice vanished.

“Visitors used to come and spend Easter-tide, Christmas, or the Dedication Week at St. Saviour's. On Holy Thursday, 1849, the Reverend C. J. Abraham [B.D., of Trinity College, Cambridge, a scholar and writer of note in his day, and Assistant Master of Eton], visited St. Saviour's before starting on his mission in New Zealand. He had no thought of staying, till he saw the poor room and pallet bed he would have. On Good Friday we went down after Compline to the Church; we sat down in silence before the Martyr window, through which the moon was shining; the church elsewhere was intensely dark, the night still, almost to oppression. . . . Perhaps his thoughts ran on to his future labours at the antipodes; perhaps these images of some who had forsaken wealth, and home, and life for Christ's sake moved him; but his old objections to St. Saviour's were fast fading. The plain life and the devotion of the clergy, the Easter meals with guests out of the parish, mechanics and others, with their downright manner and bright looks, altogether completed the change. He took occasion more than once to tell Minster and myself how thankful he was, though he owned he could hardly resolve to come at first, so strong had been his prejudices. St. Saviour's has made a conquest, and I think a noble one.”

The Honourable and Reverend George Spencer, once Chaplain to the Bishop of London, now Father Ignatius, a Passionist monk, was at this time on a travelling mission to all the clergy in England, to obtain their prayers for unity. A touch of romance had marked his own character, conversion, and career; his simple demeanour showed now but a calm intensity of purpose.<sup>1</sup> He arrived at Leeds, and visited Dr. Hook, who offered to convert him in half an hour; but the monk declined all controversy. He came on to St. Saviour's, and engaged them to say daily the Our Father with the intention of converting whichever side was in the wrong. The visit did nothing to soften the bitterness of Dr. Hook.

A frequent subject of grievance was the salient feature of St. Saviour's—the beauty of the ritual.

<sup>1</sup> See *Life of Fr. Ignatius Spencer*.

It has been qualified by Canon Liddon as "extravagant,"<sup>1</sup> and was no doubt startling to eyes accustomed to a pulpit and a bare table as sole indications of religious purpose in a church; but the arrangements at St. Saviour's would be looked upon by High Church men of to-day as simple, and indeed the minimum necessary for any degree of symbolic teaching.

That deep feeling needs expression; that such expression, again, calls forth feeling; that religion is addressed—and reciprocally—to the whole man, senses, phantasy, mind, heart and will; that sense and feeling in religion as in every other business of life, may and should draw nobler faculties after them, all this is now trite; but then, to many in England, a novelty.

The stirring hymns and impassioned appeals of the Wesleyans had called forth from the vulgar some sense of religion in Leeds, as elsewhere. But the ancient liturgy and ritual could satisfy an Augustine by the refinement of its poetry, or captivate, by its beautiful significance, the heart of the simplest. Such an instrument, which had been studied with surprise and delight by Pollen and the other men of St. Saviour's, should, they thought, be made to serve the Cause.

More: the Incarnation is, partly in itself, more still in its consequences, a visible Fact. Only by visible facts could it be brought home to the hearts of the people. Hence the necessity of the Sacramental system—to which the liturgy is the indispensable complement. Such were Mr. Minster's views.

A book of hymns was compiled for St. Saviour's;<sup>2</sup> among them were many translations from mediæval sources; the old music was used, plain chant. The choir boys of St. Saviour's were carefully trained in a rendering both reverent and beautiful.

Of the effect of the services, not only upon his most sensitive mind, but upon the rough congregation that often gathered at St. Saviour's, Pollen writes ardently, and at length. A human want had been felt, and met.

"On each of the seven days preceding Christmas, were sung the 'O' Anthems. These are thrilling cries, the groaning and travail-

<sup>1</sup> Liddon, *Life of Pusey*, vol. iii. chap. xiv. p. 362.

<sup>2</sup> *Sacred Hymns and Anthems*. (P. Morrish, Leeds.) John Pollen himself seems to have been the author of many of these translations.

ing of creation, breaking into piercing entreaties for the Deliverer, calling Him by seven of His titles to hasten to the relief of the Church's agonizing watch: He, the Wisdom, the Corner-stone, the Lord and Ruler, the Key, the Light, the Desired of Nations."

Significant were these cries in the mouth of the Tractarian.

Profound is the pathos of the *Stabat Mater*, and of the anthems of Holy Week. . . . "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by." At the service on Good Friday eve the chancel was dark and bare; loud sobs from men as well as women of the congregation, prostrate on the floor, told that Christ, as a living personality, had been brought home to the hearts of the poor, till they mourned for Him as for a first-born son.

But even the *Dulce Carmen* of Easter echoed the undertone of hopeful sadness.

"Alleluia! Church victorious, join the concert of the sky.

Alleluia! bright and glorious, lift, ye saints, this strain on high!

We poor exiles

Join not yet your melody. . . .

Alleluia! strains of gladness suit not souls with anguish torn. . . .

Visit us with Thy Salvation! make us all Thy joys to see,

Alleluia! Ours at length this strain shall be!"

The rites for Baptism were particularly impressive. Round the primal sacrament dim sounds of strife—who could see the portent?—had reached St. Saviour's from remote Cornwall; a refractory clergyman was questioning the right of his diocesan to enforce the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. St. Saviour's knew too well the power of a bishop's hand in repressing over-zeal for orthodoxy to doubt that the valiant "Henry of Exeter" could deal as he wished with the blatant heresy of an obscure individual.

"The poor of England retain a strong feeling about their burial. . . . It was thought wise to endear the Church to the living by means of her care for the departed; the parishioners were in fact much affected, and sometimes won to a better life, by the care given to the funerals of their relatives by the clergy. Clad in cassocks and chanting psalms, they accompanied the body from the house of the dead to the church; the bier was covered with a pall of purple velvet with a great white cross; for dead children



the pall was white, and young girls in white veils made a procession, six of their number bearing the little coffin to its grave. . . .

"Several persons caused grave-stones to be put up in the shape of crosses, with the legends 'Jesu mercy,' 'Lord, remember me,' and the like. Of these the Bishop complained loudly. It was equivalent to 'praying for the dead.' But, as the burial ground was public, the clergy declined to use their influence towards the removal of the grave-stones."

On this and other points, a system of espionage kept Dr. Hook informed of vastly more than ever went on at St. Saviour's. But he was not a man to stab in the dark ; and a harassing fire of letters from him and from the Bishop continued to assail Mr. Minster. Dr. Pusey, too, received more than his share of vituperation. The clergy had "bowed the knee" during the Creed ; they knelt towards the east ; they muttered their prayers in the Roman fashion ; the choir carried lighted candles at a Baptism ; a cross had been affixed to the reredos.

Mr. Minster had at first replied to each letter by a patient declaration or explanation of facts. The clergy bowed according to the custom of the primitive Church at the mention of the Incarnation ; Mr. Minster's and Mr. Crawley's voices were sometimes weak from ill health ; the others, as witnesses could tell, spoke with express distinctness ; the candles should in future be extinguished at the Baptismal service. Mr. Minster on this and other points had often yielded to the Bishop's wish, although the Liturgical arrangements at St. Saviour's were strictly within the letter of the law. In a furious letter to Pusey, characterising this prudence as "jesuitry," Dr. Hook owned as much.

But, as the year 1849 wore on, Mr. Minster began to show signs of exasperation. What Dr. Hook really disliked and dreaded was the *tone* of the place ; but any "toning down" of St. Saviour's from what it was Mr. Minster determined to resist. He now refused to remove the cross from the reredos ; and the position was one of open war.

"St. Saviour's has some sad calamity brewing for it. The Bishop is going to put them into court for heresy."

John Pollen, as soon as he could, returned to St. Saviour's.

He strongly urged Mr. Minster, on the one hand, to yield this and other disputed points, as no sacrifice of principle was involved ; and in a long letter to the Bishop, he represented respectfully but as strongly as he could, the position of the Vicar.

“If we are attached friends, it is little wonder ; for I know . . . the continual bodily pain he has suffered in the execution of his duty ; . . . he is too generous and regardless of self to put forward to others the effect which all this has had upon him ; but from my eyes it cannot be concealed that the immense press of work, far beyond any man’s strength, great and continual bodily pain, together with the mental anxiety consequent upon your lordship’s displeasure, and his failure to make himself understood, have sapped his constitution, and all but cost him his life. Waywardness and weariness he has betrayed from time to time, in spite of genuine efforts to subdue them. . . .

“Indeed, the work which St. Saviour’s has to do in the midst of such a crying hell of wickedness is so tremendous—I speak from experience of its awfulness—that much allowance may be asked for those who devote themselves to it in their way. They never ask, that where they cannot be understood they shall be treated as if they were ; but only that fair allowance which others claim and receive (in opposite directions) without question. In every part of England there are clergymen teaching Calvinistic and Lutheran doctrines ; they are not and cannot be approved of by authority ; . . . yet it is considered that the Church has a place and a work for them to do, and would rather allow them to employ *their way* of converting souls, than persecute or drive them off. Wesley, for want of such allowance, was lost to us in a former age, and a sore loss every such defection has proved. . . .

“So far as I have any interest at St. Saviour’s I have tried and will try to use it to prevent controversy, and to induce men to devote themselves to the affairs of eternal salvation. . . . As for myself, you have always treated me, my Lord, with kindness in the few matters with which I have troubled you. . . . I have but little to request, except your lordship’s blessing, and if it might be, some place occasionally in your prayers.”

Mr. Minster at last submitted in regard to the cross and other points. The Bishop, in a long subsequent interview with Mr. Pollen, “was very kind, and gave his benediction at the end.”

Thus had St. Saviour’s on the whole, borne unshaken the attack upon its ritual. But a graver difficulty was behind.

In regard to the Sacraments, one question above all had worked itself to the surface: that of Confession.

On no point were the Tractarians at more complete variance with the Church of the Nation; on none had Dr. Pusey insisted with greater force,<sup>1</sup> or Keble expressed himself with more feeling.<sup>2</sup> Nowhere was the matter fought out to a more vital issue than at St. Saviour's. Sacramental Confession, declares John Pollen's narrative, belongs to primitive doctrine; moreover, no other system can cope practically with the fallen nature of man, as found at any rate in the multitude. *Experto crede.*

But, he goes on, for those not minded to try, there is the fear of the unknown. Mystery, for certain minds, has little attraction; concealment, deceit, mystery, being convertible terms. The necessary secrecy of confession gives opening for conjecture; and where imaginations are unsympathetic, they are often unnaturally vivid. Upon this hinge the fate of the College was eventually to turn.

Meanwhile, the evils that were rife in Leeds were now brought home grievously to St. Saviour's.

A boy belonging to the choir had arrived at St. Saviour's fresh and pleasing in manners; he had grown unruly and ill-tempered, and his features had assumed a coarse and brutish expression. Mr. Pollen thought he discerned the cause of this deterioration. In a long conversation with the lad, whose confidence he had formerly possessed, he induced him to go to one of the clergy and confess his fault. The boy was reclaimed, and some others at different times.

But, with the three pupil-teachers, youths of exceptional talent, the case was different. They proved thoroughly corrupt in conduct, and their influence in the school was enormous. The clergy were slow to believe them incorrigible; they attempted persuasion; but the worst of the lads feigned hypocritically ignorance of the matters with which he was charged; moreover he related in the evenings to a gaping audience at the mill which employed him a lying account of "horrors"

<sup>1</sup> *E.g.* The famous sermon in 1845 on "the Entire Absolution of the Penitent" before the University.

<sup>2</sup> *Christian Year*: see Morning, Evening, Advent Sunday, Sundays after Christmas, Sixth and Fourteenth Sundays after Trinity, but especially Ash Wednesday.

practised upon him at St. Saviour's because he would not confess. He had, he said, been forced to kneel down in the middle of the room, and a towel was then tied violently over his head. The employers caught at this and other marvellous tales, which they reported to Dr. Hook, who carried all to the Bishop. The latter, however, on being informed of the real story, was satisfied that in this case the clergy had acted both wisely and rightly. But the traitor was not to be so easily silenced ; he was kept in reserve as a witness by the enemies of the College, and will reappear to shape its history.

The other lads meanwhile were five or six times forgiven ; but in vain. Their indentures had at last to be cancelled ; and St. Saviour's realized a first great failure in the moral order.



## CHAPTER XVII

### LONG THOUGHTS IN THE LOW COUNTRIES ; COLOGNE AND PARIS (1849)

ON April 21, 1849, John Pollen, after conferring with Dr. Pusey until a late hour the evening before, started for a tour through Holland and Belgium, with his mother and sister, his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Horsley Palmer, and three of his cousins, making, with three maids, a party of ten. Considerable bustle and excitement preceded and attended the departure. His mother had been bent upon carrying him off with this gay assemblage, to afford him some distraction from the strain of his Oxford difficulties, at which, without fully understanding, she instinctively guessed. With perfect tact, she never interfered with his doings.

“Steamed off from Blackwall at eleven—a still sea. The river very grand ; that look back at Greenwich ! Turner’s picture, and nothing less, can do it justice. . . . Made the harbour here, Ostend, about 11 p.m. The night was cold and still ; the stars bright and innumerable. I sat for a long time watching the effect of the phosphorus in the water. Every revolution of the wheels struck out wide curves and fountains of light ; drops and showers of it brighter than the rest. The edges of the swell we made rolled over, a pale green fire ; its curves, thrown up in the wake, looked like the gambols of some maritime monster. . . . The Catholic Church is a ship, borne over the heaving multitudes, the massy waters, a depth of darkness, leaving light wherever she has passed.

“The Dunkirk beacon in the revolver shone like something that carried out my thought. And the glorious company in the heaven overhead, one differing from another in glory, cast reflection and wake on the water, and rejoiced at the advance of the solitary vessel. The pulse of the creature beats like something living, with its glowing lights and fires within, buffetting with trouble and con-

traditions ; till the harbour lifted out of the sea, and rose as she neared it, to its full proportions. . . .”

In a closely-written volume devoted to Low Country reminiscences, John Pollen's journal, as usual, neglects nothing. Lesser objects of art, wood, iron and goldsmith's work, embroideries, receive as much attention as greater ; local traditions and pictures of Charles II. and “ Dutch William ” (whom Pollen loved not), detailed analyses of the quay and canal systems, their structure, use, and pictorial effect ; the heavy splendour of the Palaces, now decorating for the accession of His Majesty King William I. ; the stately and not unpleasing formality of the gardens, the management of exquisite cow-houses, the vegetation of the dunes, the elaborate cultivation of bulbs in gorgeous tulip gardens, gathered from conversations, with intelligent owners (sometimes, fortunately for Pollen, good English scholars), all are treated with his own originality and followed up as keenly as if the wonderful Dutch people was now all his interest.

“ *April 26.*—The Hague is a most agreeable place of residence. . . . The women are tall and handsome, but expressionless ; the men a fine race in bone and sinew ; some of them of very great stature, with dark and keen eyes. The children, often with fine golden hair hanging loose about their shoulders, have much beauty. . . . A native politeness that pervades this people is very pleasing ; persons salute as they pass if there is any acquaintance ; shopkeepers or passers-by in the street show the greatest civility. At Haarlem one had but to indicate ignorance of the way for one of the best attired walkers to come and show it. A great deal of English was spoken. . . .

In the Jews' quarter at Amsterdam they are a singularly handsome race, with auburn, black, or fair hair. . . . We walked last night through the Jews' quarter of this town, Haarlem. Anything so sordid I could not have conceived so near the unbending spruceness of the almost over-washed Dutch. Here sit the Jews, just as in Seven Dials, smoking, talking, and quarrelling ; beautiful children but in filth and disorder, running and playing about. Perhaps their parents were discussing the prospects of modern Judaism, the hair-splitting superstition, or infidelity of the broken communion of Christendom, not without an anathema upon us the intruders into their place of banishment.”

It was however, rather in Belgium than in Holland that he found matter congenial to his heart.

A few passages will be quoted from his record, to illustrate the development of his mind since his last continental tour of 1847, made in very different company ; and the bent of his thoughts. In no period of his journal are they expressed at more length. After his companions had retired to rest, at an hour when his impressions were formerly discussed with his sympathizing friends Allies and Wynne, Pollen, now deprived of such an outlet, communes with his own spirit.

"*April 22.—Domenica II post Pasch.* Here once more I am in a Catholic country. At 7, I was in the principal church at Ostend and Mass was just finishing. They begin at 5, a Mass every half hour. . . . The whole church, nave and both aisles, filled with men and women in earnest devotion.

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". . . On leaving, I met a funeral, and returned to witness it. The bier was laid on trestles in front of the north altar, with four tapers burning round it, and a silver crucifix at the feet. . . . A pall lay over all, of black, with a red cross ; a fit shadow whereunder to rest. . . . He for whom the service is performed is considered not as one that *was*, but as one that *is*. Those who are in the flesh walk and watch round the sleeper, and do what they can to smooth his bed, and deepen his rest ; they spread about him an atmosphere of prayer, and purify the place of his repose ; he has passed into a state that will in due time be theirs. . . . Therefore they do him this act of charity, that though unseen he may not feel himself forgotten, and may bless them in his dreams. . . . I remarked the tawdriness of the ornaments ; but they were the offerings of the poor. . . .

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"A contrast all this with what greeted me this morning ; the English service at eleven ; the prime of the day having been concentrated upon breakfast and other comforting commencements. There is a neat chapel, as unlike a house of devotion as such places usually are ; the service was drawled through ; all most cold and most decent. The sermon was preached by a smartly dressed young man with a manner not impressive. It struck me as a silly composition. Who that went from one service to the other was to divine that this one was that of a body claiming to be more like the Church of St. Augustine and St. Ambrose than the Church of Rome, or Greece ;

claiming to live by supernatural influences, to hold Apostolical succession, Sacraments, and the doctrine of the Catholic Doctors necessary to salvation ! O what rivers of tears shall ever again water these parched and sandy sources, to make them flow under the rain of God's grace ! The strife of words, the contest for superiority at home, the store of sighs that all these troubles lay up for us, will these aid the Cause ? What reasonable hope is there in the eyes of men out of it all, for England ? God knows. . . .

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"Bruges. The children charm me ; they are beautiful, healthy and fresh, and their expression generally sweet. The women are very handsome. I suppose a Spanish admixture in the blood. . . ."

John Wynne's journal mentions that in those days Belgian ladies still wore in the streets the Spanish mantilla ; a graceful headdress that now, like the white muslin veil of Genoa, has given place to the Paris hat.

"We went to see the Hospital of St. John at Bruges ; nuns, in grey habits, are in sole charge of the dispensary, which is, as those in Italy, cleanliness itself. . . .

". . . To the Salut at the Beguinage, Ghent, blocks and lanes of neat little clean houses, the dwelling-places of peace, if ever such were, and of purity, order, and submission of will. It is striking to see. It is striking to see a large church completely filled with the six hundred sisters in black, with white or black veils nearly covering their faces, all absorbed in devotion. One of our ladies remarked that so many of the nuns looked young : 'Comment, Mademoiselle ?' was the reply, 'on ne donne pas de vieilles fleurs au Roi !'

"In the Church of St. Mary is Michael Angelo's Madonna and Child ; a marvellous work ; it has all the elaboration of the Dawn and the Twilight at Florence. The eyebrow and upper lip of both Christ and Madonna are divine. I have no idea, and should much wish to know, how a work of art like this affects the people. One can understand high classical excellence being unappreciated ; but Michael Angelo ?"

Perhaps no work of art ever fascinated him more than Van Eyck's "Adoration of the Lamb" at Ghent. It had arrested him two years before ; but whereas he then noted chiefly the technique, he is now more held by the inner spirit of the artist, and by the echoes aroused thereby in his own mind.



" Ghent, <sup>3</sup>*October 4, 1847.*—I devoted a considerable time to the Van Eyck in the Cathedral. It is a wonderful picture for devotion, in its idea of Paradise. Richness of colour, and in all, dresses, flowers, leaves, elaboration of detail which does not in the least offend. Is this because of the quantity? Universal power of painting shown; the painting of the Lamb is wonderful as animal painting. The St. John Baptist and B.V.M. are the originals of the Coxies at Munich; but how infinitely grander!

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" Ghent, *April 23, 1849.*—I should much wish to continue for days and days the study of the 'Adoration.' The picture is brimful of ideas. His great wish is to represent creation as *restored*; everything as if the Fall had not been. This thought is enlarged upon throughout. Paradise is once again a garden. Its field is studded with violets and white flowers, types of penitence and chastity; a lily in the left hand (right of the spectator) is carefully elaborated. The trees are decked with brightest flowers and fruit. Perfect peace reigns throughout; the very prayers of the Saints in the censers of the Angels betoken silent adoration; the falling water is the only sound to break the stillness; no drapery or leaf is stirred. The companies of Virgins and Confessors rather float than move by motion of limb down glades and avenues. The prophets are gazing on the Lamb, whom, not having seen, they loved; the Apostles, and their successors the Doctors, are deep in meditation. The artist has impressed upon them the relief of rest after intense labour and exhaustion, contradiction and endurance. The Virgins, followers of the Lamb, seem never to have been of earth. Each Confessor and Martyr must have his own character; but further I have not studied. . . ."

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" GHENT,

*" April 25, St. Mark's Day, 1849.*

" MY DEAR ALLIES,—. . . You ought certainly to spend three or four weeks here, ecclesiastically, and let the world in England know what an Established religion can be on the Continent as well as a Missionary one, as in France. The reverence of these peoples, in church at least, is such as I have never seen equalled. For in Italy, it must be admitted, one sees the reverse pretty plentifully. The devout Italian might with propriety reason, that in a King's levee room he would neither spit on the carpet, nor turn his back to the throne; hints which would be useful in many Southern regions. I am sure this is how many Protestants, who come to stare, and

might stay to pray, are so often repulsed and not attracted. Belgium is an honourable exception here.

"This morning, two schools came to hear an early Mass at St. Bavons; one of young ladies, from minute sizes upwards, all very devout; the other struck me even more, and touched me much, for I thought of our poor little ones at St. Saviour's, and of the battle which awaits them. Three hundred poor boys entered attended by two Christian Brothers. Freedom from perturbation must be a gift in those two men; a grace which goes further in the formation of youth, I suspect, than any more brilliant qualification. . . . The children came up silent and orderly; all looked cheerful, thorough boys, yet serious, and without precision reverent. They were all under ten or eleven. All had their chairs arranged for them by appointment; then the grave, unpretending Brothers ranged them in, in order, till each boy had his place. I should like the recipe for the anti-boy-scuttling property which they have contrived to infuse into their pupils' feet. I observed the behaviour of the little red or blue-cassocked 'Basils' that assisted the priest. How important their trot ahead of the celebrant; the way in which they adore the B. Sacrament when passing before the altar; the grave celebrant following and bending deliberately down with an expression of grave contentment, to me always pleasing, as he goes or returns during the Mass.

"It is really wonderful how tolerant my people are of my papistical ways. I am let go without an objection in these things; *au contraire*, sometimes I am followed certain distances.

". . . Liège, May 7.—In the chapel of the charming Episcopal Palace of St. Jacques is an altar for the *Mois de Marie*; most beautiful; it was entirely and most tastefully dressed with flowers, from the ground upwards to a bower above the tabernacle. The whole perfumes the church from end to end. . . . The perfect stillness and order . . . the look of refinement, and the genuine love that these humble and pure offerings seem to betoken, made a whole that twined round my affections. . . . Happy people of Liège, among whom the old root still bears such blossoms. When will the ladies of England deem their own beauty and refinement—for they are, to my ideas, the *physical* superiors to continental races—their jewels, their rich stuffs, their talents, their rare flowers, above all, when will they deem their time and their love,—wasted and withered as they now sometimes devote them,—when will they deem them privileged if they may in any way add a grace to the robes of the Lord who made heaven and earth and all that there is therein?

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"Last night was a bright moonlight, and so hot that we sat with the windows of the ground-floor salon open. This was a treat to the passers-by, who were among the curious. Suddenly entered a flight of fat cockchafers which beset the butter, urn, and lamps, and discomposed the whole tea-table. The ladies rose to their feet on the instant to meet the invaders, and a battle of handkerchiefs ensued, ending in victory. . . .

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"We passed through a country bursting into leaf; the first blush of the green is as if creation itself were restored. The glory of the colour is for man to marvel at. . . .

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"Cologne. I have just returned from a moonlit view of the Dom. The new parts shine in the light like ivory, and the liny decision and exactness of the upward rush of the tower of buttresses shows well. What a wonder if it is ever finished!

"What changes since this giant of former days awoke from its long sleep. This fair city was then, I suppose, the intellectual and artistic metropolis of the North. Albertus Magnus, St. Thomas, St. Francis, St. Dominic, Duns Scotus,—lights of the Church . . . the Florentines at no great interval, in all their glory; the crusading spirit not yet extinct; Walter Mertoniensis and his new system on the rise and spread. . . .

"The night is brilliant. My room looks down upon the river, and the quays are crowded with vessels moving in and out. . . .

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"A litany and hymns were sung to the organ in the Dom during Mass by two schools of children, boys and girls, about six hundred in all. The boys filed in at the north, the girls with women in charge at the south side, and filled all the choir. It was a privilege to kneel without, and follow as best one might with these interesting worshippers, who with such familiarity had taken undisputed possession of a territory sacred to the clergy. Yet who so meet to kneel and adore in the presence of the King of Kings as these? what better society for the outskirts of His court, than these votresses of Her who is all purity? . . .

"I saw them depart; last came a long row of very little girls two and two, some most beautiful, stretching in a long line from the East to the West door. . . .

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"At the Exposition of the B. Sacrament at Aix-la-Chapelle, men, women, and children of all ages, came and knelt for a while,

and then retired ; others took their place. None disturbed his neighbour, coming or going, for all were too busily employed in their occupations. It was as if some grand attraction, such as bands and theatres have to un-earnest minds, drew all people, rich and poor, to this one centre.

“ May 10.—Paris again, soldiers everywhere. There are 100,000 men ; and 150,000 more, exclusive of the National Guard, could be assembled by rail in a few hours. The elections are to take place Sunday next, and the Socialists are making great efforts to get their men in, so as to *chasser* the President and ministry and proclaim the République Rouge. The excuse is the Roman affair ;<sup>1</sup> the President’s letter to Oudinot, promising to back him up, is *affiché* everywhere. They have been tampering with the army, and one regiment has been consequently sent out of Paris. The street walls are covered with affiches, exhortations, abuse. Knots of politicians of all classes devour newspapers ; at the gates of the Chambre inquietude is manifest. Few of the *beau monde* are about ; twenty-two large guns are limbered in the Carousel ; the Tuileries seem one vast barracks.

“ . . . 11th.—I have been with Père de Ravignan this morning. L’Abbé Duclos introduced me, at their (the Jesuits’) College in the Rue de Sèvres. He is a person of fifty years of age, tall and spare, of grave exterior ; very slow and self-possessed in his manner of talking ; he seems to weigh all his words. He spoke with much kindness of Allies, and of the loyalty, good faith, and earnestness of the Catholic part of the English Church. I told him how widely Allies’ book had been read, and how fiercely the authorities had set about to attack him ; how important was the authoritative decision upon any one of the points raised by Allies. Our Episcopate, he believed, was on the whole the least favourable representation of the English Church. As to Catholic opinions, he granted that we might, in time, become all that was right ; still, he said, where is your unity ? Granting, too, your Orders, still, there is much left. For, if a schism took place to-morrow in any part of the Church, Orders would be continued, yet the schismatic part be cut off. I said, the justification of such a position would be a poor total for us, if we endeavoured to fortify ourselves in it ; but that it made a wide difference if, on the opening our eyes in the nineteenth century to this state of things, we found ourselves apparently in schism, yet with such strong points of history in our favour as to make the best men satisfied that we might eventually

<sup>1</sup> General Oudinot had quelled the Roman Revolution and sent the keys of Rome to Pius IX.



reconcile opponents to the justice of our real claims, however appearances might for the moment be against us.

"I admitted much as to development, yet thought Newman had gone beyond every allowance in his book. . . . De Ravignan told me he thought it had much in common with Vincent of Lerins. . . . He expressed great satisfaction at the work Dr. Pusey and others had done in the English Church, and made no doubt but that God would show us the Truth as soon as we were fit for it. It will come upon you, he said, in a marvellous manner. You will see a *tout ensemble* of lights, before which certain isolated difficulties will disappear. . . .

"I would have wished to stay hours ; in conscience, however, I could not trespass longer on his goodness. For his time is as valuable as any one's in Paris. He begged me to come and see him again if I wished it.

"He was, Duclos tells me, an Avocat of good family. He went into Orders ; but finding the parochial life too secular for him, he entered the Society of Jesus, having first divided his fortune among his brothers. And now, I suppose, he has laid aside all that could bind him to this world, save that ever increasing love for those for whom His Master died, which supplies for what has been given 'as a King to a King,' houses and lands and brothers . . . he has given all, and with it, himself. . . . And He to whom the gift was made, will, with a Hand as free, give *Himself* in measures not to be measured. . . . This is that Treasure, which when a man found he went and sold all that he had, and bought the field that contained it.

"De Ravignan is a man of stern self-discipline, and esteemed of great sanctity.

". . . To the Missions Etrangères ; the persecution has broken out again in Cochin China ; £100 is offered by the King for the head of any European missionary. Eight persons have gone out this year ; the student who showed us over is going after Trinity.

"Carron took the ladies to his own little den. He showed us the view of the Pantheon from his window. During the Revolution he saw the doors forced by cannon ; twenty-two shots entered. One of them knocked off the head of the 'Liberty' opposite the entrance. But the worst of the slaughter was on the roof, which was, he told me, crowded with poor creatures looking like a swarm of bees, whom the *mobiles* ran through and shot 'comme la chasse aux oiseaux' with reckless and fearful delight. From time to time a carcass would roll down and fall over. About 300 were here slain. . . .

“ . . . Duclos to tea in the evening. He seems to have made a vast impression *comme homme présentable* on the susceptible ladies of the party.

“ I dined with De Fresne, where was Monseigneur the Archbishop, Meyerbeer the composer, and others. His Grace was very kind and talked a good deal to me. He proposed to come to England ; if so, I hope I may have the honour of showing him Oxford. . . .

“ 18th.—To the Flower Market, near the Madeleine ; everything smiled ; the sky was brilliant. What vast and lofty streets ! what skill and taste in all the works of this capital ! what palaces and galleries ! what amazing energy, courage, scorn of sickness and decay does the whole spirit of this wonderful people present ! What a mine of diabolic passion lies glowing beneath this thoughtless, vivacious exterior, ready to burst upwards again ! The traces of carnage, hate and misery are veiled over the instant they have had their temporary reign, by a smiling aspect that seems to give the lie to history. Below the veil the Catholic Church and the Prince of Evil struggle for very life ; and when things can no longer be held in the two combatants come again to the surface. . . . The devil has certainly a fearful hold over this once so Christian race, and the Church arms herself for combat without quarter. . . . In her shows all the liveliness, elasticity, indomitable courage of the French, refined and strengthened by the cause that sustains her. . . . When shall the day of England’s regeneration dawn with a like promise of life ! . . .

“ And so farewell to France. There is much left in it to be coveted.”

## CHAPTER XVIII

ST. SAVIOUR'S, ACT IV., AUGUST TO OCTOBER (1849)

NEWMAN tells us <sup>1</sup> how far a man is ennobled by an ideal, still unattained, approached ever nearer as a goal.

With August 1, 1849, begins a new volume of the journal. Upon the flyleaf is written the poem of St. Francis Xavier : his life's tale. Is there a more chivalrous effusion than this unfolding of the reply of Ethai to David ? The Christian standard is here carried to its most exalted point, and those who care to follow the development of Pollen's mind and heart will note how far this hymn, perhaps not familiar to all, transcends the words that had traced his path eight years before.<sup>2</sup>

*"Suspirium S. F. Xaverii.*

"O Deus ego amo te—nec amo te ut salves me—aut quia non amantem te—aeterno punis igne.—Tu, tu, mi Jesu, totum me—amplexus es in cruce ;—tulisti clavos, lanceam—multamque ignominiam—sudores ac labores—innumeros dolores—et mortem, et haec propter me—et pro me peccatore—Cur igitur non amem te—o Jesu amantissime—nec praemii ullius spe—sed sicut tu amasti me—sic amo et amabo te—solum quia Rex meus es—et solum quia Deus es." <sup>3</sup>

That spring and autumn had been throughout Europe exceedingly hot. Such "glorious weather . . . and such a year for hay in England" was not on record. Pollen, who loved to watch the vistas of cocks from the Rodbourne window, or to join with Hungerford and his children, and Laura's, in blissful gambols in the hay, writes on July 9 :

<sup>1</sup> *Sainthood the Standard of Christian Principle* (Sermons).

<sup>2</sup> See p. 13 *The Great Contest*.

<sup>3</sup> Père Xavier de Ravignan, apparently had given this, his own favourite prayer, to his new friend.

"God be thanked and praised for all His gifts. I hope they will institute a solemn day of thanksgiving throughout the land."

A dreadful visitant was to come with the later heat. The cholera had lately ravaged south Italy, and Rome; it strode up to Paris, where 800 died in a day; passing through Hull and Liverpool, it was threatening Leeds, where Pollen found himself on one of his intermittent visits, at the end of July.

"*Sunday morning*.—. . I walked for a short turn, and looked over a rich and extensive valley; into a glorious flood of sunlight rose these infernal looking chimneys, with their glaring hideous receptacles of sin and mammon worship below. But for a time all slept; though here and there a pestilential breath began to show itself out of the blackened funnels. It was like some frightful stronghold of the evil one, spreading over and occupying as a strong man armed the enthralled and fertile region. The silent oppressive mystery of the sunlight suggested gloomy forebodings of dire secrets within. . . .

St. Mary Magdalen's feast was preparing at the College.

"*July 22*. —Hathaway up at 4.30; Lingard and I shelling peas for the feast, and putting new legs to old tables. I preached; at 11 arrived the bus from Leeds. All our choir, men and boys, in surplices; a procession in the p.m., Lingard shouldering the St. Saviour's Cross banner in the van. Dinner between whiles; lambs quartered, tarts, mountains of pudding, men and boys beaming."

But the cholera came on apace.

John Pollen found it raging in Salisbury, where he now visited Walter Kerr Hamilton.

"*August 1*.—With W. B. H. in the Cathedral cloisters, filled with close shaven turf. The tracery looks white under the moon, the interstices inky black. Huge forest trees slept in the light which bathed every upstanding object; the ground glistened with dew. Then we walked in the vast sleeping chamber of the nave with its mysterious inmates. . . . It was so calm a night that from my window I watched the spire, shooting up in the moonlight, still, airy, delicate, like something not of earth. It seemed to point so truly, and to be a something one could only see thus unawares. I felt no wish for sleep. '*Vigilate et orate*,' it said, plain enough. if you want of my spirit. . . ."



At Leeds, meantime, five persons attacked by the cholera had all died, and panic reigned. The people turned out of their houses in swarms to burn tar fires in the streets. They ran to St. Saviour's at all hours for help. Mr. Minster wrote to Hungerford Pollen :

"Your brother is coming to our rescue ; we are waxing faint."

*Frater Johannes* returned accordingly on August 15.

"Found things bad enough ; Minster, Beckett, and Rooke, worked off their heads. 18th.—Took a district ; I was with Edmund Longbottom in Richmond Court this morning at his last hour ; and several times yesterday. The last hours were passed in great agony, the disease having lasted but twenty-two. At 12.30 I was sent for to Mrs. Cross. She was taken at 10 in the morning, and was dead in my presence by midnight. . . ."

And so the journal goes on.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Minster writes again :

"We find your brother John a tower of strength. He works among the sick and dying with us night and day. He is a very capital nurse, and can turn his hand to anything."

The disease struck the people at all times, and lasted in each case an average of ten hours. The greater number died ; and it was mostly those in the prime of life who were struck down. Whole families were rapidly swept away ; but for fear of alarming the survivors, nothing approaching to the full number of deaths was revealed to the public.

In these days of hospitals abounding, amply provided with nurses, medical succour, and comforts of all sorts for the poorest, it is the more shocking to read of the then destitution of Leeds.

Efforts had been made for some time past to obtain from the Board of Works the drainage of the district of St. Saviour's ; but the measure had been resisted by one of the richest mill-owners, on account of the necessary outlay. The dwellings and personal habits of the poor corresponded with their surroundings ; filth was merely discharged into the Aire ; and here therefore the cholera found a fertile soil whereon to fasten.

<sup>1</sup> All the following accounts are taken from John Pollen's *Narrative of Five Years at St. Saviour's* (Vincent, 1851), supplemented from his private journal. The tale is considerably shortened.

Upon its outbreak, the town authorities showed a callous lethargy. One small hospital was opened, where the staff of nurses barely sufficed for the crowded in-patients, conveyed there by a single coach ; one dispensary supplied the medicines for the entire city of 90,000 inhabitants. Thus, even when a messenger could be obtained at once, the delay in obtaining remedies took from the poor sufferer the slender chance which prompt application might have supplied. The few doctors, devoted as they were, were completely over-worked ; there was but one for the whole district of St. Saviour's—the worst of all ; and the majority of the cases fell under the charge of his young apprentice. Not till some of the rich had been struck down, did the Board of Works—but then the worst of the mortality was over—open a second small building with temporary accommodation for the cholera patients.

The millowner who had refused to allow of the drainage, was hurried off by the pest ; and the vast mass of window-pierced brickwork was shut for the half-day he was buried ; the work-people were dismissed with—actually—half day wages. “ M., the overseer,” also died. “ He was a hard man ; and the poor, Rooke told me, rejoiced ! ”

The house of St. Saviour's was opened all day long, and funds were vested in medicines, blankets, and nourishing food for the sick. Good friends, “ whom God reward,” sent liberal sums ; and Mrs. Shadwell, “ as good as a host to us,” spent herself, as well as her resources, in service to the sick, while even near relatives of the sufferers hung back in fear. The people, even the irreligious, or the Methodists, who but a week before had repelled the clergy with insulting words, now flocked to the Vicarage, and leant upon them for everything.

Such was the stage that Pollen trod for the next ten weeks.

“ The day's work began at half-past seven after the Morning Eucharist—the only service now retained, save Evensong. On the altar had been placed the medicine to be used that day, covered with a white cloth. Before the close of the service, perhaps half a dozen anxious faces had arrived at the Vicarage, with petitions for assistance. The priest laid aside his stole and surplice, snatched, if he could, a morsel of breakfast, and in a few minutes was following his guide, clothed in the cassock, and girded tight with a cincture,

in which were stuck some bottles of medicine and liniment. . . . He enters the house . . . a child is sitting below in uneasy wonder. Eager feet and dismayed faces are in the upper room ; a sister or a daughter hurries from one kindly meant office to another ; rubbing the distorted limbs, or turning to fetch drink so eagerly shouted for amid the cries of the sufferer. Countenance from any one at such a time is a welcome boon to the perplexed assistants ; they obey any directions from the priest with affectionate readiness. ' Put all your blankets over him ; rub the limbs with some of this—' He calls for a spoon and water, and places some medicine on the tongue of the patient. . . . A hurried step is now perhaps heard outside ; that of the young apprentice ; he feels the pulse and forehead of the invalid, touches the tongue, fills up with a pencil the four or five necessary words upon a blank form.—Cholera—30 years of age—Calomel—Chalk—Brandy. An attendant takes the paper to the dispensary. The brief query of the clergyman as to the work of the morning is as briefly answered : ' Full of work '—' not a chance for him '—' above a hundred cases to-day '—' great number fatal '—and he is on his way to the next case three doors lower down, leaving the company to digest in all its bitterness an announcement not unfeeling in intention, but dropped as a matter of course, and, as he well knows, over true.

" On the other hand, the clergyman, if as often sole doctor, and new to the office, would with deep and anxious interest administer his medicines, according to instructions received, yet forced often to modify them according to the necessities of the case. Not seldom his ministry was successful when the ordinary doctor had failed ; and this no doubt was due sometimes to the cheering kindness and greater length of stay possible to the former. The poor are apt to despond. The patient gives himself over for lost ; and not exerting the will to take vigorous hold on life, sinks at once. One was heard to declare that the mere receiving of his medicine from Mrs. Shadwell, and her demeanour during the lonely night hours, had sufficed to restore him. She infused new hope, too, into the relatives, so that they continued their efforts.

" But the priest, even more than the *leech*, is watching eagerly for his opportunity. A few moments of calm are at last obtained ; he hurries the assistants from the room, and, standing or kneeling by the head of the dying man, commences the probing of wounds deeper and more grievous than that of the body. An awful work is before him ; he is to save a soul from a living death for all eternity. There is the Faith—too often to be taught from its seed—



a life perhaps of thirty years to be looked into—contrition to be excited, love sought for, sacraments administered, hope encouraged; and the time for this life-long work is perhaps the quarter or half of an hour. O fearful trust, the work of saving a soul! . . . Well is it for the priest, that those divine things he is to handle are in themselves equal to all that can be required of him—that of his own he is to give nothing. But the time hurries on fearfully; he had done what he could, turned the keys on the past, and comforted the penitent so far as in him lies.”

Of wayward, insensible, or irreligious death-beds, dark pictures are painted, darker hints given, in the journal. Pollen believed in his mission and his powers; but, as he afterwards avowed, the anguish, to him, was the unpreparedness of the soul in the unfortunate beings he did his best to deal with. In the hospitals, as in poor dwellings, Pollen witnessed, as never before, the difference between the members of the two “Branches” as they lay upon their respective death-beds, and the remembrance lay, still pondered over, in the depths of his heart.

“Mrs. Shadwell one day entered a cottage. A man in it lay dying; he was a Roman Catholic. With an effort he lay his black clammy hand in hers. He contrived to whisper as he clasped it: ‘I have received the last sacrament, I die in peace, we shall meet,’ and his poor eyes turned up, their last movement, towards heaven.

\* \* \* \* \*

“The day sufficed only for short attendance at many bedsides. ‘How many have you got?’ was the question. ‘Is poor X. gone?’ ‘Yes, and two children, and the wife was taken while I was there.’ . . . ‘So and so is the ninth death in Y.’s family.’

“By twelve o’clock, if possible, each of us had seen his patients. . . . Some were, perhaps, past motion or speech; these were to be watched, and commended, as they sunk into death, to the hands of the Creator. Some hopeful case there might be—but usually, after twenty-four hours, the sick were a *fresh set*, that of yesterday needed but the mercy of burial.

“The priest often stayed to lay out the body, and burn disinfectants round the bed; soon came the undertakers with a cart and went in; at the sight of them every one stopped short in the street, and went off by another way. The window opened, and the bedding and clothes of the dead were thrown out. Then from five till after



dark, the workhouse single-horse hearses went round to convey the coffin to a distant burial-ground. The worst of the cholera lay close round the Vicarage, not thirty feet from its walls ; eight houses continuously, close at the gate, were shut and tenantless. Above the low wall nodded the black feathers, in a slow perpetual stream.

"The coffin of a relative would be accompanied sometimes by Methodists on foot, singing wild and not unmelodious hymns and dirges. They were rather like the hopeless cries of a Mussulman funeral than the sober mourning due to the last sleep of a Christian, and seemed but to add to the general gloom.

"Twelve was the dinner hour ; the clergy would drop in as they could, compare notes, concert any plan of operation for the day. Occasional visitors there were, too, at St. Saviour's ; clergy to see the working of the place, or laymen who had some friend at the College, and who came for a day, or part of one ; gloomy looks and doleful relations it would be hardly fair to inflict upon these, and so cheerfulness must be maintained, or sadness concealed, by an effort of the will.

"There was no long interval of rest. By half-past one or two, all were out again upon their various stations, until half-past seven, the hour for evening service. At five o'clock—I know not why—the plot usually thickened. The clergy were stopped in the street. —'A young woman next door.'—'A young man in the house opposite.' . . . Thus passed the afternoon. The evening meal we got as best we could. Sometimes it was eight, or past, before even the most pressing engagements of the afternoon could be discharged. After a day of such anxiety, the Choral service was refreshing ; the seemly white of the choir boys, the rough Gregorian chant, the spirited hymn, brought home the thoughts, and invigorated the spirits for the night work. More than once a quiet step stole up to the bench of clergy, to communicate some message in a whisper ; one of the number would set down his book and step out. The service over, such necessary work as preparing those under instruction for Confirmation, first Communion, and the like, was performed, amid interruptions, by one or two of the number ; about nine there was a general start for the night. The workpeople go to rest early, and the streets are empty, save for some solitary policeman, who, touching his hat, asks if there are many bad cases to-night. There is a glare from distant foundries on the outskirts ; but the town mills are motionless, save, at intervals of a minute, the slow heavy sigh of a single engine. But the place is not silent ; for the cries of sufferers are audible down every street. More awful than these sounds was the thought, as one looked up at the calm sky, and

questioned whither were fled the souls so lately taken from their bodies, now that their hopes and their labours were ended for ever ?

“Sitting up through the night with the sick could of course only be done occasionally ; the great demands upon St. Saviour’s made it in general impossible. A sad process it was. The hot infectious atmosphere of a small room, with one, perhaps two cholera patients in it, was very oppressive, so that even the chloride of lime, burnt with vitriol after death to kill infection, was a relief. During collapse or insensibility of the patient, the heavy eyes of the watcher closed from time to time ; he would wake with a shock that made the heart beat quick, with the striking of the clock.

“Between eleven and one o’clock, the day’s work was usually over ; yet a summons might arrive after that hour, perhaps to a distant parish ; for it was known that St. Saviour’s men were always to be had. At the very moment that the limbs fell at last like lead upon the welcome mattress, might come the startling knock of the Vicarage door-handle. Selfishness was ready to set down the sound to fancy. No ; there it was again. The clothes were slipped on—the window opened for a brief parley ; in a few minutes the priest and his medicines were again on their way.

“Dreary sights and sounds are more than depressing to the feelings ; for the natural sympathy of the system often produces incipient sickness in the bystander ; if not suppressed instantly cholera would follow to a certainty. He is forced to assume a certain physical stoicism, to keep down any rising emotion ; no easy task, considering the heartrending scenes to be witnessed. . .

\* \* \* \* \*

“Alone in a kitchen cellar, in scanty bed-clothes, lay an old soldier. To the priest the half-conscious sufferer confessed his sins ; he tried to pray as best he could ; he made no terms with the Almighty ; none watched with him, and he knew, he said, that he should die, but he did not repine. When his visitor had done all that he could, he retired, for a woman waited to lead him to a house across the street. There lay a tall handsome youth of nineteen or twenty ; his foe was coming on him step by step with iron strength. . .

\* \* \* \* \*

“More sad was the case of a young girl left dying in the hospital. She had run away from her grandfather to another girl, a friend in Leeds, who told her of large wages. . . . A night she resisted, and then she fell ; a few days after she was taken with the cholera. . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

“Between three and four one night came a summons ; the

priest found on her death-bed a beautiful girl of fourteen, suffering much, but perfectly conscious. Her father, a very tall and fine man, in his dyer's dress stained with indigo, had just been summoned from his work. He had left her, perfectly well, the preceding afternoon. She was his eldest daughter, he said, and kept house for him ; the mother was dead. He put strong restraint upon himself and spoke at times cheerfully ; but every now and then he gave way to passionate bursts of tears, and kissed his poor child again and again. The bystanders tried to prevent him, fearing lest he should take the infection ; but in vain. She was very devout ; <sup>1</sup> she asked her father to be good to her brothers and sisters ; in the evening she was dead."

Little wonder was it, that a heart so exquisitely sensitive as that of John Pollen should have been cruelly acted on by the perpetual recurrence of such scenes as these, and by the thought of the eternal fate of the soul that preoccupied him far more even than the sufferings and partings of time. Despite all efforts at stoicism, the tension of his mind reacted on his body, and he was struck down for a few days. The fact is mentioned tersely in his journal ; he was then able to resume work.

Every member and assistant of the College in turn suffered from attacks of sympathetic cholera ; one young man was prostrate for hours, but he was treated by the clergy and recovered. But the heaviest penalty was naturally paid by Mr. Minster, whose health was fragile at all times. After each attack, after lying down two or three hours to recover strength sufficient, he went out again to work. He was unable to undertake the night work, and would lie awake, listening to the knocks that summoned the others. One day he told John Pollen that he felt very ill. 'If I am taken,' he said, 'treat me our way ; tell me where you will be.' An hour after his friend was summoned from a cottage where he was visiting. 'Mr. Minster is very ill, sir.' John Pollen's heart sank while he quickened his pace ; he sent for the surgeon and for plenty of blankets to roll round Mr. Minster, for he had given away all his own. All that could be thought of was done ;

<sup>1</sup> John Pollen assisted her to make acts of faith in the Creed and acts of contrition.

the Visitation of the Sick was read over him, cheerful words and hopes spoken ; then the pressure of cases carried Pollen away ; but he returned at intervals, and by midnight the danger was over.

At length, by the end of September, the cholera began to abate ; a fast-day was appointed by the Bishop of the diocese, and to the services of the day crawled many a wasted form. Again in October the pest broke out afresh, and raged violently ; then at last it subsided.

What did it leave behind ?

“The world” [says the *Narrative*] “has been visited by its Creator and judge. Every judgment before the final, is founded on love ; is a sentence passed and executed in mercy. Yet how must we hold our breath when first the dire scourge passes over us. For the consciousness of visitation implies the conviction of sin ; and such conviction falls on the stoutest heart like lead when punishment is at the door. Conscience passes sentence on itself. And thus it is that while men are dragged before its seat, they strive vigorously to force back to worldwise considerations the fear-struck inner self ; to view the danger that surrounds them as an external matter ; to reduce it to figures and statistics, to argue philosophically upon it as a phenomenon, to reduce it to physical elements, observe it under the microscope, and to give their discoveries a place in the physiology of the day. This were all wise and good in its place. . . . God is glorified by the search . . . but practically this mode of viewing things is often turned against Him.”

Finally : what change for the better, asks the author, has this fearful visitation effected ? and thus he answers himself :

“The Church, dragging like a vast net through the waves, gathers good into its meshes, even under dark and stormy waters. And so we may rejoice in the conviction that many are saved by these examples of God’s wrath ; many even among its victims, whom other means could not have saved.”

Many were baptized upon their death-beds by the St. Saviour’s men ; all were incited to faith and to contrition, that saving draught of the penitent thief ; while the example of his fellow reminded John Pollen that “suffering is not in itself either repentance or amendment.”



"One word in conclusion. It is under calamities that mutual animosities are softened, and controversies forgotten. . . . In this country we stand opposed to a great and powerful communion, advancing a claim we cannot admit. . . . Yet they and we are the 'two that have been friends in youth'; . . . the cliffs have indeed been rent in sunder, and a dreary sea flows between; but in times like these of war or pestilence these parted Rocks recognise the traces of unity. . . . The Roman and the English priest find their work side by side in the hospital. Rarely does the Roman Church fail in act under emergency. Whether it be on the shores of Cochin China, or on the barricades of Paris,<sup>1</sup> or the hospitals of Liverpool or Leeds, one phase of her character is shown in full: self-devoted charity. In the crowded ward, or the solitary cell, the Roman priest kneels at the death-bed to receive the double legacy, the burden of the conscience, and the deadly infection. In Rome have the Jesuit Fathers walked up and down the streets worst infected by the cholera, ready to answer instantly the constant appeals.<sup>2</sup> In the Salisbury Cholera hospital, the Bishop<sup>3</sup> took the charge upon himself. For once, all differences find a temporary level. Here at least, we may all journey side by side, and find a road open to the City of Peace."

One day, during the cholera, John Pollen was visiting the hospital, where lay two men of the St. Saviour's parish. Dr. Hook chanced to pass through the ward. He asked Pollen whether he was helping in St. Saviour's with the Bishop's permission.

After the cholera was over, Mr. Minster received the following letter :

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—

"I am exceedingly concerned to hear . . . that you had invited Mr. Pollen to become an inmate of St. Saviour's during the autumn. What Mr. Pollen's views and feelings are, we see sufficiently attested in the volume published by Mr. Allies. It is a matter of the deepest regret that you should have identified yourself with him. . . . In the public censure which the Bishop of Oxford made on Mr. Allies' book, he has virtually rebuked, and that in a marked manner, those who

<sup>1</sup> An allusion to Mgr. Affre, Archbishop of Paris, the martyr of charity, who mounted the barricades in February, 1848, seeking to prevent further bloodshed; and not in vain, for at his fall the carnage ceased.

<sup>2</sup> Pollen had a detailed account of these events at an Oxford breakfast with Mr. R. W. Church.

<sup>3</sup> Bishop Denison.

were the companions of Mr. Allies, and who attended with him so assiduously the various services of the Romish Church . . . I am. . . .

“C. T. RIFON.”

Mr. Minster replied :

“I am sorry Mr. Pollen’s assistance during the cholera should have met with your Lordship’s disapprobation ; he volunteered to assist me. At the time, I myself was nearly disabled, Mr. Rooke was prostrate with low fever, and Mr. Beckett, from exhaustion and overwork, was scarce able to keep his legs. At the same time my people were being literally decimated. . . . I could not see them die in numbers daily, with no one to assist and comfort them. It was surely no time to hesitate as to a man, because there was an objection on the part of some to his supposed opinions. I say, supposed ; because I am not aware that Mr. Pollen in his public or private teaching has ever been convicted of unsoundness in doctrine, or infringement of discipline. He has, besides, claims on me of friendship . . . whatever touches him, touches me. . . . The Bishop of Oxford, moreover, has pronounced no *opinion whatever* upon Mr. Allies’ book . . . . If your Lordship *will take the responsibility upon yourself*, and inhibit him from taking duty here, I shall feel myself bound to abide by your Lordship’s decision.”

The subject dropped.

## CHAPTER XIX

PRELUDES, NOVEMBER, 1849, TO JANUARY, 1850

**T**ROUBLE was now to set in upon John Pollen from a new quarter. The unwilling author thereof was a highly original mind and a remarkable character of the Movement, seeking a new solution of the vexed question of the Reunion of the Churches, a theological, oriental, historical, and archæological scholar : the Reverend William Palmer of Magdalen.

Unlike John Pollen, he was, in those days at least, unable to throw off even for a time the serious side of life and of study. Hence the converse or rather monologue of this kindest of men weighed upon the spirits of the casual acquaintance. But in the Pollen circle it was otherwise.

“ William Palmer just turned up (at Rodbourne) from Greece and South Russia (says Hungerford Pollen’s journal), and John from Oxford. . . . Talking all the evening. . . . William declaiming for nigh two hours on the case of Pope Honorius, and in favour of Purgatory.—Highly agreeable.”

And John :

“ William has just given me his religious history, which interested me vastly. First—under the authority of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London—he sent out a missionary as ambassador to the Nestorians. But the Patriarch would have nothing to say to him. Then he lived with a priest at Tours, and attended their services ; . . . then with the Calvinist Moderator at Paris ; then with the Lutherans at Geneva ; he always finding that both these completely threw over Calvin and Luther as benighted. At<sup>th</sup> Hamburg he spent considerable pains in translating and reducing Calvin’s works. He then tried the Vallais ; it was much the same thing ; then the Swedes, who, with every external

of Catholic worship, still treat the Holy Eucharist as received only *in faith*. Amongst all this the English system stands out as a monster with two heads, not identified with Protestantism by any means ; sects breaking over her like foam, but, by their very antagonism, testifying to the something redeeming which possesses her life."

Wisdom William Palmer now sought from the East. His rooms at Oxford were the haunt of learned Orientals : " Rassam the Chaldee in his dress . . . Popporf the Russian priest . . . (or) Gregory Alephaoura, the Armenian monk." By their aid he hunted out manuscripts dormant in Syrian monasteries, studied monuments, read assiduously, knew every detail concerning the Lower Empire, and every point of dispute in the Greek or Latin Churches from the day of St. John the Evangelist to the present.

But his efforts were not confined to theory. For years he had striven, by personal communication with ecclesiastical authorities in East and West, actually to bring about the reunion he dreamed. He travelled from city to city ; English, Scotch, and American prelates he beset ; but they regarded his ideas as chimerical. In the East he was better received.

"The theological tide [comments John Pollen] seems to have swept past William Palmer. He stands like a solitary rock in troubled waters, intent ever on his one original aim ; visited on all sides with contempt, and subject to delays and disappointments under which any man less single-hearted would long ago have sunk. *Deo placeat favere cœptis*."

But Pollen, while greatly admiring Mr. Palmer, did not share his views, and at the close of the visit received a great shock on learning from Wynne and Patterson that, induced by Palmer, they were seriously considering a submission to the Greek Church.

"I am very anxious about the pair ; I can't see what they have to stand upon. Sad and gloomy look-out, it seems to me."

Wynne and Patterson were in any case bent upon a pilgrimage to the East ; by November they had made up their minds, and begged Pollen to accompany them on a visit of *inquiry* to Jerusalem.



It will be well here to trace the evolution of Wynne's thoughts since his tour with Pollen and Allies in 1847.

He had returned to England in October, and next month another question had arisen, harassing to those who would demonstrate the authority of the English Church to be from heaven. The notorious Dr. Hampden was to receive the mitre.

The orthodoxy of this divine in his Bampton Lectures had been impugned; but defended on the ground of their impenetrable obscurity. Bishop Wilberforce humorously suggested that the Doctor should be made to preach always in Hebrew. But in a pamphlet written in 1834, Hampden's words had been transparent. For him, not all that the Scripture tells us is revealed; and the Unitarian is on the same footing as any other Christian.

Such views, in those days, were distasteful to both High and Low Church. Nevertheless Lord John Russell named Dr. Hampden in November, 1847, for the vacant see of Hereford.

The clergy in all quarters were up in arms; meetings were held, remonstrances adopted; the *Times* and the *Morning Post* reflected the indignant attitude of the High party. Nearly half the Bishops—but not he of Canterbury—signed an address of protest to Lord John.

To this the Prime Minister replied that if he withdrew his recommendation of Dr. Hampden, he would be "transferring to others the supremacy now by law invested in the Crown."

Thus was insult added to injury; for to the Tractarian the question of orthodoxy paled before that of Royal supremacy.

"How is it that you, who have no Pope, have a *Papessa*?" an Italian had asked of Allies. He was indignant at the ignorance of the questioner; the Queen was not, and could not be, Head of the Church.

But Dr. Hampden was consecrated at Lambeth on March 26, 1848; and all, save the Puseyites, forgetting the things that are behind, sank back into a "comfortable" state of mind.

Pollen's journal follows anxiously the whole controversy from November to March. The Leeds College had shaken their heads over it; but Dr. Hook was "all for Hampden";

and the Bishop of Ripon had not so much as signed the Remonstrance.

Dr. Pusey ;—therefore, of course, such as Marriott,—and Keble, though sorely exercised, were not shaken ; but others felt that an Erastian Church could not be divine, and began to look out for “cheap lodgings elsewhere.”<sup>1</sup> Mr. Bittlestone, for instance, curate of Mr. Upton Richards, departed for Rome ; and John Pollen found his Vicar in great anxiety, and talking gloomily—in the strictest confidence—of the possible defection of Manning. The Reverend Baptist Noel and other Low Church clergymen<sup>2</sup> left the English Church for a form of Nonconformity of their own. And Wynne and Patterson, like Mr. Palmer, believing the gates of Rome to be shut, turned their steps towards Jerusalem.

“Magdalen Chapel in the evening. Such an evening ; clear pure sunset sky, and all the Oxford buildings in deep sharp body colour blues. . . . John Wynne ; talk on religion . . . so ends November. Would that I, like him, could retreat from the world some nine days and see the length, depth, and breadth of the past. . . . I often think what an unsatisfactory whirl is moral life in Oxford ; an apparent command of leisure yet a real slavery to this and that. . . .”

\* \* \* \* \*

“*From John Wynne,*

“*LOUVAIN, November 18, 1849.*

“*MON CHER JEAN DE MERTON,—*

“‘*En voiture, Messieurs ! en voiture !*’. . . It is always painful to prepare for a long journey, even with a prospect of the East before you. In our present condition it is difficult to keep eternity before the mind, and what is true of time is true also of distance. . . . The 1,500 miles lies upon me like an incubus ; every league seems to add to a sorites of difficulty. Then there is the arrangement of business, and the setting of one’s house in order—the anxieties of packing, each package suggesting a thousand cases while in course of preparation, and only supplying an additional *impedimentum in posse* when completed—and then comes, worst of all, the parting with friends and the separation of daily ties. . . . ‘*Mais ce n’est que le premier pas qui coûte !*’ Once fairly started,

<sup>1</sup> Newman to Hope-Scott,

<sup>2</sup> November, 1848.

one prosecutes one's way with vigour, and sinks regrets in the action of the route. . . . I am just going to Vespers here ; and a stream of blouses pours in and out of church before and after every Mass that is said. . . . The Cathedral at Malines was crowded to excess, and with people of every class, rich and poor, boys and girls, young men and maidens, old men and matrons. The body of Christ is here assuredly a visible society, and the net takes in all sorts of fish. *Omne solum forti patria*, and every Catholic land is a home to a Catholic. . . . Here in Belgium, we see the compatibility of Ecclesiastical supremacy with the advancement of material civilization, while the entire assumption of temporal administration into the hands of laymen does not impinge upon spiritual rights. . . . The position of the Holy See, *if its claim be just*, must be unique ; and, *if so*, one could not argue from Belgium to other cases. . . . The last revolution here, 1830, was, I suppose, a thoroughly Church movement, and there are those who will tell you that Cardinal Sterx is still King of Belgium . . . but if so, there are still Hittites in the land . . . there is a strong *anti-Jesuit* party (one knows what *that* means). . . . But I am ashamed to find that I have written so much and that upon a subject of which I know nothing. I have done, and you are free. I shall not draw rein until I reach Vienna ; . . . I keep my eyes fixed upon the East. Eh bien, mon cher, nous 'partons pour la Syrie.' The Red Cross Knight is already upon his march and I pray that he may bring home Una in the form of Truth.

"Ever thine,

"JOHANNES CHICHELIENSIS.

"Commend me to E. B. Pusey, W. H. Heathcote, T. W. Allies, Church, Marriott, and all the faithful."

\* \* \* \* \*

John Pollen again spent Christmas at Leeds.

"I painted a *presepio* ; shepherds seen behind the crib ; all arranged in a *bosquet* upon the Infant School steps, with lights. Here the carols were sung. . . . Rooke and I decorated a huge spruce fir, sent by Philip Savile. . . . The children are to me a great delight. . . . How I did enjoy it all !"

But, for the first time, he finds something wanting in the services, earnest and devotional as they were. In truth, it was he himself who was changing.

"At midnight, the first Mass. The stoles all white. The gleams of glory about this place are too much for me; they intoxicate me, and excite my tastes unreally. *O quando.*"

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

The first entry of the journal for 1850 is:

*Veni Creator.*

The year opened ominously for St. Saviour's. Miss Williams, a most capable Head of the Orphanage, left it early in January as a Roman catechumen, taking with her a promising girl of the place. Great was the consternation of the Vicar; and John Pollen reasoned in vain with the defaulter.

"She was wrenched at parting from her pupils, but declared that the opposition of authorities to orthodox teaching at St. Saviour's had destroyed her faith in the English Church."

The loss to the College was immense; and worse, the scandal to its repute. To a letter of information from Mr. Minster, the Bishop replied that he was deeply mortified, though not surprised at these perversions, since they were certainly due "to the introduction at St. Saviour's of a clergyman (Mr. Pollen) suspected of leanings towards Rome."

No one, however, was proof against John Pollen when it came to a personal interview. He urged his own case, and that of St. Saviour, on many points; and his lordship ended, as usual, in kindness.

John Pollen's repute for sound doctrine had in fact been widely compromised by the *Journal in France*. He was now forbidden by the Bishop of London to officiate at Margaret Street, by the Bishop of Oxford to hear confessions within that diocese, while "a friendly warning" was whispered to the Warden of Merton.

But private troubles were to be drowned in the din of a great strife. In mid-January John Pollen left Leeds, and found, in Oxford as in London, the Gorham Case *crescendo*.



## CHAPTER XX

### THE GORHAM CASE (1850)

**I**N January, 1850, all England was beginning to be intent upon an affair that might prove momentous for the English Church. It is necessary to recall the matter summarily in order to any understanding of the thoughts and acts of John Pollen and his friends.

In the very month—March, 1848—when Dr. Hampden was forced upon the see of Hereford, the Bishop of Exeter had refused to institute to a cure in his diocese, one who had denied regeneration in infant baptism—Mr. Gorham. Recourse was had to the Court of Arches, which in August, 1849, gave judgment for the Bishop.

Mr. Gorham then referred to the Judicial Committee<sup>1</sup> of the Privy Council, which in 1833—the birth-year of the Movement—had been constituted supreme Court in ecclesiastical matters. He appealed, that is, from a decision of the Church to that of the State.

What will happen, every one was asking, if a decision is given adverse to the Bishop of Exeter? The Church of England will be committed—answered the High section—to a toleration of heresy; and that on the very key-note of the sacramental system. But the question even of heresy was subordinate to that of the authority of the Church. Is it to be overruled by a secular Court? in other words, is the Supremacy divine or human?

The principles at stake were identical with those involved in the Hampden affair; no others, in fact, than those at issue throughout the whole Tractarian movement. But never had they shown more obvious than now, or more appealing.

<sup>1</sup> Four lay members (that is, a majority), together with the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishop of London, formed the Committee.

The decision of the Committee was expected in March ; at the end of January "the ecclesiastical cauldron," wrote Mr. Minster, "is at boiling point." Reasons differed with parties.

Such Puseyites as were of the very essence of Puseyism, were immovably fixed in the sincerest belief in the Church of England as divine. She was, for them, not the City on the Hill, but an abstraction, unconnected in essence with any official of Church or State. If facts were against this theory, facts, centuries hence, maybe, would be explained. Meanwhile, men must live by faith, and act or wait in patience. To the question "Faith in what ? or in whom ?" the answer was "In the historic continuity of the English Church" ; and Keble would point to Pusey, and Pusey to Keble, and others like him. The sincerity of these great leaders, their personal dignity, held many men who were content not to sound for themselves the logical basis of their position.

There were again Puseyites—as Pollen and Allies—who believed that the continuity of the English Church could not be disproved, and that her present Erastianism was an unfortunate but curable accident. They differed from Pusey and Keble in that they were open to conviction.

For a third class their friends and relatives were trembling. In the chain of evidence against the English Church they had long been counting the links, and would reckon as the last an adverse decision in the Gorham Case. Then they must leave her ; for Greece, for Nonconformity, for infidelity—for Rome.

The largest body in the High Church—and here followed many too of the Low—thought it would be a terrible pity if an adverse decision were given. They were prepared to protest against it with all their might. But no other practical consequences occurred to them as necessarily annexed to the situation.

Entirely opposed to these four sections were the Evangelicals, who gloried in the idea of State supremacy, and who were threatening to break altogether with the Church, if the doctrine of Baptismal regeneration were forced upon them by the Judicial Committee. The Bishops greatly feared this class, and its loud-mouthed organ, the *Christian Observer*. And there were men—how few, it is difficult now to realize—impatient

to exasperation with those who thought dogma of any moment whatever. They were moving on slowly from the point where "Broad" opened out into "Free" opinions. The words of Arnold upon Scripture, the sermons of Arthur Stanley, of Frederick Maurice, had startled Pollen more than once; and James Anthony Froude had just finished "a fearful book: *The Nemesis of Faith*."

Lastly, there were men of every shade of opinion between these various classes; and there were men who, as the plot thickened, were impelled to pass from one class to another.

But where, it was anxiously asked, would the Bishops be found?

Preparations for war proceeded. Church Unions, for discussion and protest, were formed all over the country; and from mid-January Pollen's journal, following the times, is full of "hurryings to and fro, and tremblings of distress."

"Rodbourne, *January* 19.—Upton Richards here, and tells us that a grand fight is impending. Keble is preparing a protest against lay tribunals, Royal Supremacy, and what not. Every one is on the *qui vive* for a rumpus. . . . London, 22nd.—With Allies to talk things over; he, I, and Upton Richards, to Manning; but he would not communicate his thoughts. Back to E. B. Pusey, whom Allies pressed home about the question of acting, not speaking merely, in this agitation. . . ."

In February opened a fire of pamphlets. Dr. Pusey had foreseen that the question would turn finally on the Supremacy; and, urged by his followers to make things clear, set to work early in the month.

"*February* 12.—To help Charles Marriott with heavy books for Dr. Pusey's new pamphlet on the Supremacy. . . . 15th.—With Marriott to the Bodleian. . . . 20th.—21st.—Verifying references all these mornings. . . . Dr. Pusey wants to *approfondir* the *Pontificale* and the *Regale*." <sup>1</sup>

But the Doctor had hardly begun to write when the first shot was fired by "A Letter" from the Chaplain of the Bishop

This pamphlet was never finished.

of London ;<sup>1</sup> it struck the opinions of Pollen, still more those of Allies, with startling violence.

Passing over the point of doctrine, Mr. Maskell went at once to that of authority. The Judicial Committee, he said, even were it composed entirely of Bishops, yet derived its jurisdiction from the State. Such a court was obviously excluded by the law of Christ from dealing with questions of faith and discipline. What is more, the State Supremacy, established by English law three centuries before, had been, then and since, fully accepted by the Church of England.

"February 23.—Maskell's pamphlet out at last. A most smashing set of facts, if there is nothing against it, and totally new to me. They seem to prove all the case ever made out against us."

Then came the long-looked-for decision.

"March 9.—Yesterday the great Gorham Case was judged. The Vice-Chancellor, Knight Bruce, is against his fellows ; and the Bishop of London. The rest all profess to disregard the question of doctrine ; but pronounce most definitely, nevertheless, thereon.<sup>2</sup> A fatal smash, I think. 10th.—Long confab. with W. H. B. He thinks, with me, there is no use concealing its consequences.

"The English Church has proclaimed heresy [he wrote to Allies]. You cannot, it seems to me, teach Baptism to be a real Sacrament, except as *your opinion*, after this decision ; is not this true ?"

Hungerford Pollen was devouring the news at Rodbourne.

"The Archbishops of Canterbury and York ! *proh pudor !* said doctrine not repugnant to Church of England !! the framers of the Articles left room for difference of opinion, and so the Bishop is to induct Gorham !!! The judgment, with some appearance of calmness and learning, most shallow, and enunciating some of the most wretched of Protestant ideas. *Ecclesiæ nostræ propitietur, Domine !*"<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Rev. W. Maskell, *A First Letter on the Present Position of the High Church Party.*

<sup>2</sup> "It is highly improper that this Court should fix on one meaning to an article subject to dubious interpretation. . . . This Court has not jurisdiction or authority to settle matters of Faith . . . [yet they declare that] Mr. Gorham's opinions are not contrary to the declared doctrine of the Church of England, [and that] he should be instituted to the Vicarage of Brampford Speke."

<sup>3</sup> Hungerford Pollen, Private journal.



Tracts, pamphlets, letters to the *Times*, echoed on all sides the denunciations of the High Church, whilst the Evangelicals by other organs sounded a triumph.

The Puseyites made a gallant stand. All this spring they were indefatigable in the only course open to them as Puseyites ; viz. : in efforts to repudiate the Gorham decision. Protests, worded by noted Tractarians, were sent up and down the country for signatures. Ten petitions were sent to the Crown, twenty to the Primate of Canterbury, and so on. John Pollen was as busy as anybody.

“ Dilectissime Frater Thoma,

“ Will you sign, and get five or six signatures, at least, of any adult, to the accompanying ? Send a copy to any decent Christian. They must be at the House of Lords, directed to the Bishop of Chichester, by Monday. We must fight with the whole broadside. *Dieu et mon droit.*”

St. Saviour’s of course hurled its thunders. “ We utterly denounce, detest, and abjure the said decision, . . . nor . . . will we attribute to any secular court the right of deciding in matters of Faith.” And Dr. Hook, and Bishop Longley added this one more crime to their long indictment against the College ; but its hour had not yet come.

But protest was almost confined to the Tractarians, or Tractarian initiative. The Bishops—all but three—some, as the two Primates, with open approval, the rest at least tacitly—acquiesced in the situation as to doctrine, and held almost fiercely to Royal Supremacy. At Oxford, W. Beadon Heathcote drew up a paper declaring a belief in baptismal regeneration. This was signed by forty-four Oxford tutors, and a similar document by Drs. Routh of Magdalen and Harington of Brasenose ; otherwise no Head of College stirred. Nor was there any general meeting of the clergy ; and the indifference of many on the subject seemed, to deeper thinkers, the gravest feature of the crisis.

“ Oxford, *March 12.*—Allies shocked by the coolness of Oxford generally. . . . Some not even thinking it heresy. . . . It is wonderful how little people see the bearing of principle herein. Launton, *March 19.*—Sweet still misty mornings, and bright

calm evenings. How very silent, meditative, and serious a season is this weather in Lent. Every spray seems on the eve of a mighty growth ; birds and other creatures fill all the air with that kind of full undertone, seemingly subdued by the solemnity of the time. . . . With it is an oppressive sense that life and the world's day are fast breaking ; that soon the whirl, the fever, and the gaudy beauty of visible things will drown reflection and cloud over the high designs and solemn resolutions taken in the cool morning before the plunge. . . . What may not intervene before we calm down to reflection once more ? . . . The spirit is willing now, but in the boil of the downward rush of waters, what may be the weakness of the flesh ? . . . But God's love is stronger than man's weakness. Blessed be Thy Name, O Blessed Son of Man, Whose tears once fell for the sorrows of men. Cannot one of these tears purchase our safeguard ? ”

The questions pressed painfully upon Pollen's mind : Has the Church of England accepted the judgment, or has she not ? If she has, can she be the Church of Christ ? Can the judgment be in fact repudiated by such as remain in communion with the body accepting it ?

He consulted Dr. Pusey. “ Did not get much out of him—but my conscience would not let me tire him ; ” and he wrote at some length to Mr. Alexander Beresford Hope.

His reply represents so well the Puseyite attitude at this juncture, the distress of the Party, together with its resolve not to be beaten, that it is here given almost in extenso.

“ CONNAUGHT PLACE, LONDON,  
“ *March 16th, 1850.*

“ MY DEAR POLLEN,—

“ Very many thanks for so unreservedly telling me your feeling at this most sad and most appalling crisis. Most truly and most deeply do I sympathize with you in this, that miserable judgement is enough to shake the stoutest heart and afflict the most sanguine spirit. But we should still remember that this is the first trial to which the Church of England has been put *as* a Church since the revival of Catholic feeling in her. She has had many blows which have fallen very grievously on her members—the silencing of Dr. Pusey—the loss of Newman—the appointment of Hampden, and so on. Those were very great trials indeed ; but they were trials which in no way affected the corporate character of the Church of

England. This late judgement at least compromises externally that corporate character, and is therefore a sorrow of a different kind to any which we have yet had to bear; but is it not *a priori* to suppose that a revival such as that in which we have existed would have had such a trial as that which we are passing through? Was it to be supposed that the Church of England could have been righted without a chastening? Surely matters have been long tending to this. Fancy if the question of Baptism had been tried before the Judicial Committee in the year 1833 when it was instituted, who would have cared for the result? . . .

"The expectation of an immediate success, and the faintheartedness if after a long struggle we are not yet conquerors, must both be banned if we would wish to fight a *real* battle. . . .

"I am sure when the first consternation is over that you will be amongst the foremost and the most valiant champions of the Church of England. I fear the next month—and I fear six months hence when the more weakhearted begin to flag. May God in His goodness safely carry us through these two eventful times.

"Ever yours sincerely,

"A. BERESFORD HOPE."

This letter, to Pollen's mind, presented a view that could not, he thought, be set aside. Darkness was still upon the face of the waters; but he set himself to make the best of things.

Allies was now stunned by a totally unlooked for announcement from his wife.

Without preamble she informed him that she was completely satisfied of the falsehood of Anglicanism, and meant as a consequence to join at once the Roman Church. Of "paper" difficulties she was not capable. She went by the visibility of things; and, jumping with characteristic speed to conclusions, she anticipated a solution of the situation that was now brought forward by the greatest intellect of the age. "One alone can ride those waves; it is the boat of Peter, the Ark of God"<sup>1</sup>

Newman's *Difficulties of Anglicans* were delivered to crowded audiences in May. The Puseyite leaders held back as many of their followers as they could from attending them, and Pollen did not go. He read them later, and their effect will be noted.

Was the Roman solution the right and the only right one?

<sup>1</sup> *Difficulties of Anglicans*.

Allies was ready to accept it; but Pollen strongly urged delay, in order to further historical research, and an exhaustive work upon the supremacy. "Nothing but such a task," he said, "can bring under calm review whatever remains to be said for the English Church."

On May 11 eighty of Edward Coleridge's old pupils had assembled at Eton to celebrate his fiftieth birthday.

"The large gathering of old faces was delightful; Lord de Tabley and James Hope were the oldest pupils. . . . Stayed over Sunday. The very savour of the place, from great things and people to small, is refreshing. Weather delightful; Hungerford, Allies, and I strolled over the playing fields; and to Windsor. Long conversation with Ed. Coleridge on eccl. matters. I fear the present crisis affects them all but little. . . . To London; met Anderson, much troubled at the state of things,—then to Upton Richards, where we learnt that *John Wynne and Patterson had offered themselves on Good Friday at Jerusalem to the Latins*. . . . Back to the Wynne's to tell Charles and Laura. . . . *O! quid facendum a nobis!*"

Great was the consternation in both families. John's mother made a woman's leap to further conclusions. At once she prophesied the very worst. "John Wynne turned Roman! Then he will certainly be a priest, and probably a Jesuit."

"Many in England [Wynne was even now writing] will, on hearing of my conversion, favour me with hard names; the most lenient, perhaps, will ascribe it to an excitable temper, or a disordered digestion, or mental imbecility. . . . But you, at least, will give me credit for worthy intentions and patient investigation."

He judged rightly. Pollen wrote at once a few affectionate words, with offers of service, and set to work with his usual loyalty to defend the honour, though by no means the act, of his absent friend.

In October, 1849, John Wynne had joined James Laird Patterson<sup>1</sup> at Naples. Thence they went up the Nile, seeing what they could of the missions and monasteries amid the rocks of the valley. The perplexities which had oppressed them in England gradually withdrew; the conviction

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Bishop of Emmaus.



that one Church only could be universal grew slowly but surely. Wynne had by accident dropped his Common Prayer Book overboard before reaching Egypt. "Is it an omen?" he asked. They made their way over the desert to Jerusalem.

On Good Friday they were on their road to the evening service; but it was now after sunset, and they found that the Turkish guards had just closed the gates of the city. Without word or sign to each other, they retired, each making in his heart the act of submission to the Church, into which they were admitted in Easter week.

May drew on; and Mrs. Allies would wait no longer. She was received; and Pollen on his next visit found her "quite herself again." She wrote urging him to follow her example, and wondering why her husband, too, did not make more haste. That temporal ruin would follow Allies' step weighed with her not at all. Pollen replies in his elastic way:

"MY DEAR MRS. ALLIES,—

"I am sorry to say—as I know you hate Protestants—that I am fast bound by the leg for some time. As for your husband, remember it is a good fat stake which hangs on his present actions; and a time of misery like ours (poor beasts) is a bad one for calm judgment. We must compare things, and our own relation to them, together. How nice of J. H. N. and the old Vescovo. Your step does settle difficulties so gloriously! . . . When are you coming to Merton? . . . As for your relatives, it's an ungenerous part. I declare, the dirty tricks the Anglicans play to old friends is enough to drive one off any day. I think, when I see an old Don rubbing up against me: 'What would you say to me, old fellow, if I *went over*?' . . . Suddenly discover that instead of a 'conscientious young man' I was 'a snake in the grass.' Well, those who do their best to follow God's will will be rewarded. I respect you, really and sincerely. You know I always told Allies where I thought he was wrong in old days, but I loved him while I told him; and so I do now. Pray for Pusey—and for poor me, too, that we may know and do God's will.

"God be with you,

"Your poor old Protestant,

"J. H. P."

The letter ends with the sketch of an auto-da-fé, Pollen in flames at the stake and Mrs. Allies piling on faggots.

## CHAPTER XXI

### RENTS IN THE ARMOUR (1850)

THE Church of England had not sailed through the late disaster without some rents in her armoured sides. How to repair these was the question ; and here, " the Brotherhood of the Holy Trinity " found themselves, for the first time, at variance with their leader. It had been both perplexing and painful to them that Dr. Pusey had not come forward to declare positively what doctrine the Church did actually hold upon Baptism. His silence they held responsible for the shaken faith of many.

Moreover, in connection with *Supremacy* had arisen the question of *Jurisdiction*. Whence had the Anglican confessors obtained authoritative permission for the absolutions so lavishly bestowed during the last five years or more ?

John Pollen, with Beadon Heathcote, Upton Richards, and the Bishop of Brechin, together visited Dr. Pusey more than once, to seek satisfaction upon both points. But upon each the Doctor confined himself to vague generalities. Controversy, he believed, would only imperil the Cause.

His followers grew impatient. Men famished for food will not stand upon ceremony. Again they called sternly for the explicit truth. John Pollen remembered the cholera at Leeds. Had the absolutions given by the clergy at the risk of their lives to the dying been, sacramentally at least, valueless ? was he himself deprived of an essential sacrament, and debarred from administering it to others ?

In this emergency he supported Mr. Allies, Mr. Maskell, and Mr. Dodsworth, in open attack upon Dr. Pusey.

" MY DEAR T. W. A.,—

" . . . I have been feeling pulses here, and I think the true men

will really fight. If so, we must go to work warily. Any exhibition of passion or smallness will be so much way lost. . . . Heathcote, Upton Richards, and I have been holding a Cabinet. U. R. is the right man for Pusey. I want to cram U. R. at the fence, hold his head at it, and dig in the spurs. . . ."<sup>1</sup>

But "oh!" he cried, in his journal, as the strife began, "O me! how sorrowful one's reflections! How many hopes have gone down, how much of the prospect blighted, and oh! what war to the knife with all one once prized so very, very dearly."

Presently, "A joint letter" from Messrs. Allies, Maskell, and Dodsworth, was sent to Dr. Pusey, declaring that it would be published together with any reply he might choose to send. The letter demanded *under what authorization were private confessions received in the Church of England*. It was published in July; and Dr. Pusey, in a lengthy reply, stated that *the power of the keys belonged to every presbyter*. In view of Allies' contrary opinion, Pollen, not a historic scholar, could but suspend, for the time, his own judgment.

This public challenge was the more painful to Dr. Pusey in that the Bishops were supporting it in the hopes of undermining his influence.

"Charles Marriott furious at our move. . . . I was persecuting [Pollen wrote afterwards] a far better man than myself. But there was no help for it."

But in Dr. Pusey resentment had no part. His relations with John Pollen were as kindly as before.

"No one [wrote John Pollen to Mrs. Allies] so makes me wonder as Pusey. I am sure they who abuse him, as some converts do, know neither him, nor what they say. . . . Though [he confided to his journal] I am sometimes completely floored by his utter want of ability to grasp any consistent set of principles in religious matters."

Nor did the adverse criticism which all this year surrounded the Doctor from both friend and foe, shake John Pollen's trust in his old guide's honour.

<sup>1</sup> Undated letter, written at this time to Mr. Allies.

Here must be told how Dr. Pusey justified that trust, by standing against all the world in defence of a great principle.

With the express purpose of showing that the Gorham Judgment had been repudiated out of no sympathy with Rome, a monster meeting was convened at Bristol in August, and later another in London. Even Keble had been anxious that Dr. Pusey should restore his own credit, and that of his party, by some "moderate anti-Roman declaration."

But Dr. Pusey was unshaken. When the anti-Roman resolution had been proposed, he rose, deeply moved. Never, he declared, could he make antagonism to any body of Christians the basis of *religious union*. And thus his great speech ended :

"If the labours of years will not persuade men that we are faithful to the Church of England, words will not. . . . But death in her bosom WILL."

For a few minutes there was silence ; then loud cheers arose, and the resolution was publicly withdrawn by its very mover.

Before this, the High Church had uttered finally upon the Gorham Case.

John Pollen was one of the two thousand and more that thronged to St. Martin's Hall<sup>1</sup> on July 23, to declare that they refused once and for ever the decision of the Crown and of their Primates. All the Puseyite pillars, and a single Bishop, were present.<sup>2</sup> Never did Mr. Beresford Hope and Dr. Sewell urge with more eloquence that the repudiation had been complete, and that each man might go down to his own house with a conscience assured. But the Archdeacon of Chichester sounded a warning note.

"We are [he said] in two dangers : first, of underrating the crisis ; second, of overrating the Meeting."

And John Pollen's verdict was :

"R. I. Wilberforce's and Manning's the only speeches to the point. The rest mere flummery."

<sup>1</sup> Under the presidency of Mr. John G. Hubbard, afterwards Lord Addington.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Bagot, of Bath and Wells.



And now the last word had been said, and the great body of doubters could realize their position, and face the choice to which they were impelled.

There still remained the immovable group ; Pusey, Keble, Marriott. With them stood, for instance, Mr. Beresford Hope. Upon the rest, fundamental forces were working since last March. Slowly one Tractarian current began to set for Rome ; another, more swift, to flow away from her in numberless directions.

“ A long row of great names [Hungerford Pollen had written, early in the year] told out to me, as due for Rome. *Etiam tristissimum.*”

A few well known seceders had already in August given colour to the prophecy, but there was as yet no marked movement of departure Romeward. Men were still dazed and doubtful, as if roused from sleep. It was hardly before the late autumn that the tide of conversion fairly flowed ; nor did the flood reach its height till the following spring.

Those on the onward current, often wholly ignorant of whither it was bearing them, and far as yet from their destination, were keenly watched. Protestants accused them as sold to the Papists, staying awhile within the English Church “ in order to inveigle other victims in their fall ” ; Roman Catholics there were who ridiculed their inconsistency, or set down their delays to fear of losing caste, friends, or fortune ; they would be finally branded by Puseyites as deserters from the Cause ; or, at best, pitied and partly excused, as driven out of the English Church by persecution.

So judged the world : while the painful path really trod by men who were led blindfold by their consciences, step by step, is known fully to God alone, but may be traced *secundum quid* in some Apologia—written, so to speak, in their heart’s blood. Such a record is found in Allies’ *Life’s Decision*, or Mr. Minster’s letters, or Wynne’s or the Pollens’ private journals.

“ Children of the Movement ! [cried its author] others have scoffed at you, but I never ; others may have made light of your principles, or your sincerity, but never I.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Newman, *Difficulties of Anglicans* (Longmans, 1891), vol. i., Lecture 10, section 8, pp. 397–8.

So, as the months went on, changes came ; John Pollen, too, has been seen to change, slowly, very slowly ; and change was bringing with it only anguish. Cruel was the loss of friends, and of valiant men of the Cause. Wynne was gone ; Allies was surely going. Sorer still, Pollen's confidence in his greatest human guide was gradually vanishing, and there was none to supply his place. The flood was rising and sweeping away the old landmarks, and no road lay over the surface of the waters. Never did he waver in one certain trust. Truth, objective truth, lay somewhere. But it might be, he felt, that he should find it only beyond the grave.

Still, his attitude was not one of quiescence, but of search. Regarding the Papal Supremacy, he resolved on a step requiring courage from a man of his modesty.

"I have made up my mind to write to the Archbishop of Paris. It's tremendously *impudent* of me. . . ."

Monseigneur Sibour, who was to add another name to the list of murdered Archbishops,<sup>1</sup> sent him in reply a letter,<sup>2</sup> kind, lengthy, and able as to principles ; in historic facts it satisfied neither John Pollen nor his friends. Little wonder was it that a French prelate, though a learned, should be less conversant with archives at certain cross roads than Allies, a specialist at these very points. "The wonder being," wrote William Palmer to Hungerford, "not that there should be historic difficulties, but that there should be so few."

The following snatches of conversations held during July and August, 1850, show Pollen still in earnest search of truth amongst his friends. He is ever ready to learn, and to learn of any one ; but he will take his stand only upon principles. Like a man entering a swamp, he first strikes upon the ground in every direction for a footing.

"*July 6.*—To Butler at Wantage : Fine bold country ; excellent

<sup>1</sup> In 1857 he was stabbed in the Pantheon by a priest of evil life whom he had suspended.

<sup>2</sup> It is addressed :

England,  
Merton,  
Rev. John Pollen,  
a fellow in Oxford.

double schools; washing room, infant room . . . far the best building I have yet seen for such a purpose. . . . Much converse with B. Tried to get him to face the idea of a Church; but I cannot; he runs off on all sides. Subjective evidences, and our Church of England refinements, are his only real arguments. Defining or pronouncing truth not, he says, the work of a Church. Very kind and nice, but oh! oh! oh! the Catholic Faith! *Perdifficillime principia apprehendit*. 8th.—More converse with B. Moral obliquity attributed to those not agreeing with him.”

Nothing in Pollen’s journal is more characteristic than the way he turns for relief from sad thoughts to the gay or solemn side of nature and humanity.

“Down to Nuneham; smiling and beautiful as always. Mrs. Payne’s children, nice natural creatures; such a relief to me to have a playfellow or two. . . .

“ . . . Talk with A. Beresford Hope. The Gorham question has not changed him. . . . I think he does not face (who does?) the question of authority, or any intelligible idea of the unity of the Church. . . . To Woodard at Shoreham. He is now more anti-Roman, and it does seem to me, on more private views, than ever. He *had* thought heretofore, he says, that preaching true doctrine would have ended in Union; but now thinks this hopeless. It is the pride of Rome which causes her to claim supremacy. If I worked hard, I should ‘get all right’ very soon. All his men had become much less Roman since they were with him, etc., etc., etc. . . . Splendid schools he has here. . . . To Rodbourne. . . . Much conversation with L., but he still drives his own coach and will not face things as they are. J. Bode to see me. He was so upset at hearing of my state of mind [readiness to accept Rome if convinced], that he burst into tears—*ce qui m’a beaucoup touché, car il ne s’émeut que rarement*. . . .

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“July 9.—. . . All the evening the peals have been rung, muffled for Sir Robert, tolling minute bells for the Duke.<sup>1</sup> Walked out, a calm and starlight night. The wind rustled and sighed in the trees, and the bells, clear one side the peal, and muffled the other, sounding melancholy exceedingly, with the wild sweet mournful tones I so often heard at Venice. They came to me over the Grand Canal with the same thoughts of desolation and decay of what was once so prosperous. . . . In what are we better than our fathers?

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<sup>1</sup> Sir Robert Peel, who died June 25th, and the Duke of Cambridge, July 9.

"*July 16.*—To the Observer's wedding. Lots of bridesmaids, cake, champagne, strawberries and good humour. I was located in an honourable seat near Johnson *père*. The bride behaved very pretty; ditto the bridesmaids—to show mournful thoughts had been a sin.

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"*August 3.*—Talk with J. J. Randolph on the subject of religion. His is a very fair and considerate mind, not dishonest—when once a principle is received—in accepting its legitimate results. . . .  
*17th.*—To Pearson's, walk from Reading along the river bank; Tennysonian to a degree is all this scenery; dull green water, round rushes, and the tall purple iris abounding everywhere. . . . I have had a good deal of conversation with Pearson. He certainly is of opinion that Tractarianism cannot hold water, and that it never could. Holding what I do, I cannot quite admit in its fulness that the Church of England has been from first to last Protestant to the core; but differences, weakness, and utter want of dogma, look like it now. Not one orthodox Bishop. The article in the last *Edinburgh* is Arthur Stanley's; and Pearson says that it gives such satisfaction that it would give grounds for a Bishopric.<sup>1</sup>

" . . . With Lowe and Knott, long converse. They both come to the conclusion that Holy Scripture condemns the Romans; that the Gorham Judgment plus St. Augustine and the Bible are to be our guides. They take Charles Marriott's view—most queer—that externally there reigns universal disorganisation in Church matters, such as prophecies of the latter times might suggest. . . . Now: is this all that the Church has come to after all these years? Is the Church a failure as an instrument visible in daily use? Here lies the question. On its solution seems to depend that other one, that if there be any creature more divine and imperishable and tangible to man than this (the abstract Church of Marriott) is it not that Church, at the head of which is Pope Pius IX? "

Then came communication with an entirely congenial spirit.

"*August 24.*—To dear W. B. Heathcote's. A sweet walk from Pangbourne. How inviting looked the river. One could see from the hill the smooth swift eddies writhing down the stream, blue-green with strong clear reflections of the banks and wood. . . .  
*25th.*—I did the evening service, and catechising for W. B. H. It is a comfortable plain house, as big as Rodbourne, with beautiful

<sup>1</sup> Anonymous. *The Gorham Controversy*, July, 1850, Art. IX. The writer maintains and glories in the Erastianism of the Church of England, and declares that the necessity of infant baptism was a doctrine of Tertullian, but that Doctors of a later time have delivered us from the "iron yoke" of this belief.



garden and lawn rising to a fringe of beech woods on the hillside. He was quite alone, save the suffering sister. I had divers confabs. with him, and told him how grievously things seemed going to ruin. We thought, at least, that we must leave the men who are now working, to work ; and see what Providence directs. It is a dire time."

At the end of August came a letter from Allies, announcing that his book was now complete,<sup>1</sup> and his *life's decision* taken. M. Pierre Labbé, their old friend of Rouen, would accompany Allies to Birmingham where Newman would receive him.

John Pollen thus muses :

"Much talk with dear old Labbé, whose appearance was a treat amidst the surrounding gloom. . . . He thinks we are beyond hope of aught but Rome. . . . What a glorious kick-up there will be, when Allies has passed the Rubicon. . . . I am sure my heart goes with him. . . . Shall I ever be, like him, in smooth waters ?"

His letter completely sums his own mental attitude.

"MERTON, August 25th.

"MY DEAR ALLIES,—

"Things draw on with time. 'The things written concerning me have an end.' One feels that it must be so, as one does that the time of embarkation for the last dread change must come at length. I can hardly say that your letter added much to the solemnity of the present time ; and yet your going will be deeply felt by me, as my friendship with you for the last three years has been so wholly to my own gain in a variety of ways. What I am to do myself is as dark as Erebus. If to follow you—when, I know not ; still less do I see how things can carry sail here.

"You have arrived at some things which as yet are not manifested to me. I mean the sense of nothingness around us here—[in the C. of E.] and yet the inconsistencies and absurdities of the present state of things are most galling to me. This it is that drives me to persecute Pusey, and other better men than myself, for some clue of what cheers and sustains hearts so much in the light as theirs ; setting aside the question whether they have all needful light or no. I have felt, as Minster says of himself, like an old rat, looking hither and thither to see whether he is to make a stand.

"To you God has quickened a well practised intellect in a

wonderful way ; and it has guided you to the great haven whose harbour-master lives in Italy. As for my own system, which earlier and later negligence have left bare and ill exercised and provided, and which I dare not trust with the decision of this great question, I suppose that system is least often the instrument of guidance to the highest points of truth ; still, it is so in cases. Alas, too, if I turn to the moral side ; the wreck is as complete as the course has been stormy and defiled.

“ I am searching about for what is right. You and John Wynne are as grand torches to me in my darkness ; and yet I am not convinced. To what you say of our difficulties I have no answer. I urge the same thing tumultuously on others ; yet again I am not satisfied, even by their dull resistance, that I am in error. Once and again, William Palmer and his Greeks ; the Doctor and his signs of life ; the perplexed Unionists ; the voice that seems to sound : ‘ Excelsior there is hope in the tree, though the branches and leaves are hewn off, and a beast’s heart is given it, and its nails are like iron claws, and the hair like eagles’ feathers, and it is wet with the dew of heaven, and eats grass as oxen till seven times are passed over it. There is a work to be done, a life that will one day come forth, if thou art the man to help in it.’

“ Puseyism has been allowed its hour ; a blessed period of refreshment in this glaring season of men’s worldliness. Is Puseyism to have no further meaning ?

“ And again, you speak of the individual call of the soul. ‘ If I bid this man tarry till I come, what is that to thee ? follow thou ME.’ Does the Almighty leave some here to bring the rest on ? Are we all merely in various stages of advancement from darkness to light ? are we each playing a part in a special dispensation of which we know neither the meaning or the end ? These are perilous philosophies to indulge in ; I dare not trust myself to them.”

## CHAPTER XXII

KIBWORTH—MERTON ROOF (1850)

“**W**HAT I ought to do,” John Pollen had written, “is for me as dark as Erebus.” But now he was suddenly brought face to face with a momentous decision.

A shrewd and anxious eye had lately been more than ever occupied with his doings. His mother had always been his confidant—even, to some extent, in the one province where she was unable to understand him—his Catholic sympathies. She never attempted any stricture, however, upon his “Popish ways.” She knew him, in some respects, better than he knew himself; and she thought it high time for her favourite son, now nearly thirty years old, to marry suitably, and “settle down” in a good living.

During the last two years, several advantageous tutorships had been offered to, and even pressed upon, John Pollen; amongst others, by Lord and Lady Howe for the young Lord Hastings, and by the Duke of Buccleugh for his son. But Pollen, after consulting his friends, and especially Dr. Pusey, declined, considering a private tutorship incompatible with his duties to the College. Then he had been offered the livings of Holywell, Oxford, and of Lapworth, both in the patronage of Merton; the latter worth some five hundred a year, besides an excellent house and grounds. Here was just the place where a man of his quiet tastes would be relatively happy, labouring in his parish far from what now seemed to him the useless strife of Oxford. The temptation was strong.

“To Warwick. Lapworth is twelve miles off. It is a fine rich country, wooded, and much grass; in the church a curious little chapel of Our Lady. . . . The house ugly but good, a three decker, eleven or twelve rooms, besides sitting-rooms; a nice modest lawn

and garden. How can one think of such prospects *sine suspirio*.<sup>1</sup> . . . To the Doctor, *de Lapworth*. . . Long conversation with Mother, *de Lapworth*. . . It seems then decided that I should decline this living."

Perhaps Doctor Pusey wished to retain John for useful work in Oxford ; probably his mother hoped that some better offer would be made to her son. She was not mistaken.

Nevertheless, this might have seemed most unlikely. For John Pollen was beginning to be, he says himself, "a bird of evil odour." The defection of his friend John Wynne, his unbroken friendship with Allies, his connection with St. Saviour's, the opinions of which he made no secret, although no technical error could be urged against him, in short his "whole tone" as Dr. Hook would put it, made him no likely candidate for episcopal favour. But Merton College was itself the patron of seventeen benefices ; and early in August the richest of its gifts was offered to John Pollen.

Mr. Stuart Bathurst, of Christ Church and Merton, was an old friend of Pollen's. "Right good stuff is he," says the journal. He was Vicar of Kibworth-Beauchamp, near Leicester. His letters to Hungerford Pollen in 1849 had expressed his entire confidence, despite all appearances, in the position of the Church of England. He had spent thousands of his own fortune upon his fine schools at Kibworth, and hundreds upon other improvements on the place or in the parish. Suddenly, in August, 1850, Mr. Stuart Bathurst resigned Kibworth ; and it was offered at once to John Pollen.

It was a fine place. The house he had described not long before as

" . . . vast, red, and solid ; there are admirable rooms ; plenty of garden, walled and open, and six hundred acres of land. . . . The old church is in the decorated style ; the new one is by Woodger, and will be very good. The nave and aisles are broad ; the south porch large, and with a very noble arch and mouldings. . . ."

The income of Kibworth was nearly £1,000 a year.

<sup>1</sup> . . . Watch, with firm unshrinking eye . . .

Thy darling visions as they die. . . .

Yes, let them pass without a sigh. . . .

(Keble, *Christian Year*, 11th Sunday after Trinity.)



The offer, then, came as the great chance of his life. What possible reason could he have for not accepting it with delighted gratitude? So thought his family; so, too, he might have thought, even some six months ago.

But the offer forced him to review the change those months had wrought in his mind. Kibworth was a cure of souls. What could he do for them? what could he give them? Religious and moral help, doubtless; comfort, kindness, true teaching—such teaching only, as he knew to be true. But—the priestly office, with its supernatural powers? for all, in his eyes, paled beside this. He hoped still that he was a priest. But could he now assure himself, and assure his flock, that it was indeed so?

On the other hand, how many Puseyites were there, who believed that a state of *doubt* was no necessary bar to their ministrations? that doubt was, perhaps, the normal state, intended by Providence in this life, as to certain religious problems? Such men there were certainly; the conversations recorded of such, *nominatim*, in Pollen's journal, show it. Yet they pursued their course as before, waiting for light, or content to live without it. For him, as for them, the way out of the English Church was enveloped in darkness. They must perforce remain; why not then here exercise the functions of their state?

Pollen did not blind himself to the fact that in refusing Kibworth he would be throwing away the chances of a lifetime. The marvel is, that such an offer should ever have been made—to *Him*. Was it done with a purpose? was the object to bind him to the English Church? was the Deanery of Perth, offered to Beadon Heathcote, and refused, at nearly the same time, meant to save him too, from dangerous consequences?

John Pollen took counsel this time only with his own conscience. He decided to refuse Kibworth.

In case of the refusal, the living was to be offered to Mr. Montague Francis Osborn, of Balliol and Merton. Pollen, to clinch the matter, wrote to beg Mr. Osborn to accept it at once.

Mr. Osborn was utterly taken aback, and even greatly grieved at Pollen's action. Guessing conscientious motives, he could not bear, he said, to profit by his friend's *magnanimity*.

He implored Pollen to reconsider the matter, and not too hastily to run counter to his own happiness. Mental strain, in fact, really made Mr. Osborn ill; and a delay supervened.

John Pollen went down to Rodbourne for a day to prepare his mother for his refusal of Kibworth and for his reasons; his shaken faith in the Church of England.

"*September 1, 1850.*—I have been trying long and earnestly to rouse my dear mother to the state of things. At last the effort proves successful. *September 5.*—To-day a long letter from poor Mother. At last all the state of things has flashed upon her. So painful was the letter and her distress, that for several hours I could not make up my mind to read it; and cannot now bear to recall its thoughts; yet these thoughts are not warranted by the circumstances."

His mother, in fact, believed that John was really bent upon going Romeward—an idea that came upon her like a thunder-clap—and it was some time before the terror left her. In any case, the conduct of her son in refusing Kibworth she deeply resented. Even Hungerford could not understand his brother, and made common cause with the family to induce him to change his mind. Hungerford wrote as much to Mr. Minster, who thus replied.

"*September 24.*— . . . I understand John, and cannot but think he is right in refusing to hold Kibworth in his present state of mind. Depend upon it, money, ease, station, society, will never hold your brother where truth enters into the question that comes before him. In his circumstances, and with his desires, I should, I trust, act exactly as he has done. John has turned from all things of this world, knowing that they could not satisfy, but might ensnare, his soul."

John Pollen wrote to Allies:

"You say truly that the Leicestershire living, and the once for all vision of temptation to go at ease down the full tide of peaceful life in honour with the world, are now spread out in a shadowy resemblance to what was displayed in the mountain of Quarentana;<sup>1</sup> and I feel that the contest—so far as it is a contest—is now to be gone through finally. This once over, the same can never come again. How little I foresaw whither

<sup>1</sup> The Mountain of Temptation.

the great path was leading me when I chose it. How fortunate in my esteem was Stuart Bathurst, my predecessor—or rather, the predecessor of the next Vicar. It was a turn of the wheel, as I imagined, which could not recur under a decent average of generations. . . . At one time I should have looked at it as many have at similar things ; as God's will, not to be resisted. . . . Now I have learned otherwise. . . . I sit and look on at the change which early hopes have gone through with solemnity and wonder. The natural man suggests twinges of regret which one plays the valorous to reject. I recognise the superiority of the Divine intimations, to the inducements of this visible state of things. . . . I could hardly have conceived, in earlier days, that Mother and my family would have been trying in every possible way to fix me in the amenities of life, and that it should come to my task to resist them. I shall try to keep this Kibworth affair secret—but it will probably get wind."

Then Pollen went to Mr. Osborn, and

" At last induced him to *make the plunge*—to write at once accepting Kibworth."

So ended that chapter.

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

Perhaps the most engrossing and agreeable distraction in which John's mind had rested during this harassing year was the first considerable exercise of his power as a decorative artist.

During his tour abroad in 1847 he had conceived the idea of painting the roof of Merton Chapel. His designs in St. Peter-le-Bailey had already been admired ; and after much deliberation the College authorities, to his great satisfaction, permitted him to exercise his brush at Merton.

Whilst the scaffolding was erecting he was studying designs at every spare moment in the Bodleian, the British Museum, and elsewhere ; his sketch-book and journals, as well as his mind, were already stored with rich colour-schemes ; and for months past he had executed studies of characteristic heads, and had pressed into the service the children of his brother, of Allies, and of other choice specimens from the day-schools as models.

His leisure was employed assiduously upon the ceiling for

more than a year. "Paintpot, paintpot, paintpot," says the journal. It does not mention what his friends observed : the difficulty of working upon a surface in a curved plane over his head, and the great fatigue of his prone and cramped position on the scaffolding.

"I hold with Goethe [wrote Professor Max Müller afterwards to John Pollen] that all theory is grey ; and that a Professor of Fine Arts should be able to work with his pupils as I saw you work before you left Oxford, high up on a scaffolding, attired like a common workman, with brush and paint-pot."

As the roof proceeded, the Warden discovered that no less a personage than a Pope was therein depicted—St. Gregory the Great, crowned with tiara. John Pollen was begged to alter the figure into something or somebody else. But he stood out stoutly for the original design.

"Dined at the Warden's ; tremendous fight with him and the Signora [his wife] about Gregory the Great."

After much discussion—the subject was thrice brought forward in Committee, the College as a whole taking Pollen's view—St. Gregory was finally allowed to remain *in situ*, where he may be seen to this day.

On November 5—of ominous memory that year—the scaffolding was removed, and John's family and friends could indulge their curiosity.

"The prelates of London and Oxford greatly edified by my roof, which they regarded to-day."

"Examined Merton Roof, painted by John" [writes his brother]. A really beautiful work, and worthy of the better times of art. Along the ridge of the roof are medallions, with angels in choir,—amongst which are portraits of [my] Dick and Mary opposite each other. Round wall : the four Evangelists, the four great Doctors of the West (Sts. Jerome, Augustine, Ambrose and Gregory the Great), the four greater Prophets, and the Founder, Walter de Merton [a person for whom John had a great and almost tender reverence]. St. Gregory the Great is an excellent portrait of the Warden [of Merton] !! Doctor Pusey is Jeremiah, the Prophet of the Captivity ; and Manning is Daniel, the Prophet of Doctrine.

"The whole is altogether extremely successful."

This verdict was endorsed by all who studied the work.



## CHAPTER XXIII

JOHN POLLEN AT BAY (1850)

THE close of October brought again the Dedication Week at St. Saviour's.

It is here necessary to review the changes that a single year had wrought in the College. They are revealed in a highly interesting correspondence between Mr. Minster and Hungerford Pollen.

One of the curates had last year given anxiety. Mr. Crawley had been much impressed with the Roman claims ; having left St. Saviour's for a short rest at Rodbourne—where a member of the College was always welcome—he was uncertain whether or no to proceed to *Birmingham*. John Pollen, greatly vexed, induced him to return to St. Saviour's.

“ I sent him to Il Santo (Dr. Pusey) [wrote the Vicar]. Crawley will come right, you will see.”

But a little later Mr. Minster wrote again to Hungerford :

“ Crawley is very shaky. He was quite surprised to find your brother so firm. He expected quite the contrary. I have this morning received a note from John, in which he says, ‘ I try to resist acting on a sentiment. Facts are facts ; and I want to see what those wiser and better than myself do in the matter.’ So far, this is satisfactory.”

Since then had come the Gorham decision, leaving few people at a standstill.

The Supremacy of the Crown, sternly rejected at St. Saviour's, had been upheld by Dr. Hook and the Bishop. And they, as representing the State, were striving to prevent Catholic doctrine and practice at St. Saviour's. What was to be done ? Mr. Minster writes : “ I am in the dark.”

A little later a view vaguely presented itself.

"Where can we find a centre of unity and court of ultimate appeal external to and independent of the State? In our Metropolitan and his suffragans? I trow not. Where then?"

He begins to consider the possibility of an appeal to the Roman Court, *as arbiter*.<sup>1</sup>

But Mr. Ward and Mr. Hathaway, who were in the counsels of the College, now began to moot the question of *conditional submission to Rome*. Here Mr. Minster and the rest drew the line decidedly. Moreover, John Pollen considered it his duty to warn Dr. Pusey of these tendencies.

"August, 1850.—To see Dr. Pusey about St. Saviour's. I am quite floored by his inability to see how matters stand. Cannot see that they are going on any set of principles at variance with the Church of England. He keeps on again and again at details of ceremonial; might not this, might not that, and so forth. [A few days later.] To Dr. Pusey to Confession. Again de St. S. a little more; but still not clear or satisfactory."

To revert to the Dedication Week in October.

"Many a shake from rough hands, many a friendly eye, greeted the appearance of old friends at St. Saviour's. Again the Church was decked in its brightest, as the choir began the festival with 'City of Peace, Jerusalem.'"

And the homely feasting of gentle and simple went on; but, like the Hunting of Braemar, the week had more important business on hand than its ostensible project.

In the obstinate little stronghold there was to be a solemn gathering in Council. Here were the Vicar and his curates, Mr. Ward, and others of the former clergy, and some from neighbouring cures; and John Pollen. They met in the sacristy and recited the *Veni Creator*, and a solemn prayer for guidance to the Light of the World; then the consultations began. They came to resolutions: first, to the effect that the

<sup>1</sup> John Pollen himself had once consulted Manning as to whether this were possible. "He thinks it not chimerical, but it would depend upon the men; and that it would not be right to make its rejection a test against the Church of England. I think Manning is right, but I am not sure."

Church of England was *subject to the Catholic Church as regards the Faith*; next, in spite of John Pollen's opposition—he stood alone—they resolved upon attempting *an appeal to the Apostolic See, as the organ to them of Christendom*. But John Pollen refusing concurrence, the attempt was, for the present, postponed.<sup>1</sup>

Daily sermons had been delivered throughout the week. Invidious observers were not wanting; and the words of the preachers were soon on the road to their several Diocesans. On November 3, John Pollen preached a farewell discourse—upon the Sacraments—and the guests departed. That very day the death-warrant of St. Saviour's was being penned in the "Durham Letter."

Every one knows how Dr. Wiseman, having planned with Pius IX. a change of title for the Ecclesiastical rulers of the Roman Church in England, announced to his co-religionists, in the joy of his heart, that

"Catholic England had been restored to its orbit in the ecclesiastical firmament, . . . and begins anew its course of action around the centre of unity, of life, and of vigour."<sup>2</sup>

Every one knows the violent offence which this language—published on October 6—gave to those to whom it was not addressed. But it was reserved for Lord John Russell to pour a river of oil upon the flames, and to turn adroitly this new weapon of rage and violence against long-standing enemies—the Puseyites.

In his letter of November 4 concerning the "insolent and insidious aggression of the Pope upon our Protestantism," his lordship is

"more alarmed by the danger within the gates from the unworthy sons of the Church of England herself who have led their flocks, step by step, to the very verge of the precipice . . . [and he relies] with confidence on the people of England . . . a nation which looks with scorn and contempt at the endeavours now making to confine the intellect and enslave the soul."

This well-timed appeal on the eve of Guy Fawkes' day was

<sup>1</sup> See the *Narrative*, p. 167. Full details are given in Pollen's journal.

<sup>2</sup> Letter from the Flaminian Gate.

not made in vain. Bishops, minister, and mob, were here at one ; revenge was easy and safe. Anti-Puseyite violence went hand in hand with anti-Papal.

Pollen was just leaving Leeds for Scotland when the first explosions broke out.

“ It being November 5, the streets here are full of vast coal fires at which little children squatted very contentedly, warming themselves. . . .

“ ‘ Gude guide us.’ I run up for a week to James Hope’s to see what I can get out of *him*.

“ The last part of the line from York to Berwick is grand. High on the coast side it looks over a wide sea with long waves breaking over it in sonorous and regular solemnity. The sunset to the left splendid green and fiery sky ; the clouds a flat watery mass, the lower face splashed up in places by the wind exactly like the violent dashes made by an oar. These splashes were highly gilded, even to the drops, against a soft pulpy background, watery too, and faintly lightened.”

Mr. Hope Scott declared that everything directed him to one point : a Universal Church. He delivered his opinions at great length to John Pollen in writing.

“ But at times [he says] I quail under the confident tone used, by even our best men, against Rome. . . . I think that were I within the Oxford din you speak of, I should move on faster than in this quiet place.”

From Abbotsford John Pollen went up to Edinburgh to meet the Bishop of Brechin.

“ Long conversation ; he strongly anti-Roman, hating Oratorianism, and developement. . . . His going Romeward, he says, not on the verge of human thought . . . *et alia hujusmodi*.”

The Bishop furnished one out of many examples among even extreme Puseyites of violent prejudices, dormant hitherto, or unrecognized, brought to the surface by the Durham Letter.

John Pollen now returned to raging elements in the South.

“ November 21.—Came on from Rugby by Civil John’s coach to Oxford. With me a multitude of ferocious parsons to eat up the



Pope. They looked very hungry on me. College in an uproar. The Bishop [of Oxford] had obtained the loan of our [Merton] Hall for his fulminations.<sup>1</sup> But his assembly was so big that they adjourned to the [Sheldonian] theatre.<sup>2</sup> 'No Popery,' and a picture of the Pope, of Wiseman, etc., etc., all along the walls—Great rows at night. . . . Letters from John Wynne, who waits for the College to turn him out. . . . Monday, 25<sup>th</sup>.—College meeting at 1 in Hall, where *Custos* scolded the whole lot of juniors for their freaks the preceding week. We had an attempt at quelling them Saturday, but could not effect anything, *Custos* thinking it a pardonable, if not laudable ebullition of Protestant zeal."

He was wroth with Dr. Wiseman, whose words had been the excuse for all this mischief.

"Emminenza [he wrote petulantly to Allies] has made a bombastic mess of it. . . . I grin heartily at the violence of the times, but still I think Wiseman might have done what was necessary without exaggerated language. I cannot rejoice in what is overdone, even if I think the doer has the right end of the stick."

But like every thoughtful man, he did not confound occasions with causes.

"Oh these 5<sup>th</sup> of November doings, how ominous ! they are so evidently got up by other than the actors !"

The Church of St. Barnabas had been the scene of mob riots that put Mr. Bennett's very life in danger. Pollen comments sadly on his friend's subsequent resignation. The journal says, later :

"To St. Barnabas in the evening. Officials whom I knew not. . . . So there ends Bennett's effort to realize a more devoted parochial system, a more touching and heart-stirring ritual. What does all this portend ? I would not rashly cut off all hopes of Anglicanism, but *the time is not yet* for such hopes, if such there be, to be realized. Evening with dear W. B. H."

But on the leader of the Movement fell naturally the worst. He shared the honours with Wiseman. Dr. Pusey was

<sup>1</sup> One of the six or seven *thousand* "indignation meetings" that followed close upon the Durham Letter.

<sup>2</sup> "Our Oxford proceedings," wrote exultingly a clergyman present, "were the hardest and truest blow struck at Romanism."

assailed on all sides : by the press with invective, calumny, insult, and ridicule ; he was publicly abused by every Bishop on the bench save one, and silenced in every diocese ; his followers were inhibited on any pretext ; many of them, too, held back from him.

It was confidently expected that as soon as the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill had done its proper work, another Bill would oust Tractarians from the Church.

“ Lord John, they say, not daring to meddle further with the Romans, still less to retreat *re infecta*, will, next session, throw the Puseyites out to the devil he has raised ; perhaps by a stiffer edition of the Supremacy oath. . . . There is a report that the Bishop of Exeter and two colonial prelates are to consecrate Pusey, Marriott, Keble, Manning, and others, for a Free Church ; excommunicating, I conclude, the Archbishop of Canterbury.”

Pollen hopes, in a letter to Allies :

“ That Pusey and Co. will bear on, and uphold without shrinking *what truth they have*. The temptation to fall back will be dreadful ; it will settle us Puseyites if they do ; and oh ! for poor England.”

But Dr. Pusey held on his course ; reefing, however, a sail or two. He gathered together his inner circle. The “ Brotherhood of the Holy Trinity,” pledged to seek the reunion of the Churches, had always been feeling its way to some understanding with Rome, on the basis of mutual concession. Such projects were for the present useless and dangerous.

“ December 2.—To town, to a consultation with Dr. Pusey and others at Lady Lucy’s.<sup>1</sup> We met to consider about dissolving the Brotherhood. This was done, and I think wisely, though against the wishes of one or two. But the time has come when we must unite on other grounds ; *this* will not hold together through the storms it will encounter. *Manning attended the meeting in plain clothes !*”<sup>2</sup>

Now was becoming visible the after effects of the Durham Letter. It had acted as a quickening breeze along the current

<sup>1</sup> Lady Lucy Pusey, Dr. Pusey’s mother.

<sup>2</sup> The significance of a similar act on Newman’s part, early in 1845, will be remembered.

first started by the Gorham decision. It was convincing the more cautious of what, even in March, they had been slow to believe—that the Church of England was essentially Protestant. Sergeant Bellasis was amongst those who went over in November; and it was felt that for Manning, James Hope, and many more, there could be question only of time.

His convert friends began to be sanguine about John Pollen's arrival, and thought to hasten matters by their advice. In June he had received a first letter from John Wynne at Jerusalem.

Wynne gives a long and remarkable account of the evolution of his own mind from the time when he first fell under the influence of Newman, down to the eventful Good Friday last. He then calls upon his friend, in the most affectionate and pressing manner, to follow his own example. Patterson and he have engaged the Franciscan Fathers to say Mass at the Holy Sepulchre for John Pollen's conversion. His letter rings with praises of the Church "whose lowly door Anglican pride must stoop to enter"; he is filled with thanksgiving for the "splendours of the New Covenant."

"Tinsel [he assures his correspondent] does not more differ from gold, nor chalk from silver, . . . than Anglicanism, Puseyism, or any other ism, does from the Church. . . . But none who are without her, can realize that your Catholicity, my dear John, is but a shadow and a fiction."

From entreaty Wynne passes to warning. Let John beware of the pride of intellect; of disregarding the solicitations of grace; of dangerous delay in acting upon principles of which he is assured. He ends by bidding him desert a cause whose success is impossible. To the plans, hopes, and fears, detailed in Pollen's last letter, he replies:

"The hope of Puseyism at this crisis is forlorn indeed. You are trying to agitate for Convocation, for Provincial Synods . . . they are the veriest tubs that ever were thrown to the most foolish of whales; indeed, I should have a low opinion of a minnow of any pretensions who suffered himself to be drawn to them. . . . You seem bent upon battle. If you were only upon our side of the wall, with a citadel at your back, which is well worth fighting for, and quite impregnable, you might talk of engaging with some prospect of

victory. But, with your eyes blindfolded, and your hands tied, you stand a bad chance. . . .

"Adieu, my dear Giovanni, write to me to Naples, Poste Restante. . . . I think you had better give up your Anglican errors make your abjuration to Monseigneur de Paris, meet us at Naples about the end of July, and we will go on to Rome together.

"Ever yours,

"JOHN H. G. WYNNE."

To this glowing letter John Pollen naturally replied by justifying, at considerable length, his own position.

Meanwhile, Wynne had received and answered Pollen's first affectionate note. He requests Pollen to see to the removal of his books, papers and furniture from his rooms, one pair right, No. 2, of the old Quadrangle of All Souls.

"For the rooms will be wanted for some new tenant in December. . . . Some of my papers are of a private nature, others even scandalous to Protestants: for instance, a coloured picture of the ever blessed Virgin by a distinguished amateur artist [Pollen]. . . . These I should wish moved, without submitting them to curious eyes, into some private place. . . . Patterson sends you many affectionate messages. . . . Urge any one you can prevail upon to send us some English news. How does the Gorham decision affect you? I should have thought it must have opened your eyes as to the real nature of the Establishment, and your own position.

"Ever, in haste, yours affectionately,

"JOHN H. G. WYNNE."

In October, Wynne wrote again. He had "hoped that the three British lions would by this time have been journeying together to Rome for the winter." He is "puzzled" and "pained" at John's sophistries. *Of course* there is much good in Tractarianism; much, but not all, truth. What! he *feels* that the English Church is a reality? was the question one of *feeling*? The earnestness of the Puseyites? Wynne has known dissenters as earnest. He knows Pollen to be in error, and is conscious of his peril; the letter concludes with warnings more solemn than before.

"John Wynne [Pollen writes to Allies] puts me in a certain place with Dives. It is a comfort to think that you or any good Christian will shake hands with me."



Wynne's very love for John Pollen it was, and his burning desire to share with him his own happiness, that led him astray. Pollen felt this, and it tempered the bitterness of the cup.

Allies now opened fire.

"MY DEAR ALLIES,—

" . . . I must certainly go through those historic questions you put before me ; and the further *nodus* which arises : ' Whence has the English the right to pronounce that 1,500 years of tradition has landed Rome in the wrong box ? ' If it seems that we have such a right, I will pitch into you, tooth and nail ; if not, I must come and eat humble pie at your door. But, if there be any other way for all of us than to go to you, I trust God will show it.

" Meanwhile I mean to fight my ship while I can. I do consider it a duty to try the case every possible way.

" Tell me when you are housed in Golden Square. The bare idea of Flunkey at mass !! *ma foi ! c'est surprenant*. One of Lady Aylesbury's footmen is six foot two. [Here follows a sketch of six pair of stalwart legs in erect position with well-developed calves.] The idea of kneeling connected with these is indeed the triumph of Christianity."

" ABBOTSFORD,  
" November 17, 1850.

" MY DEAR ALLIES,—

" Thanks for your letter ; the real charity and affection of which is not lost upon me, albeit I am pulled up like a donkey when his master is in a hurry, to be belaboured a bit, and shake myself, before proceeding. Well—dark as we are, I cannot yet feel thus wholly without a pilot ; as I think in my heart, neither were you, even in your ' days of darkness.' . . . While I rejoice over your and John Wynne's assurance of happiness, and am prepared to follow you if I am convinced you are right, yet I cannot swallow the consideration that I am at present merely a respectable heathen.

. . .

" More ; Hope (James) confirmed me in my view that you have overstated the question of the denial of our Orders. J. H. Newman himself told Hope so. . . .

" But to me, it has been my one anxious thought whether Providence might not still be ' entreated,' and better counsels prevail in the C. of E. ; . . . if we *can* ' undo the mischief of the Reformation,' it is our duty to try. Though *we* may fail, yet truth and

justice may prevail in our Church, the sooner because of our efforts.

"Let me hear what you do, and when; I am so anxious about you.

"Love to Eyoub [E. Dean].

"Your affectionate

"J. H. POLLEN."

Allies replies by a letter that appears to have annoyed Pollen even more than the preceding. It is answered with much impatience, yet even more affection; for it was not in his nature to bear anger save as the flint bears fire. He ends:

"I shall not be *bamboozled* I trust, either from Newman's side, or from my own. *J'ai fini*. I am anxious about your destination. Let me hear as soon as you resolve on any move. Your affectionate Puritan,

"GRACE-BE-HERE HUMGUDGEON."

John must have mentioned these letters to his brother, who notes in his journal:

"Called upon Allies in Golden Square to urge his leaving John alone. Talked to him roundly of the acrimony of converts."

But Allies, true to his character, was not deterred from a fresh attack.

"MY DEAR ALLIES,—

"*Bon*—you have hit it exactly; the fort and all of us. All I complain of is, the firing of glass shot and engines full of dirty water. I feel like a frigate fired into on both sides, because I will not hurry my pace, or give up laws of fairness towards the flag, whether it be true or false colours. . . .

"... I shall come and see you as soon as I can.

"Your affectionate and faithful lion (at bay)."

A sketch follows of a sulky looking lion, facing three vague and raging figures in front who are advancing full upon him; two grinning lions on either side stick pins into him *a tergo*.

One last letter to John Pollen upon this subject remains. The writer calls herself "poor and ignorant." She was a new, and not an old friend; yet she was able to do more by her simple words and womanly sympathy than both Wynne and Allies with their combination of learning and zeal.

Though written later, the letter naturally finds place at the end of 1850. Lady Lothian had but a few weeks before embraced the Roman faith. The united and happy home so highly appreciated by John Pollen in the preceding year was now visited by the sword of division. She thanks him for the

“lovely little drawing [of some spot in the Holy Land]. . . . I was truly glad to hear from you ; I have often thought of you. . . . Thank God I have not ‘frozen up into Catholic grumpiness.’ On the contrary, my affections have enlarged with my blessings, and I do so entirely feel from the bottom of my heart for all like you, who are ready to die, if need be, for the love and service of God . . . surrounded as you are with perplexities, afraid of trusting to your own sympathies, lest in doing so, you should be yielding to a temptation to abandon the past because it is a thankless one. I honour you all ; I sympathize with you. Dear good Mr. Heathcote too—how I long to hear of his finding the haven of rest ! . . . but this is very good on my part, for I cannot but be thankful he should be in authority where any child of mine is [he was now Warden of Radley College]. . . . In the Roman Church . . . her doctrines follow after one another so wonderfully, and in such order, it seems but one vast chain, beginning and ending in God, the source of all Truth. . . . It is all a miracle of beauty—it is all like a bright sunlight, after the twilight of Anglicanism. I am but a poor ignorant woman, . . . but nevertheless I can bear witness to the truth of all this, and much, much more. . . . As for you, you *must* follow your heart, sooner or later ; surely you might, even now, trust to its teaching ? But I am letting my pen run on, and perhaps you will think all this very impertinent. I don’t mean it so, that’s all I can say. . . . The poor dear Duchess of Buccleugh would be a Catholic to-morrow if the Duke would let her.<sup>1</sup> My children are well armed and well warned against me—my only weapon is prayer. . . . If I could but know they would be Catholics, I would consent without hesitation never to see them again till we meet in the presence of God.

“When will you pay me a visit ? I won’t utter on controversial subjects.

“Now I’ve done.

“Yours always most sincerely.

“C. LOTHIAN.”

Between John Pollen and the exclusiveness of the Roman

<sup>1</sup> For the happy sequel to both these stories see Stone, *Eleanor Leslie, a Memoir*, pp. 170-173.

claim remained still more than one barrier. Such obstacles had been swept away for Wynne and Allies; the road, he felt, might somehow be cleared for himself too; if so, he was resolved to accept the full consequences. But, for the present, "I will not move," he wrote, "without the finger of God to guide me."<sup>1</sup>

The believers in Dr. Pusey wore an armour against which Newman's shafts were long pointed in vain. Faith, said the Doctor and his school, must accept apparent contradictions. . . . Such an apparent contradiction was the attitude of the Church of England now; an attitude foreign to the Church of Nice, Ephesus, and Chalcedon, with which that of England was nevertheless one.

Newman, on the other hand, was pointing out that God, having given us both reason and faith, intended reason to lead us by visible steps to the sure platform whence the invisible could be attained by faith. The Blindness of Faith did not begin until that platform was under foot.

All this Pollen thought too luminously clear. "It leaves no room for faith,"<sup>2</sup> he says. Eyes accustomed to misty wisdom<sup>3</sup> were painfully dazzled at first. He could not make up his mind to mount those steps.

Yet Newman's words were working like yeast. "Lead, kindly Light" was familiar in his memory, and the farewell sermon at St. Mary's.

"I have just got J.H.N.'s Lectures<sup>4</sup> [he wrote to Allies, in November, 1850], and have read nine of them. The first seven have impressed me much; the two latter I do not find sufficient or satisfactory . . . yet I do not impugn his sagacity or wisdom, but speak merely as one to whom he desires to be convincing."<sup>5</sup>

"Development of Doctrine," Pollen had laid aside in 1845, at the advice of Beadon Heathcote; yet every few months his

<sup>1</sup> Letter to Allies, November 17, 1850.

<sup>2</sup> Letter to Allies, November 17, 1850.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 56.

<sup>4</sup> *Difficulties of Anglicans*, vol. i.

<sup>5</sup> Newman's aim was more modest. "I am going into these details not as if I thought of convincing you on the spot by a view . . . which convinced me after careful consideration, not as if I called on you to be convinced by what convinced me at all (for the methods of conviction are numberless) . . . but . . . I may have thrown light on the general subject I have discussed." . . . (Lecture 10, sections 7, 8.)



journal reverts to the theory ; he looks at it, cannot accept it fully ; sees that there is more in it to be thought out, for which his mind is not yet ripe ; puts it by again with a shake of the head.

“I am digesting ‘Development.’ It is a serious question at close quarters. I don’t know what to say to it.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Letter to Allies, January 12, 1851.

## CHAPTER XXIV

ST. SAVIOUR'S; THE CLOSE—JOHN POLLEN SOLUS (1850-1851)

NEWS from St. Saviour's now sent John Pollen northwards.

The hour for its destruction had apparently arrived, for the Durham Letter outcry made the matter easy and popular. The *Guardian* had for some time refused even to advertise its services. "We shall not be suffered to exist long," wrote Mr. Minster to Hungerford Pollen, "you will see."

Early in December, the Bishop issued a Commission "To consider and adopt such measures as appear to be necessary with regard to the doctrines and practices now prevalent at St. Saviour's." This self-constituted tribunal was made up of the Low Church Clergy—the promoters of the recent mob agitation in Leeds—with the Bishop and Dr. Hook at their head. St. Saviour's Clergy were summoned to appear, at twenty hours' notice. Knowing nothing of the nature of the charges to be preferred, they went without legal adviser or support.

The accusers had got together six or seven "witnesses"; among them the two discharged pupil-teachers,<sup>1</sup> and two women of infamous character, whom Mr. Beckett had tried to reclaim. The object was to make out a charge of gross questionings in the confessional; a sensational subject at this time. Thirty of the St. Saviour's people cheerfully sacrificed two days' work in order to witness in favour of their clergy; the Bishop for the most part refused to hear them.

But as the trial proceeded, cross-examination by Mr. Minster himself, aided by some of his poor supporters, revealed plainly the true character of the accusing "witnesses," and convicted

<sup>1</sup> See p. 139.

them of falsehood. Some retired in confusion, others were withdrawn, for their own sakes ; the Bishop's lawyer himself seemed to think the proceedings absurd, and he expressly declared them useless as matter against the College by law. Nevertheless, "the Low Church clergyman who had brought a charge of a scandalous nature, which he had totally failed to substantiate, against Mr. Beckett, was allowed to leave the court without a word of rebuke from his diocesan."<sup>1</sup>

John Pollen wrote a detailed account of the whole to Allies.

"The confessional case was got up as being so sure to be a popular cry to aid the hounds, while the heavy riders ride the clergy down on doctrine and practice. *Voilà*. Alas ! I could cry and laugh by turns, if I did not grieve for the poor people. For *us*, it is one more link in the chain of evidence. . . .

" . . . The Bishop is loading all his broadside ; and Minster means to hoist his colours, clap on chasubles and all sorts of obnoxiousities, and bring the whole to a stand up fight. It is like the *muck* run by a saucy frigate through the enemy's fleet before he is well out of bed, or the escapades of such pertinacious Royalists as Lady Derby, who threw herself into country houses, escaping from each in turn at the last minute, and finally hanging up *proprio motu* the general who surrendered the Isle of Man in her name.

"More when I get it.

"Yr. affect.

"J. H. P."

The besiegers had retired after the failure of this first attack, but all St. Saviour's knew that a second must follow with little delay. Mr. Minster reviewed his walls and his forces. It wanted but a week to Christmas ; and his first idea was to defy the Bishop openly on the subject of ritual at the coming feast, and so force the whole St. Saviour's case before the Court of Arches as soon as possible. But John Pollen was for obeying where conscience allowed, and it was decided that while the clergy would yield on doctrine never, they should maintain their obedience as to ritual.

So Christmas festivities were kept as usual. The children

<sup>1</sup> See *Statement of the Clergy of St. Saviour's, Leeds, in reference to the recent proceedings against them*, 1851, pp. 10-11. And Liddon, *Life of Pusey*, vol. iii. p. 361. 2nd Ed. (Longmans, 1893). Pollen's letters and journal give further details.

sang hymns round the Christmas tree, and Pollen's carefully arranged 'Presepio.' His laughable "taals" were in great request.

"It was a real delight to see the young ones so happy, even though their elders felt that they were meeting thus for the last time, and

'The smile on the lip mocked the tear in the eye  
Like flowers in the hand of the dead.'"<sup>1</sup>

On Christmas Eve had arrived the expected blow. Mr. Ward, for his sermon in the Dedication Week, had already been inhibited by the Bishop of Bath and Wells; the licence for officiating at St. Saviour's was now withdrawn by the Bishop of Ripon from Mr. Rooke, Mr. Crawley, and Mr. Beckett; while from the same prelate John Pollen received a letter inhibiting him from all ministrations, whether at the College, or anywhere within his diocese.

All January the men of St. Saviour's and their parishioners were on the war-path.

"The poor were sobbing on the chancel steps at the idea of being parted from their clergy. . . . They showed most affecting eagerness to come forward on their behalf. . . ."<sup>2</sup>

Nearly seven hundred persons—two hundred and fifty being communicants—signed an address imploring the Bishop to leave them their former pastors and the teaching, ritual, and sacraments that had worked in them so wonderful a change, but in vain. The clergy yielded characteristic obedience to the Bishop's inhibition, and exercised no priestly functions; but they maintained their right to teach "*all Catholic truth.*" They challenged him to try their case as to ritual and doctrine in a regular court, informing him moreover, that "if, there-upon, the privilege of hearing Confessions were proved to be *not the English rule*, it would be the duty of the College to seek that privilege elsewhere."

The significance of this was of course plain.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 25.

<sup>2</sup> Hungerford Pollen's journal.



“ OXFORD,  
“ *January 12.*

“ MY DEAR T. W. A.,—

“ Keep all this to yourself. The row at Leeds is a real one, more like leading to a crisis than anything that has happened yet. They are for staying, and unfurling the *red cross* boldly, inviting—like David—‘every one in distress, or debt or under affliction to gather themselves unto’ St. Saviour’s; and then, I suppose, they will strike out for the big ship. . . . Their people are quite prepared to follow their pastors. It is possible that a very damaging move may take place—a haul for you Popies.”

At the end of the letter is sketched a Cardinal’s hat with exuberant tassels.

John Pollen, all this time, was engaged in single combat with Dr. Longley, whose first letter ran thus :

“ THE PALACE, RIPON,  
“ *December 31, 1850.*

“ REVEREND SIR,—

“ You have, no doubt, by this time received the Bishop of Oxford’s letter respecting the passage in your sermon relative to the Sacraments, which you enumerate as seven. I feel it my duty to desire that you will desist from all ministerial duty in the Parish of St. Saviour’s, or in my diocese, until you have satisfied the Bishop and myself upon that point.

“ I am, Rev. Sir,

“ Your faithful friend and servant,

“ C. T. RIPON.

“ Rev.<sup>d</sup> J. H. Pollen.”

A letter similar in content arrived at the same time from the Bishop of Oxford.

Pollen “returned two broadsides, hitting S.O.[xon] for coming into the fray at all. Two liners to one frigate is dirty work.” He wrote a lengthy and respectful justification of his position to the Bishop of Ripon. He had not, in fact, mentioned seven Sacraments; and the Bishop’s accusation amounted to this, that “the fact of the obligation of seven Sacraments might be *inferred* from his sermon.”

Mr. Badeley, Q.C., and James Hope, whom Pollen consulted on the matter, were indignant with the Bishops, and

were of opinion that the matter could not be legally brought against Pollen. Dr. Pusey, whose hands were already over full, "will not, I fear," wrote Pollen, "back me up in this matter, though he is too good and kind to say so."

A long correspondence ensued between Dr. Longley and John Pollen. The latter justified his sermon fully by the Prayer Book; the former took his stand upon the Articles. The letters are in principle a repetition of former polemics between Dr. Wilberforce and Pusey or Allies, at different times, concerning Confession, Holy Eucharist, and other doctrines. There was no possibility of mutual understanding. At last Pollen, while maintaining that his teaching was in itself orthodox, expresses regret "that any words of mine should, in the opinion of your Lordship, have misled my hearers into thinking that I taught other than the Catholic Doctrine of the Church of England." He hoped that his inhibition might now cease.

To which Dr. Longley tartly replied that it should remain, as the apology came too late.

Pollen's answer contained a statement, true enough, but hardly perhaps "expedient."

"Gross errors [he says] are taught all round your Lordship; but the denial of Baptismal grace itself is more tolerable than the misconception of a Tractarian's meaning."

In a long personal interview later on with the Bishop of Oxford, he expressed regret for the *tone* of this last letter, but declined to promise "to condemn, in preaching, Romish errors." Dr. Wilberforce, who had himself demanded the interview, did his best, with his customary charm, to put matters again on a friendly footing. "What a pity," he remarked, "that two such men as Dr. Longley and Mr. Pollen should ever be at variance, when the whole matter was, after all, but a question of words!" The profusion of compliments with which the Bishop's conversation was larded did not please his auditor. "He tried to make me out a sort of saint," is the comment, "with hyperbolical commendation of my virtues." The inhibitions were, however, now removed.

To go back to the main body at St. Saviour's.

P.M.

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Fifth of November fanaticism was supplying to the men of the College the last item of cumulative evidence that the Church of England was not, as they would still fain believe, only accidentally Protestant, but essentially so. They met in private conference to discuss a proposition of Mr. Ward and Mr. Hathaway as to a *conditional* submission to the Pope. But the Vicar demurred.

"If the Pope has a Divine primacy, I do not see that we have any right to demand conditions. . . . Our surrender, if we ought to make it, should be entire."<sup>1</sup>

". . . I begin to suspect [he wrote in February] that the Roman Church has more claim upon me than the English. . . . Yet, gladly would I remain were I am, could I do so with a safe conscience."<sup>2</sup>

But having arrived at this point he would not remain Vicar of St. Saviour's. He wrote to Dr. Pusey, giving his reasons, and begging of him to appoint a successor.

"Il Santo" characteristically refused to face the possibility of another disaster at the College. For weeks he put off the appointment of a new Vicar.

Pollen was much distressed at the turn affairs were taking.

"February 25.—To see E. B. P. in the evening about St. Saviour's. I cannot understand him, I must own; though I cannot fail to admire him immensely.<sup>3</sup> I have offered to be Vicar myself, if Pusey wishes; but if so, it will be to fight, and not to play the fool."<sup>4</sup>

At last the Doctor sent a substitute; he arrived early in March.

The College now moved on fast. The journal enters:

"March 1.—To E. B. P.(usey) *noctu*. Oh! that he would look at things full in the face! March 13.—The break-up is near—and so a part of my heart gone. God guide me and them to do His will."

Next day Dr. Pusey was effectively roused.

He had just received a letter from Mr. Minster informing him that he himself, with Mr. Crawley, Mr. Rooke, Mr. Ward, and other clergymen, now convinced of the claim of the Roman

<sup>1</sup> Letter to Hungerford Pollen, January 2.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* February 13.

<sup>3</sup> Pollen, journal.

<sup>4</sup> Pollen, letter to Allies.

Church, could do no less than submit shortly to her authority. The Doctor posted off at once to St. Saviour's, arriving in full trust of his powers of persuasion to avert the catastrophe.

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John Pollen at this time was absent in Wales, his heart crushed beneath the weight of a great sorrow—his will entirely set to lighten that sorrow for others.

The story of this woe tells, as nothing else could, the strong love that bound the family together. John was sent for at the first alarm.

“*March 6.*—To-day, at 3.30, Clarke, my mother's butler, came express with a letter about dear Laura. I had heard she had fever; this said she was in a very precarious state. I went by next train, 8 p.m., and was at 10 at Pwllheli. After a short delay for the return of my mother's horses, I started, with a nurse sent by Mrs. Wynne from London. We went very fast—met Henderson, who told me that *the whole family* is struck down by Irish fever. I arrived at Cefnamwlch at midnight. I went up to Charles (Laura's husband); he was in bed and ill . . . then to Laura. The doctor told me she was humanly beyond hope.

“I entered—she was unconscious; her poor eyes were fixed; I saw that she was dying. I knelt down by her and took her hand. I called her gently once or twice—I said, ‘Laura, dear, do you not know me?’ There was no answer; her hand was cold. . . . I repeated, as I could, some psalms. The breathings came and went, slow, regular sighs. I made acts of faith, hope, and unity to the Will of God; I knew she would be doing so. Then my mother and Loui withdrew; it was too oppressive. The breaths very quietly lessened, and got less frequent, and I saw the end was near. I prayed for the presence of God and His angels, that no temptation might assail the inward fixedness of her soul; and as I went on, the sighs sank; and just as I said again the words ‘Into Thy Hands, O Lord, we commend her spirit,’ came one sigh more faint than any other,—and then no more. So, after a little silence I knew that she was dead. No contraction, nothing of sound or effort, came over her. Rather I thought of what the Scripture says, ‘When he had so said, he fell asleep.’”

“*Propitietur Deus carissimæ sorori nostræ,*” wrote Hungerford in his journal, on receiving John's next letter. “The Lord have



mercy upon her soul, and fold her in His everlasting arms, and bring her again in joy and glory. . . . 'She is wonderfully little changed in death,' says dear John.

"And so she is what we remember her—and we shall see her again—but not now."

John continues :

"On Saturday, March 8, I went again to look upon her. How wonderfully unaltered. It was herself, only very pale ; almost I fancied she would wake again from sleep or trance. . . .

"On Tuesday I took flowers, and went alone into her room. Then I opened her coffin, and laid them over her in order. I took fern leaves and violets and sprigs of yew, and put them like a wreath around her head. Then I laid the blossoms of primroses, polyanthus, ranunculus, anemones, and such other flowers as were best and sweetest, all along over her, a long cross down to the feet, and over the breast. Above her dear heart I laid a bunch of snowdrops. Then I prostrated myself and said the prayers from the Office of the Dead. Then I fetched the carpenter ; and the lid was made fast while the place was still. . . ."

Day and night found John at the bedside of Charles Wynne or his children. On them, too, the hand of death seemed to be laid ; but by the devoted care of Mrs. Pollen, and of servants profoundly attached to the family, all began slowly to recover.

"March 14.—To-day we took our Laura to her last home. Her coffin was laid on a plain bier, and the Welsh tenants carried her, eight at a time, to Tydweiliog Church. I was the only mourner. I said the Vespers for the Dead, and the Prayer, *Requiem æternam*. . . . At the Lodge my mother and Loui joined me. . . . The whole county mourns. The market at Pwllheli, and the fair, have been filled with anxious faces, and sad enquiries.

"Laura sleeps in the spot she chose on the south side of the Church ; I fixed on the eastern end, as the first to meet the Redeemer of the dead. One way, the grave faces the Irish Channel, and Cefnamwlch, where she lived while she was concerned with time ; and on the north the island, the sea, and the mountains, those emblems of power and of eternity. An hour afterwards, all looked as usual, and I shut the great gates once more.

"In the afternoon I went down to the sea. The weather is bright and cold ; a solemn and melancholy beauty reigns over the

place. I was here nine years since ; how many hopes have perished in the interim ; and now St. Saviour's, too, is going. . . . I watched the beautiful sea, and the iron remorseless rocks ; I looked at the place on the beach where the children used to play and bathe ; I lay down on a green marble rock in a sheltered bay, and the wonderful waves played antics all around me." . . . . .

Our sister [says John to his brother] was to Charles in all things as a messenger from God. She won all around her, this way and that, as women do, to thoughts of duty, and continuance therein. . .

" . . . Dear mother still bears up nobly, though suffering in body from unwearied watching and tending of the sick, and sorrow of heart. . . . .

"The patients do well to-day. The two boys carried in blankets to Charles' room ; Edith is better."

The sight of his children, really convalescent, relieved the overwhelming grief and anxiety of the father. As soon as they were able to move, John and his mother carried them off to Caernavon, Bangor, and Conway, for rest and change.

It was therefore from afar that he heard of the finish at St. Saviour's.

To resume its history in Mr. Minster's own words.

"Dr. Pusey is now staying with us. On Friday (March 14) he came ; he is now very much dispirited. He thought he should have induced us to stop in our course ; but he now sees that we cannot violate our consciences, even for him, good and kind as he is. . . . Your brother John will remain behind for some time ; but sooner or later he must follow us. I have had a letter from him ; he agrees with me in my estimate of Pusey.

"I need not tell you with what pain Pusey looks upon all this ; and I would gladly give all I am worth (could I do so with a safe conscience) to remain where he is—but I cannot. . . .

"*March 22.*—Pusey left on Tuesday, 18th, for Oxford. Crawley, Rooke, Combes, Ward, and I had very much talk with him. He seemed very much distressed at being able to make no great impression upon us. Indeed, I could not have imagined, before experience, that he had so little to say. He was strong in facts ; but we were stronger in principles. He has nothing in return for all he wishes to take away. I had three interviews with him of two hours each ; and had I given way to him, or accepted his position, I should simply have come away from him believing that there were fifty Churches, or none. In fact, he made out that there was no

one visible Church, and no one visible head; that unity and infallibility are not necessarily properties. . . . Push this theory to its legitimate conclusions, and you will find that there is no such thing as one holy, Catholic body on earth; that Christ's promises have accordingly failed. . . . I respect and love Pusey more than any other man; yet I am compelled to reject his theory when I trace the conclusions to which it leads. . . . We shall probably be received all together in Holy Week. . . ."

In a local paper of the month of April appeared the following :

"ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, LEEDS.

*"Secessions to Rome.*

"On Friday in last week, the Reverend Richard Ward, formerly Vicar of St. Saviour's, and the Rev. G. Crawley were received into the Romish Church at Birmingham . . . and the Reverend Father Newman, Superior of the Oratorians, and the Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham have been in Leeds to assist in the services connected with the public reception of the other converts at St. Ann's Catholic Church, on Thursday, April 9; these were, the Rev. Thomas Minster, the Rev. Mr. Rooke, the Rev. Mr. Combes, the Rev. Mr. Lewthwaite, of Clifford. . . . The lay members who have seceded (making seventeen persons in all) include the matron and servants at the orphanage. . . . The service commenced with the Hymn to the Holy Ghost, followed by the 51st Psalm; the new converts then read their recantation before the altar.

"Then the Rev. Father Newman ascended the pulpit. He had had, he said, no necessary preparation, but would speak to them out of the fulness of his heart. Quoting the words of Gamaliel, 'If this counsel or this work be of men it will come to naught; but if it be of God you cannot overthrow it,' he applied them to the Roman Catholic Church. . . . He pointed out that amidst the present clamour, and the calumnies uttered against her, the greatest additions were being made to the numbers of the faithful. . . . He alluded to the attempt made at St. Saviour's to promote the truth, as having failed in consequence of the interference of the power of the State. . . . Let all pray for the souls of those who had anything to do with the erection of St. Saviour's—that all who had listened to the words there uttered, might be brought at length into the Catholic Church.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Neville (afterwards "Father William" of the Oratory) and Mr. Hathaway, who became a Jesuit, and several others, were received somewhat later. Mr. Seton Rooke soon joined the Dominicans at Woodchester, near Rodbourne. He became Prior, Preacher-General, one of the most valuable men of the Order.

“The service concluded with the chanting of the *Te Deum*.”

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“A letter from Hungerford telling me they have all submitted to Pius IX. except Beckett.<sup>1</sup> So ends another chapter in my history. . . “I learn that I and the College have been attacked in the *Daily News*, and defended in the *Globe*. This is a good turn of J. Blackett’s.”

The loss to the Church of England he thought immense; and he now set to work upon the *Narrative of Five Years at St. Saviour’s*.

The book is in substance a defence of Tractarianism, as logically carried into practice at the College. He demonstrates the moral reform effected, and the religious earnestness infused into hundreds.

“What a debt [says the Preface] does the Church of England not owe to the author of the *Christian Year*, the *Parochial Sermons of St. Mary’s*, the *Sermons on Penitence and Absolution*. . . . To carry out the principles set forth by these great names has been the faithful effort of their humble followers; but, in so acting, they have been rejected.<sup>2</sup> . . .”

To this official rejection of definite tenets and consequent practice, he attributes the scepticism rapidly growing within the very bosom of the Church of England, a scepticism that naturally creeps upon a body whose faith can bear no distinct formula of revelation.

The story of St. Saviour’s burst from his heart; the style is often uncouth, yet rises now and then to eloquence. He studiously avoids recrimination, imputes no malice, and even understates much injustice and partiality. His most earnest pleading is for the spiritual need of the dying.

“Then, if ever, that tender mother, Holy Church, comes with her unearthly song, to sing her child to his last sleep: O, what a piteous cry. . . . ‘Mother, dear mother, come and lie by me here, close, close to me!’”

These had been his sister’s last words; they were still ringing in his ears.

<sup>1</sup> Who did not feel himself called to *unqualified* submission.

<sup>2</sup> Moreover, on April 3, 1850, the Bishops published a common manifesto, recommending, “for peace sake,” the abolition of all Puseyite practices.



The tone of the book is filled with profound sadness. On the title-page occurs : "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." At the end is an impassioned prayer that Truth and Unity may prevail in England.

Hungerford's journal runs :

"June 30.—On stile with cigar, reading the Bishop of Ripon's justification of himself concerning St. Saviour's—a most pitiable paper; and John's *Narrative*; very simple, and forbearing; 120 copies sold first day, and great interest shown."

One storm had blown over the Puseyite party; its expected shipwreck by Lord John Russell. In February, 1851, the government—in a way totally unforeseen—suddenly fell. The Tractarians were not slow to attribute this stroke to providential visitation. "Lord John has fallen [write many], because he attacked the Church of God."

The "Romans" might have drawn the same moral. But the more thoughtful were occupied rather with gratitude for the final end of the Minister's appointed work—to hasten and increase their triumph.

Conversions followed rapidly one upon the other through the winter, spring, and summer. Of Pollen's personal friends : Mr. Maskell went over in October 1850; after him Mr. Dodsworth, Mr. Sergeant Bellasis, Mr. Stuart Bathurst, late of Kibworth, soon to be "Father Philip" of the Birmingham Oratory; Mr. Neville and Mr. Hathaway of St. Saviour's; Mr. Anderdon, after having begged Pollen to take over his Puseyite "monastery" of St. Margaret's, Leicester, that he felt bound to resign, went to Paris with the Campdens, and there with them was received by Père de Ravignan, and ended as a Jesuit. James Hope and Manning made their abjuration together in April; in May went Edward Badeley; then Major General Patterson, and the Henry Wilberforces, Mr. Stevenson the historian and antiquary, and many others. Mr. Edward Dean, lingered on awhile, and Sir John Simeon, and William Palmer.

The full tale of four hundred names of note, social, legal, literary, or scientific, together with a rank and file formed of

humbler individuals, was not told for some years yet ; but in the summer of 1851 Mr. Minster could write :

“ As soon as Archdeacon Wilberforce <sup>1</sup> shall have followed his brother Henry's example, we may I think say, that most of the leading men and best theologians of the Movement have been gathered into the Catholic Church.”

But John Pollen remained, waiting for light.

<sup>1</sup> The Archdeacon followed in 1854 ; his brother William, 1864 ; William Palmer of Magdalen, 1857 ; Edward Dean, 1855 ; Sir John Simeon, 1852.

## CHAPTER XXV

### SENIOR PROCTOR (1851)

“*A*PRIL 1, 1851.—I am Proctor, I find, and Senior ; with Rigaud and Smith of Magdalen. . . . 18th.—I learn that certain M.A. are very fierce at my consulate. They talk of writing to Custos. I wait to see what they will do. . . . 30th.—Inaugurated at two o'clock, walking uncovered with the Warden and the College. A crush in Convocation ; Hussey and family there, and others, to do me honour.”

The nomination of so marked a man as Pollen to an office of such responsibility was certainly a singular testimony of esteem.

“At the time of my matriculation at Christ Church [says the Reverend S. Andrewes, O.S.C.], Mr. Pollen occupied the position of Senior Proctor of the University. As a freshman at the beginning of Michaelmas term, 1851, I well remember the first occasion of my meeting him. He was patrolling the High Street, according to the usual custom, attended by his ‘bull-dogs.’ I was much impressed by his kind and gentle manner, combined with firmness and dignity, when he spoke to me. His style was almost paternal ; not so much that of the great Proctor as of a friend and counsellor. . . . He exercised strict discipline, but always with tact and prudence in the faithful discharge of duty ; and he treated all with fairness and courtesy.

“The Commemoration at the close of the Academical year at midsummer, 1852, brought his official duties to an end.<sup>1</sup> By a sort of prescriptive right or at any rate by a recognized custom, the undergraduates take this opportunity of showing their approval or disapproval of the Proctors’ conduct during their year of office. They themselves are in an exalted position, immediately in front of the Vice-Chancellor. The shouts and cries from the gallery are often

<sup>1</sup> The Proctors lay down their office some weeks previously.

overwhelming ; if the victim is a very unpopular Proctor the whole business becomes a complete saturnalia.<sup>1</sup>

“ But when Mr. Pollen’s name was thus submitted to the informal verdict of the undergraduates, the applause with which he was greeted was a token, not only of his popularity, but of the general esteem and regard with which he was held by all.”

To peruse certain pages of the letters or the private journal of John Pollen, through the years 1851–2, or yet more the *Narrative of St. Saviour’s*, one would think the author the saddest of men, in aspect and converse. More attentive consideration shows that this was not the case ; and moreover that Pollen kept his troubles to himself, or bore them with an air that heartened those about him. One witness will be quoted : that of a schoolboy ; and so, hereon, particularly telling.

“ I first became acquainted with John Hungerford Pollen, when, as an Eton boy in 1852 I was staying at Oxford with my relative, Manuel Johnson of the Radcliffe Observatory. John Pollen was good enough to invite me to his rooms at Merton, where I greatly enjoyed his hospitality. I was a boy ; he, Senior Proctor ; but his cheery friendliness and utter absence of ‘ donnishness,’ broke through the difference of age. I remember accompanying him one night upon his rounds with his bull-dogs ; his chumminess and chaff made me feel half Proctor, half bull-dog myself.”<sup>2</sup>

“ Most Proctors,” we are told, “ confine their functions to a surveillance of the streets.”<sup>3</sup> But John Pollen was not content with “ sweeping the High.” Proctors are entitled to enter any house, and his journal amply witnesses that he used this power to face unflinchingly most unpleasant episodes in the course of duty. Of his connection with the Oxford Penitentiary something has been said ; his unwearied patience had a freer exercise during his year of office.

<sup>1</sup> Only eight years before (in 1844) Mr. Jelf the Proctor had one night been seized in the street by a *posse* of University men. They gagged him, tore off his gown and bands, tied him to a lamp-post, and then disappeared ; nor were the perpetrators of the outrage ever discovered. At the Commemoration which closed Mr. Jelf’s term of office the uproar against him was so great that the regular proceedings of the day had to be abandoned.

<sup>2</sup> The Reverend Sebastian Bowden, of the Oratory, London. April 10, 1910.

<sup>3</sup> E. W. Hiley, *Memoirs of Half a Century* (Longmans, 1903)



But he was not a man to be trifled with. A fine was presented in sixpences and halfpence to the Senior Proctor by an undergraduate. They were politely declined, and he was bidden to bring the same sum next day in fourpenny pieces. These he was desired to translate into pennies, and subsequently into shillings; so that he found leisure, before his fine was accepted, to regret an ill-timed pleasantry;—or, perhaps, to digest a first lesson in manners.

Many a town and gown row encroached upon John Pollen's rest. One night he was roused by a gun-shot; some undergraduates had disturbed the house of an unpopular townsman with nocturnal clamours; "who looked out, and deliberately shot a poor youth, Ross of Christ Church, who was close under the window, wounding him in the neck, though, thank God, not dangerously." Next morning the blood-track gave due evidence, and when evening came, the undergraduates in a body beset the house, to smash its windows and its owner. The policemen, assembled in defence, had already acquired a black eye or two, before the rioters—who had the Proctors' sympathy—could be assured that the enemy was safe in gaol, and induced to depart without further vengeance.

Another time Pollen got news of a projected ball at Abingdon, and suspected that some University men would try to attend it.

"All the afternoon two of my bull-dogs stopped every embarkation or disembarkation at the railway station, but none of our men were found. . . . So I sent Millard with an inspector and two men on the Seven Bridge road, whilst I took my station in the advance of the turnpike. Presently down came three men riding. I placed my forces across the road; we stopped the three horses, and opened the lantern; behold three Worcesterians, Eaton writing down the names; my marshal by way of consolation, crying all the time, 'Only the Proctor, gentlemen, you needn't be alarmed—only the Proctor, that's all.' After a while three more men; then a fly with others, who refused to open the door, till the driver was forced to do it for them; then they feigned sleep, and so on. Then I went back to the train that had just come in, and caught two more gentlemen, both in great terror. Back to the turnpike; at last came more on horseback; I left Brown at the gate, and, with my diminished force, was nearly done; for after stopping some, the others made a dash. We turned

—away they went, followed at a frantic pace by the whole corps bawling to Brown to shut the gate ; he did so, and the youths, finding exit barred by the enemy, dismounted, and tried to flee away on foot, but the Marshal caught them. They were in a tremendous fright, poor lads ! . . . It was half-past one before I got in. A capture of sixteen in all was effected.”

It was necessary to rusticate these young gentlemen for the term ; whereat the father of one came down to remonstrate ; but after a long and at first angry interview, Pollen persuaded him of the righteousness of the proceedings.

In Convocation the Senior Proctor upheld the cause of justice—sometimes almost alone ; for prejudice ran high on certain points.

In December the *Select Preachers* before the University were to be chosen. Dr. Pusey was proposed ; Pollen seconded him ; the rest objected to the Doctor as an *extremist*. “What then about the last Bampton Lecture ?” inquired Pollen. It was fresh in the memory of all that the lecturer had therein explicitly denied the whole question of Sacramental grace. Men had grown daring since the Gorham Case. The sermon had been looked upon by every one as *extreme* on the rationalistic side, but had not been censured. Why then should Dr. Pusey not have *his* say ? “Profound emotion on the part of the Margaret professor” and Pollen won the day.

A similar case may here be mentioned.

“*February, 1852.*—To the Architectural, where we brought on the affair of M., who as Secretary, had taken off the names of the R. Cath. Members. The President, Harington (Head of B.N.C.) declared this wrong and against rules. M. talks of *spirit* as well as *letter*. Oxenham (of Exeter) answers him ; M. replies, gets floored, explains, falls worse in ; Freeman (of Magdalen) dusts him well—M. boggles fearfully ; eventually we get off triumphant.”

Pollen characteristically sought a private interview with M. and with great gentleness succeeded in persuading him of justice.

In the course of 1851 the persecution of Puseyites was dying down. Men considered that a beaten party might safely be ignored.

"At that time [says the Rev. S. Andrewes] the Tractarian movement was on the decline, and the 'Broad' or Liberal School was gaining ground amongst the leading Professors and tutors as well as with the undergraduates; but Mr. Pollen was known as a consistent and staunch High Church man, and his influence was great and effectual."

His confidence was sought in converse and correspondence by many who were almost, but not quite, persuaded of their rightful religious path. Some would entrust to no one else the baptism of their children. There was, too, the sister of his friend Arthur Stanley; and Lord and Lady Charles Thynne and their children, and the great-nephew of a poet—Henry Coleridge, who had just resigned his cure, a significant act; and Lenox Prendergast of Christ Church, who was presently to charge at Balaklava with the Six Hundred; and—dear to Newman—there was a family gay with young people of all ages: the Bowdens; of whom the paterfamilias now made Pollen the confident of his wavering counsels; and there were many others. He himself listened, questioned, discussed, pondered, and advised little, or not at all.

A notable visit he paid in September to the kind and venerable Dr. Routh, D.D., ninety-seven years of age and President of Magdalen since 1791.<sup>1</sup>

"September 10, 1851.—To call on the President who had read with interest my letter to the St. Saviour's people. [It had appeared perhaps in the *Protector*, the new Puseyite paper.] He is going to read the *Narrative* also. He was much alarmed at my possible development on the matter of Invocation of Saints, and sent by Rigaud to refer me to a note of his in his 5th Volume of *Reliquiae*, p. 251, which I read. He himself read it over again with me. I was touched by his kindness. He strongly objects to 'Leaving the Creator for the Creature' (!) as he considers the hyperdulia to St. Mary."

Strange were the gatherings in Pollen's rooms this summer of 1851. Men saw each other who had not met since "seven times had passed over" them; Mr. Crawley, "Father Beckett," John Wynne, William Palmer, Beadon Heathcote, Allies,

<sup>1</sup> Died 1854 in his hundredth year. He was always Newman's staunch supporter.

and the rest. They were now joined by a new acquaintance.

He appears suddenly in the journal as "Joly de Bammeville, an absurd Frenchman, all beard, at Commemoration"; a sketch follows of a beard of length inordinate for any period, but conspicuous in those days of shaven chins and side-whiskers.

M. de Bammeville proved to be a most agreeable, if eccentric companion; and his wife was as pleasant as himself. He soon became intimate with John Pollen, his brother, and his friends, and figures in the journal as "Bumvil." He would arrive uninvited, expecting dinner or bed, as often as he failed to come by promise. He was a man of culture and accomplishment, played and sang fine music, and collected beautiful things; his hospitable house in London was filled with superb prints, and pictures well worth seeing; he was a keen judge of character, which he professed to read infallibly in handwriting; and his conversation upon men and things was witty and acute. His sterling qualities of character proved eventually as remarkable as his intellectual gifts, and he remained a lifelong and most kind friend to John Pollen.

At present his lighter side was more prominent. He was full of enthusiasm for the glories of the University, and of curiosity concerning its local colour; on November 5 he hoped to witness a typical Oxford row. "With the utmost gravity, clad in fur coat, spectacles, and mitigated beard"—for he had sacrificed some inches to the prejudices of time and place—he accompanied the Senior Proctor and his bulldogs after dark. Unfortunately for sport, anti-Papal excitement had by the end of this year worn itself out.

"We spent an hour and a half rushing into knots, crowds, and columns of towns and gowns, all tractable enough; very little fighting; one youth I rescued slightly mauled. Bumvil thought it exceedingly slow."

This gentleman was a Protestant, but his leanings were High; soon, indeed, distinctly Roman; and he began to urge John Pollen, "tooth and nail," to "go over" with him. "He does not understand me," says Pollen. John Wynne, on the other hand, would call his new friend to account for not acting on convictions of which he made no secret. In November,



1851, de Bammerville was in fact received, but he informed neither Wynne nor Pollen of the fact; and Wynne one day, with all the ardour of his affectionate nature, again set fiercely on. De Bammerville turned on him in feigned anger, declaring that but for the fury of converts he should long since have followed. . . . John Wynne was thunderstruck—his distress was such that he gasped for breath and went nigh to fainting; the other then avowed the truth; whereupon, Wynne—the shyest and least demonstrative of men—seized him in his arms with so tight a hug that de Bammerville's own breathing became no easy matter.<sup>1</sup> Shortly after this episode Wynne's persuasions finally won over Mr. Henry Coleridge, and the two departed to study for Orders in Rome.

One old friend John Pollen was soon to lose. Mr. Minster lay sick unto death at the Monastery of Little Malvern, where he had boarded since his conversion. His letters to Hungerford tell how the former pope of St. Saviour's was now the humblest and most grateful son of quite another Pope. He confidently hoped that the two brothers would one day follow his example; but he wrote no word of persuasion or controversy. A long visit from John in June, 1852, revived him to eagerness; a week later he passed away in wonderful joy of spirit.

William Beadon Heathcote, at the end of 1851, accepted the post of Warden of Radley College; a firm hand had there been needed; Heathcote's influence soon restored discipline and good feeling in the face of extraordinary difficulties. Much of interest regarding all this is found in the journal of Pollen, who keenly felt the separation, and often visited his friend.

Over Oxford, this year, the journal lingers.

"December 24, 1851.—At nine to Magdalen to a most charming entertainment. The Hall was warmed with an enormous fire, and lighted brilliantly. At the high table was set out an abundant cold collation, with much display of College plate. In the middle of the hall were the musicians, boys and men, piano, violins, and flute. They performed the first part of the *Messiah*; then we supped—afterwards carols were sung till twelve; then the *Gloria in excelsis*, whilst all the Oxford bells rang out. To the chapel, lighted from an immense height by candles in the galleries; the arched spaces

<sup>1</sup> John Pollen, personal recollections.

behind looked grandly black. I sat up the night ; after Eucharist at seven at St. Mary's, I went to the Cathedral for matins, and then entertained Church, Harry Bowden, and Holman Hunt, at breakfast."

Throughout this year, 1851—unlike the last—nothing of self-introspection occurs in the journal ; but the thoughts and prayers of this night's watch may be divined. He felt that it would be the last Christmas seen by him at Oxford.

Pollen was a marked man.

"Once at Convocation, I, in one of my walks, caught my heel in my chair and upset it, to Jacobson's horror, who pronounced it an omen. Possibly enough. . . .

"February 23, 1852.—Reported in *The Globe* to-night that I am received a Roman. . . . March 1.—Fresh letter about me in *The Times* of to-day. These announcements have caused endless correspondence : congratulations or regrets from various sides of the question."

One of these letters survives.

*From R. L., Aberford, Tadcaster, to Lenox Prendergast, Esq.*

"MY DEAR PRENDER,—

"I only saw last night a paragraph, saying that John Pollen has gone, and my guardian this morning confirms this. Do write me and let me know anything you can about it. . . . You know in some small degree all I owe to him, and how much I looked up to him, and you can conceive how great is my loss ; the loneliness I feel would be unbearable, were it not God's own good will. . . . In the midst of my own trouble I must not forget yours in my prayers. I cannot write more now, for I feel well-nigh *dirried*."

## CHAPTER XXVI

### THE DEATH-WARRANT (1852).

“**T**RUTH,” de Ravignan had said, “will come upon you in a wonderful way.”

In June, John Pollen reviewed his situation.

Light, illumining each problem of doctrine or of fact on every side, had he awaited ; seldom shines it as to Saul ; it had not come ; a year had passed, his eyes were weary with sweeping the heavens, and he looked again to earth.

One last consultation he held with Robert Wilberforce, a fellow-watcher ; and then he felt that he had followed human reason to the utmost point of shore. She pointed clear to the sea where she had no dominion ; she urged him to embark, to trust to a pilot stronger than herself, and alone possessing the secrets of the way.

“DUBLIN, IMPERIAL HOTEL,  
“*July* 10, 1852.

“MY DEAR W. B. H.,—

“I must try and set down what I gathered from the Archdeacon [R. Wilberforce]. . . I passed through Hull, itself a dog-hole, a meaner town than Leeds by a good deal, though I dare say not less important. I suppose the place has increased merely in size, not in self-respect, since the days of Robinson Crusoe, who sailed from here, did he not ? and seems to have sent back plenty of niggers and cats.

“Burton Agnes is five miles from the coast of the East Riding, and stands on a rising ground sloping down towards the Humber ; there is a beautiful vicinity of trees, and a garden full of life and vigour, galloping lupins and roses omnigenous ; a handsome church of which he has rebuilt the Choir in proper Puseyite form ; an ugly but most comfortable house, every corner and landing place crowded with books ; learning and quiet written up everywhere. He

mounted me, and we rode through the parish . . . he preached extempore, well, but not as fluently as either Sam or Henry. I had divers confabs. with him ; he was very kind, very simple and open. His plan is now to write on the doctrine of the Eucharist, to speak plainly, proclaim Transubstantiation, and to let the opponents, if they choose it, do their worst. . . . I feel deeply that he is right. I cannot but think that silence on these great questions is more than a tacit consent to a denial thereof ; while it blinds the eyes of many who think we are of their mind ; such silence also must bias our teaching. . . . The disputes about *ὁμοούσιος* and *ὁμοιούσιος* and such like in the early centuries are a capital joke for Gibbon, but the difference is everything in reality.

“ The Archdeacon allowed me to put all queries to him in my own way, and to sift his mind. . . . The professed acceptance of doctrines with rejection of terms which theologically most clearly and fully express them, is a highly unsatisfactory plea. . . . Then we came back to the question, *Who has authority to decide ? is there one upon earth ?* This was a sore point. . . . [The letter is very long, and goes into many special questions.]

“ He finally admitted that Puseyism was in a different position from what it was in the '45, and again since the Gorham Case . . . that Puseyism, too, without the authority of a living tradition, is as little to be feared as a viper without its teeth—that Pusey and Marriott hold but the doctrine of private judgment, enlightened, and ranging over Antiquity as well as Holy Scripture.

“ Now I have a great distrust of my own judgment ; but when I see one like the Archdeacon, whose whole desire it is to justify his present position, whom greater age than my own and habits more deeply rooted tend so much to disable from moving, wishing that the own act of the C. of England would turn him out, and rid him of the responsibility of ending for himself the present wretched state of things, what am I to think is the call to a younger and worthless servant of the Establishment ? . . .

“ My dear W. B. H., do look sharp. Take the consort in tow with a good strong cable [Heathcote had just announced his own engagement]. That sex is so pure when it is pure, so true, devoted, plain-sailing, and courageous, that I long for her to heave round the capstern ‘up anchor,’ and sail with you down stream. Hand over the keys of Radley to governor Sewell, and pick up any of those sweet lovable Thynnes, or any that will jump in after you. The misery of solitude of mind is considerable. When is the execution to take place ? Send me a piece of the cake, however small, and forward to Miss Stanley the part of the letter relating to R. I. W.



according to my promise, then to E. Dean, putting *Private*, and to any *you* like ; but not beyond.

“ Your affect.

“ J. H. P.”

Lately John Pollen had visited again the Tower and carefully scrutinized it inside and out. One sight dwelt in his sensitive memory : “ The block, with two or three deep axe marks in it, on which Lords Balmerino and Lovat suffered in the forty-five. The horror with which it inspired me was not small.” The impression he refers to more than once this autumn.

He now fixed the time and place for his own execution : in France, next October. It would be more bearable at a distance from home.

To several friends he told his intentions ; a letter of remonstrance survives, dictated by the sincerest affection.

“ CANTERBURY,

“ July 2, 1852.

“ MY DEAR POLONIUS,—

“ You have left such a heavy heart behind, that you must forgive me if, contrary to my wont, I break forth into one last entreaty. Is the move indeed quite inevitable ? I write as a friend, grateful for kindness never to be forgotten.

“ I have, I know, no right to say anything. I have, as you know, none of the usual points to urge. I cannot say that I regard the Pope as Antichrist, or the R.C. Church as schismatical. . . . But I cannot refrain from asking whether there is really a call to pull out another stone from one of the existing pillars of the world. If it be possible to live and love and work in this hemisphere of ours,—is there not a duty not less real, because less possible, than that which seems to call you across the ocean ? To many, of course, your departure, however lamentable on personal points, will perhaps seem justified or demanded on public grounds. But to such as I—few I know and little to be regarded—it is a pang which shoots through my whole frame. It goes to break up a hope, faint and distant indeed, but still one which, as far as I know myself, I can never wholly lose—the hope of seeing the Protestant and Catholic virtues once more united on this earth, as they have been once, in One <sup>1</sup>—perhaps in One only <sup>1</sup>—but as they might be yet again, if such institutions as this crumbling edifice,<sup>2</sup> of which we still both form part, were allowed

<sup>1</sup> Newman,

<sup>2</sup> The Church of England.

fair play. If there be anything in this hope—or in anything like it which is more congenial to you, do think whether there are not voices from the far distant future asking you to pause—feelings in the womb of time, against which these dislocations are treason.

“Do not think it needful to answer this. I write it only from a last, but profound desire, that something might be done, and a hope, tho’ a very faint one, that a new face and a new voice might awaken one feeling which others have passed over.

“Ever yours,

“A. P. STANLEY.”<sup>1</sup>

July and August Pollen spent in Ireland. He went at leisure, and mostly alone, through the most interesting and beautiful parts of that country. In the journal are many word-pictures drawn and coloured with his usual skill, of Killarney Lakes, Clew Bay with its hundred isles, the course of the Shannon, “grandest of rivers,” towns, villages, churches, and round towers. Humorous scenes he notices, but without his former keen enjoyment. “They would,” he says, “have interested me at another time.” But now he is anxious to get below the surface, and to find out the sources and secrets of Irish poverty, Irish faith, morality, and devotion. Those were the days when emigrant ships were fetid prisons; at Liverpool docks he measured the space allowed for each poor man and found it to be eight square feet; the days of shameless proselytism, when the starving were given food and clothing—during and since the famine—on the sole condition of themselves and their children attending the Protestant settlements. John Pollen visited the handsome place of this nature near Achill Head. “O’Brien [and other Irish Protestants in his company] said that such means of spreading Protestantism seemed to him inconsistent with justice and truth.” By these and a hundred other experiences Pollen’s sympathies for the oppressed were aroused, and his political opinions, later on, profoundly affected.

He visited the convents of the Sisters of Mercy and of Charity, and other religious houses which formed the great charitable institutions of Dublin; Maynooth College and its President; a hundred interesting scenes and conversations would be well

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Dean of Westminster.

worth publication, as most typical of the Ireland of that day. One anecdote only, extracted from a most striking life story will be given, as falling in specially with his then state of mind.

“ . . . At Mr. Errington’s, I heard the story of Dr. Butler, a Hebrew scholar of Trinity College, a great traveller, and now a Catholic. . . . In Hungary he was scandalized at seeing crucifixes in the alehouses. But one day a man here quarrelled with another and blasphemed. The doctor could not speak Hungarian, but he seized the man and pointing to the crucifix, made him face it. The effect on the blasphemer was complete ; and Dr. Butler was satisfied as to the use of such images. . . .”

From now his path can be traced in letters written—as many years later the recipient put it—“in his heart’s blood.”

*To Lenox Prendergast, Esq.*

“RODBOURNE,

“August 29, 1852.

“MY DEAR PREN.,—

“I passed through the Menai pea-shooter yesterday morning, and got home. Much interested in the land of St. Patrick, and in its Popery, which is its all. Come and see me here. . . . My Anglican days are, I suspect, numbered ; but do not divulge this calumny till you hear again.

“Your affec.

“J. H. P.”

“RODBOURNE,

“September 14, 1852.

“MY DEAR LENOX P.,—

“My opinions have not altered *in re pap.* They were not formed in a hurry, and I cannot part with them consistently with common sense, if I would. But my act entails so much wretchedness on the people I love the best, not to speak of myself, that, viewed in relation to this world, it is a black dose. With it, too, comes the giving up of three or four things about the most to be desired that I could at present name ; and not being a saint or anything in that line, I am in as trying a fix as can be—my courage evaporates from the ends of my fingers as I come near to the scratch. But it is a question, not of this, but of an eternal world ; on such a venture, and with my eyes shut, do I throw the die. . . . What I am to do, if I live, I cannot guess : farmer, ploughboy, tinker, thief, or ecclesi-

astic. . . . Is there the remotest chance of your turning Popey and coming with me ? ”

“ RODBOURNE,  
“ *October 9.*

“ MY DEAR P.,—

“ My time is nearly due. On the 12th I go to Radley ; next day to Havre and Yvetot, having promised Allies to convoy his boys there to school. Then—a curtain, the blackness of which conceals everything ; towards it I am screwing up my courage for a rush. For once I mean to act on faith, and to trust to God my soul and my body, my present happiness and my future. No man who shall leave father, mother, wife and children, houses or lands. . . . It is thus with me.

“ If you mean *what you say*—if thy heart fail thee not—then come up into the chariot with me. But this is perhaps more than you do mean. . . . My mother is quite ignorant of the coming storm. I find it best not to let her know.

“ If you *could* be my companion to Havre ; I would not bother you with Popery ! I shall be ‘ alone, alone.’ Let me hear at Radley if you will. . . .

“ How dreadful is this process.

“ Ebben—Ebben,  
“ J. H. P.”

The journal continues :—

“ *October 10.*—Told mother that after visiting Bennett at Frome, I should go abroad. She took it without understanding it fully. *11th.*—Told her again before I started. The girls first found it out when I bid them good-bye. I have tried hard to avoid a painful dénouement for Mother. I went at last, very unhappy and wretched parting with the children and all ; got to Chippenham, accompanied by Hungerford and Edward Dean. . . . To Frome. Bennett very civil, took me in, and over his place. With him I had a great deal of talk ; he became at last the defendant. He admitted the doctrine of Unity, but made an attempt to argue the prior importance of attending to practical business at Frome. . . . *12th.*—To Radley. Headache and disconsolate. E. Dean drove me to the station, and I watched him go from me in the coach, which Civil John was driving.”



*From the Reverend E. Dean, to Lenox Prendergast, Esq., Christ Church, Oxford.*

“LEWKNOB,

“October 16.

“MY DEAR PREN.,—

“ . . . I took my final leave of dear departed J. H. P. at a gate between Oxford and Abingdon on October 13. He is off to Yvetot ; I had a few lines from him on board the steamer, with the three little Allies, who will prove ‘*une forte distraction*,’ for him, poor fellow : he needs it. I have seen a good deal of him at Rodbourne these days ; *il a bien fait son devoir*. . . .”

Mr. Prendergast had not appeared after all. John Pollen was to tread the wine-press alone.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### A NEW LIFE (1852)

*To William Beadon Heathcote.*

“ROUEN,  
“October 23, 1852.

“MY DEAR WILLIAM H.,—  
“Well, at last it is over. . . . I will go back, and let you know all I did from the time I shook your two hands at the station. I wrote letters for two hours at Reading, on my knees, and again on board at Southampton, to give some of my friends a parting farewell. You can fancy some such need lingering about me. I found my troublesome charge at Southampton, and took and tried to keep them on board, the latter no easy task, for they ran about like mice—however I supped them and got them to bed, applying Cyril’s head to his little recess like a ferret’s to a rat hole. A long passage it was, and roughish, for the wind was on the port beam, and the water rushed over the deck and retarded us. In the open dock we stayed till midnight; I was drowsily on deck when I heard the Captain sing out, ‘Turn her ahead.’ Then the pier seemed slowly to withdraw itself, and leave me to my fate to float to some other harbour; and I could say in a good many senses: My native land, good-night.

\* \* \* \* \*

“In a window of the hotel at Havre I discussed with the waiter, a melodramatic-looking man, ‘the affairs of the Empire.’ The result I forget. . . . At Yvetot they received me most kindly. I told Pierre Labbé what I had come for. He took me up into his room and embraced me, and then said a Mass of thanksgiving; we breakfasted, and the boys went romping about the place and swarming up the gymnastic poles.”

Here in the Seminary, their destined school, Pollen left these fascinating companions.

Picturesque, even romantic, is his account of the old Normandy

house, tiled and panelled, its well-cultivated farm, its gardens, orchards, and beech-groves ; the kindly old-world manners and hospitality of the inmates ; and of

“ a charming old boy, the grey-haired and most sweet Abbé Lefébure, who has the antiquarian zeal and refined manners of ancient times. He knew Allies and the rest ; I told him what I was going to do. Had I given him £1,000 he could not have been so delighted.”

The letter goes on :

“ Wednesday, the 20th, was fixed by the Archbishop as the day when I should be received at Rouen. He most kindly sent to say that he should esteem it a great happiness to receive me himself and give me Confirmation at the same time. I was nothing loth. My preparation for a general confession was the less difficult as I had once made one to E. B. P[usey] and the repose too of the country house was a great help. . . . I had said morning and evening service, I believe scarcely with one intermission, since the day of my ordination. I said it the night we left England ; but when out of British waters I felt that the yoke of my old obedience was broken.

“ On Tuesday P. Labbé and I went to Rouen, called at the Palace in the evening, and were most kindly received by ‘ Sa Grandeur.’ If at home, he is accessible to any visitor till nine ; this is the continental fashion. The ceremony was fixed for nine next morning. We supped and slept at the Curé of the Cathedral’s, in a part of the old building, over the vaulted cloisters, and full of corkscrew stairs all profoundly dark. We traced our way through four little Oxford-looking rooms, one full of books, and sat down in a small closet to supper, a lamp throwing our three faces into shade. Take it all in all, I was in the age of Charles I.

“ It was late before I was in bed. So I was taking my leave of Anglicanism ; and truly a great deal was bound up in the thought ; and more might be in it still. It was something like an anticipation of death.

“ I rose early, and dressed by twilight. My room looks into a narrow street ; the opposite house is in overhanging stories, the beams bearing wooden statues, and tabernacles beautifully carved, but all brown with neglect ; below is a fountain that splashes night and day. I went to hear Labbé’s Mass at seven in the awe-inspiring Cathedral. I knelt before the Sacrament afterwards for some time. Before nine, we were waiting at the Palace.

“ At the appointed time, the good Archbishop appeared, dressed

for me in his mitre, and richest vestments ; and accompanied by two domestics ; his metropolitan cross of gold, nine foot high, was borne before him by a chorister, another carrying a candle. I felt as if I was going to the scaffold ; yet I longed to start ; I was ready to face axe and block, and to drop the handkerchief myself. We started, I at the end of the short procession ; we walked through the vast and noble old Gothic palace to the Chapel. There a fald-stool and chair were set for me below the sanctuary.

“ The Archbishop, according to the Rouen ritual, asked me if I remained firm to my intention. ‘ *Oui, Monseigneur.* ’ I then, from a paper I had written for subsequent enrolment, read aloud in French. ‘ *Je . . . Jean . . .* ’ and so on, and the Creed of Pope Pius ; then I put my right hand on the Gospels, and swore true obedience to the Roman See. Then I sat, and he made me a short address, exceedingly good. I then was baptized conditionally, in the shortest form, merely the words and the water. I then retired to the sacristy, where I received absolution. Meanwhile the mitre was taken off the Archbishop, and the chasuble put on, and he said Mass. He took the Host into his hands, and in very touching words, but simple, and to the point, told me he was bringing me this great blessing, and gave me the Holy Communion. Lastly, he gave me Confirmation, a short ritual ; we then left the chapel. I asked his benediction in the usual way ; and he gave me the *osculum pacis* on both cheeks. Registers were then brought, my baptism and process of abjuration were inserted and signed, and after some delay we all sat down in the Salon to a *déjeuner*, to which the Vicar-General had also been invited.

“ And so my great work was accomplished, and now I am left to simple matter of fact. Every doubt is at rest, and I have found that kind of calm which one needs repose and reflexion to enjoy to the full.

“ I cannot tell you how great an advantage I think it to have been able to do this out of England, or how greatly I appreciate the Rouen palace. There is a charity and tenderness about the French clergy that has had a very great effect upon me. They preserve, too, the politeness and simplicity of the old times, in great measure. The servants here are of that intelligent, familiar, and yet well-mannered and respectful type that one would look for in the old blue-bottles of Charles’ time ; and everything answers to this, down to the smallest details of their *ménage*. There is, of course, much that would be rude and ordinary, if it were not seen by the side of so simple and charitable a religious life, that all these things fall into the shade, like the stains and rents of a victorious frigate after a battle.



"To-day, Sunday, I have been at the services almost all day ; early Mass and Communion ; High Mass, Sermon, and the Hours at ten ; Catechism of boys after dinner ; None, Vespers, and Benediction at three ; Catechism for girls at five. They treat me with courtesy and give me a seat in the Choir ; . . . after dark I said my rosary for a special person in the nave of the Cathedral. Strange indeed to return to the ancient Norman capital of our early Kings, which I visited fourteen years ago, little dreaming indeed what would bring me next within it. They sang *In exitu Israel* and the *Nunc Dimittis*. They were somewhat overpowering. Whilst I knelt before the Holy Sacrament I renewed an offering which I have made more than once ; yet in the secret hope that the Almighty will decide otherwise ; for I only want to do His will. Whether this very solemn promise will prove the tomb of my hopes for this world, I cannot tell. If it be, I believe I shall be carried through the mess.

"I hope your money matters will take you away from your present *gîte*, and set you free. Here, indeed, one finds freedom, and pasture ; here grace abounds, fountains of pure water that only needs a frank and willing heart to drink at, at one's fill. I firmly believe, too, that we have here the *springs* of grace, and that they are the property of this supernatural sheepfold. As to points of doctrine, you are as well up in them as I ; as to these I am where I was. But they receive a special meaning from the reflective virtues of consistency and completion to which the Papacy is a necessary keystone. . . . I believe that the impulse necessary to set mental convictions in action, is a grace distinct from those convictions, and entirely diverse ; and I think that I ran, from caution, and unwillingness to act, a risk, very considerable indeed, of losing that grace ; though I do not think I could well have parted with my mental convictions except for practical or definite infidelity.

"Write to Paris, Poste Restante, as soon as you can. My best remembrances to the Sultana. You and I, I think, shall always remain unchanged to each other.

"Ever yr. affec.,

"J. H. POLLEN."

De Ravignan's prophecy was fulfilled.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### ROME IN 1853-4

**J**OHNN POLLEN now proceeded to Rome.  
On his way there he wrote to Beadon Heathcote.

“ FLORENCE,  
“ December 1, 1852.

“ MY DEAR WILLIAM H.,—

“ I have been here two days. . . . Great is the change from France to Italy, and though I have no quarrel whatsoever with France, yet the ease, play, and joyousness of this land appears on a first entrance. . . . There is a certain *laissez aller* disregard of stiffness and conventional propriety about the Italians which is rarely vulgar, and always carried off by a flexibility and grace which no northerners possess. . . . The highest conceivable religious attainments, and at times a bloody and desperate ferocity, belong to this race—but never the Blackguard or the Proper, as to ours and to the French. . . . Italy is indeed the land of beauty and of joy. . . . In my case, I feel that I am in many respects visiting it as an exile. Though I am not likely to be arrested when I land at Dover, my country has banished me from most of the circles and many of the sympathies of my life heretofore. Perhaps, therefore, I reflect upon the rises and falls of these great theatres of historical trouble, and the struggles of different ages for liberty, with a deeper tenderness than I should have done when I sailed before a fairer breeze. . . . Yesterday before dusk I toiled up to the ancient Franciscan Convent of San Miniato to look down upon Florence. . . . I sometimes sigh for a soul to speak to that will understand me. Though I am not unhappy, alone and as a student, perhaps find myself better off for being so; yet it is a want. Till I get to Rome I suppose I shall not see my way to any future. There is something at any rate to occupy the present; I have just heard that Miss S. has been received at Paris, *Deo gratias*. It is a relief; for I fear so unfeignedly for all who come near, and continue only near. I felt

the almost overpowering current that was washing me back seawards in my own case. God is very merciful. . . .

"What is thought of the failure of Convocation? R. I. W. spoke so strongly of such a possibility that it must have shaken him greatly. I get little news—I suppose you are hard at work at 1st Class, 2nd Class, and so on, and looking out destinations in Bradshaw, till you will have mastered that most prodigious of works.

"Then you had better pack up your custodial portmanteau and the Sultana's bonnet-box, and we can have it out more on a par in a *ὑπερφῶν* of one of these go-a-head houses of call here for travellers.

"*Addio,*

"Ever affec.,

"J. H. P."

The journal records :

"October 10, Siena.—I mounted the banquette of the diligence for Rome . . . We were at Viterbo the next morning by ten, at the foot of a noble high ground wooded with oak, from whence the Roman Campagna begins, . . . the mountains beyond the Appennines capped with snow. Along the road were patrols of dragoons ; a courier had just been stopped, robbed of 80 scudi, and his postillion mortally wounded. The robbers we heard had not yet been taken. . . . Seventeen miles from Rome the ground begins to descend into the plain—and *Rome is visible.*"

What that first vision was to John Pollen is left to the imagination.

From the day when he had entered the Universal Church at Rouen no touch in his journal reveals any emotion of his soul. Emotion there was indeed ; but not of the kind that follows upon the search for an object supremely desired. Fluctuation had ceased ; his mind was as stable as his will.

Tractarianism on the moral side has been described as obedience to conscience. The practical conscience is indeed man's one infallible interior guide ; but the difficulties lie in distinguishing the voice of conscience from that of prejudice. Hushing all self-interest in the effort to listen, John Pollen caught the true accent, and followed as it led him, despite the deafening counter cries from within and from without. When the final step had been taken, there was a sudden silence. No more inward struggle was there to record.

And outward things, the journal notes henceforth only as they are in themselves, no longer as reflecting or intensifying the moods of his own soul. For anxious searchings of heart he substitutes naturally the study of the new heritage into which he has entered. In silent prayer and praise he pours forth the feelings evoked by this contemplation ; but to write of them he has no care. He must, besides, now busy himself more than ever with the needs of practical life. And so, sentences describing art and nature presently contract into hints of telegraphic brevity ; the record even of facts grows rarer and rarer, until the copious journal dwindles gradually into a utilitarian diary. For any knowledge of the new world of his mind and heart it becomes necessary to consult such expression as overflows into writings that have become to him a practical duty.

Of outward descriptions, however, his Roman journal is full.

He entered the capital of Pope Pius IX. on the evening of December 11 ; and early next morning found him breakfasting in one of the thousand rooms of the Vatican, where lodged his old friend James Laird Patterson. The eagerness of welcome may be guessed. A magnificent Papal function in the Sistine filled up the morning, and the afternoon found John Pollen in the Coliseum.

Round the great amphitheatre, in those days, were planted the Stations of the Cross. "A Capuchin friar, bearing a rough wooden cross, led the procession with hymns and prayers" triumphant, compassionate, and contrite, over a soil once wet with the blood of martyrs.

Years later, he recalls that scene.

"Look at the Flavian Amphitheatre, that skeleton of craggy projections and sharp walls, ruined now and turf-grown, with black cavernous openings between. The full round Italian moon hangs in the blue night above, flooding the far side with light and peace. It shows the peaks and cliffs of masonry, once joined by vaults and bearing-arches, with tiers and tiers of galleries, clothed from the level of the ground upwards with teeming human life ; men and women boiling with bloody appetite, yelling with heathenish desire to feast their eyes on the torn limbs and entrails of the pure and heavenly-minded—our Fathers in the Faith. . . . With stern satis-



faction do we now contemplate that dead denuded brickwork—that lifeless tyrant over which the Cross has triumphed.”<sup>1</sup>

John Pollen had gazed from San Miniato upon Florence as an exile and a solitary. But in Rome he felt himself straightway in the embrace of a Mighty Mother, and incorporated with a great brotherhood of the dead and the living.

Independently too of this freemasonry of the Church, Rome held in 1852 a large English society, whether of converts or of converts of old standing, fusing together, and with the Roman nobility of the City, in most friendly and joyful wise.

“The very sight of converts is a comfort; whether they be naturally interesting—as many are—or no.”

Some were here who had left the coldness of their country and their father’s house, to seek for a space of years the fulness of their faith at its source; to give time to their old friends to recover equanimity; to plunge their children into Catholic air; or, again, to study for the priesthood.

Here was the familiar form of Bertram, seventeenth Earl of Shrewsbury, for whom Pugin had built Alton Towers, and whose two stately cousins had married respectively Princes Doria and Borghese, making their great households typical in Catholic loyalty, generosity, and hospitality. There was John Simeon, an old Oxford comrade, “more lovable,” says Pollen, “than ever,” and the Campdens, old friends: and a new one, young Lord Feilding, and the noble-looking and accomplished Rosa Giberne,<sup>2</sup> Newman’s faithful ally; and Dr. Ives, the American convert, and late Episcopal Bishop, who before Pollen’s eyes in the Sistine laid his crozier in submission at the feet of the Pope; there were scores of Oxford men and former Puseyites, not the least remarkable being Mr. La Primaudaye, of whom more will be said. There were those who had “come over” in the “forty-five” greeting now—how joyfully! . . . after that “weary

<sup>1</sup> J. H. P., *Lectures on Art*, 1855.

<sup>2</sup> So picturesquely described in Mr. Mozley’s *Reminiscences* (Longmans, 1882), vol. ii. chap. xxvi.

time and long suspense " those arriving after the " fifty." " The morning is come ; the severed shall unite." <sup>1</sup>

Artists were there ; among them the refined humorist Richard Doyle, who had just sacrificed his post on the staff of *Punch* in loyal indignation at that journal during the Aggression riots, for its insolent caricatures of what he held sacred ; and the German Cornelius, whose frescoes are " full of a grand faith and conception " ; and Overbeck, a superb draughtsman, but over whose heavy and bilious colours Pollen could only mourn ; and French notabilities scientific and social : the " handsome and most charming " Mrs. Keppel Craven, *née* La Ferronays, authoress of the *Recit d'une Sœur*, a recent drama of the Casa Margherita, a house soon to be memorable for Pollen. There were great Italian archæologists, such as the Padre Marchi, with whom Pollen studied the Catacombs, and Cardinal Wiseman, lecturing on religion, philosophy and art, and discussing these subjects with the new convert ; and a historic figure, whom he twice interviewed, the genial Secretary of State, Cardinal Antonelli ; and Father Manning, now to be Pollen's confidant and adviser ; and amongst those studying for the priesthood at the Accademia Ecclesia, two tall and magnificent looking young men ; Herbert Vaughan, the future Cardinal, who had left his family estates to his younger brother, in order to follow his vocation—and John Wynne.

But more than all or any was the personality of Pius IX.

Pollen's journal is full of allusions to these and to others as well ; to delightful rambles with old friends and new over the Campagna, visits of long study to the walls of Rome, Christian and Pagan, as well as to such sights as Prince Piombini driving with consummate skill a team of sixteen horses to Sant' Antonio, or some brilliant entertainments in the Doria, Borghese, Massimi, or Torlonia palaces.

But he both wished and intended to pass as little time as possible in mere social amusement. Rather would he allow his heart to overflow in the great scenes of immortal Christianity ; whether in rehearsing the dramas of the past, or partaking in those of the present. And he loved the devout poor, crowding

<sup>1</sup> Newman, *Difficulties of Anglicans*, Lecture XI., last words of a perhaps unrivalled passage.

to early Mass, and the simple peasant of the Campagna "piping his advent greeting before the picture of the Madonna"<sup>1</sup> and the splendid symbolism of the functions into which he could now enter, heart, mind, and imagination, bearing therein his own intimate and proper part.

Christmas Eve came. He had last year watched at Magdalen College through all that night—alone:<sup>2</sup> but now, from the fast and Vespers of the day before, and then through evening, night, and from dawn till the mid-day 'boom from the Castel Sant' Angelo, he knelt or stood amid a press of fellow-worshippers, and surrounded by the regal and military splendours of Rome before the great spoliation.

One passage—but written later—will suffice to show the emotions of the new convert.

"The earthly Head of Christendom elevates the Host; and the silver trumpets above ring out few but thrilling notes. The Church, that sacred artist, embodies her lofty archetypal thoughts for the teaching and consolation of her children, sometimes with redundancy, sometimes tersely. . . . To-day, she brings down the Bridegroom for her short embrace, and holds Him high; in strains unearthly, choice, and few, she accomplishes her adoration; and lo, the Archetype is gone."<sup>3</sup>

Truly the prophecy was accomplished:

"And whereas you are now so perplexed in mind, that you seem to yourselves to believe nothing, then you will be so full of faith, that you will almost see invisible mysteries, and will touch the threshold of eternity."<sup>4</sup>

A few days later he was presented to His Holiness "as 'the Senior Proctor'! a title which the Pope did not seem to understand." The journal gives vivid glimpses of Pius IX.; his familiar love of children, babes even in their nurses' arms; his demeanour on his daily drives, dismounted, and distributing alms with the press of poor about him; his rapt forgetfulness in

<sup>1</sup> Lectures on Art II. part 3, paragraph 93. Delivered at the Dublin University 1855.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 224.

<sup>3</sup> Pollen, *Lectures on Art*, II. part 1, par. 27.

<sup>4</sup> Newman, *Difficulties of Anglicans*, Lecture XI. last page but one.

of the same kind. It was about 1870 that the  
first of these was built. The  
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second kind. It was about 1870 that the  
third of these was built.



7b. Como, 1853. *Water-colour*.  $\frac{1}{4}$  size. The Lake shows between the sunlit stems of Italian pines. The execution of the original shows the high technical power reached by J. H. P. at the period when he practically gave up water-colour.





prayer, the extraordinary beauty of his countenance at times of Holy Communion.

But the crowning vision was that of Easter Sunday.

“ Across the Piazza of St. Peter’s stretched the line of infantry, three deep, with the cuirassiers behind ; before and beyond them lay the carpet of eighty thousand upturned faces ; crowded carriages filled the curves of the colonnade. An awning stretched from the central window of the Loggia, and below it hung an embroidered pall, the window space being filled with a long procession of ecclesiastics of all ranks ; they passed on, leaving Mitres and the Tiara set upon the balustrade. Then at length out of the rectangular darkness, moved forward the red liveries of the *Sedia Gestatoria*. . . . The bull and its translation were read, and dropped among the eager crowd. The Pope signed to the bands to cease their music ; and lifting up his hands gave the blessing “ *Urbis et Orbis* ” to the kneeling multitude.

“ And then the *Sedia* and its group imperceptibly receded and was gradually lost in the darkness.”

In May and June, 1853, he wandered for artistic study with friends, in Umbria, Tuscany, and South Italy, filling journal and sketch-books with their cities, hills, valleys, lakes, coasts and caves, vineyards, orange-groves, golden lights, purple hazes, and wealth of flowers ; climbing to mediæval monasteries, sleeping sometimes in the conical huts of peasants, who were watching the while to guard their sheep from the wolves. He heard early Mass always in one or other village church, rich each one in some or many sculptures, or frescoes, hidden far from the tourists’ usual path or knowledge, but speaking for themselves to such an eye and mind as John Pollen’s. Nor did he fail to time his visit to Naples so as to witness the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, on the Feast of Holy Cross—and long were his reflections at Pompeii.

At the end of June, 1853, John Pollen turned his steps again towards the Alps. For he had a work to do for his brother in England.

Hungerford Pollen, as may have been gathered from preceding pages, would fain have followed his own mind, and his brother’s example, to Catholicism ; but family opposition



pressed him sorely.<sup>1</sup> Never was there a more affectionate father, husband, or son. He had, however, half promised to make a move; and his brother let him know that he himself would be in England by September ready to support him. John therefore passed northwards, lingering in Tuscany, Lombardy, the Tyrol, and by the Italian and Swiss Lakes. He enjoyed the hospitality of De Bammerville in Paris—whither Hungerford betook himself when John had left—and, towards September, arrived at Rodbourne.

His mother—wroth with one she loved—received him with little evidence of the latter feeling. Hungerford had left for John neither message nor letter. Mrs. Pollen demanded that John should speak to no one of the family upon the subject of religion. He bound himself of course by no such promise.

In a few days he was at Oxford, as one risen from the dead, visiting such old friends as happened to be there, dismantling his rooms, and packing his effects.

“I spoke much with Beadon Heathcote, for whom I fear, yet hope too . . . and William Palmer talks long, but has nothing new to say.”

Oxford, his second mother, so dearly loved, was to send him into banishment. Even his St. Saviour’s work had always been carried on concurrently with his College duties. Now his name, like that of John Wynne, was to be struck off from the Rolls of the University.

“A Professor of Fine Arts [wrote Professor Max Müller in 1869] should be an honest critic. You have proved this in leaving your handsome rooms at Merton; for which, I confess, I am very sorry.”

<sup>1</sup> “June 5, 1853. Interview with Gladstone in Downing St., Upton Richards having made the appointment without my knowledge, to discuss the Roman question. A very noble countenance, and voice and manner very impressive; a sweet smile; exceedingly kind; laid great stress on the mixture of human and Divine in the Papacy; on heretical tendencies of certain Popes. Honorius condemned at Chalcedon. I suggesting J. H. N.’s answer that Honorius condemned not as heretical, but as mistaken as to question of fact; he said such an answer was an insult to common sense. Thought Allies very powerful. Laid great stress on Jesuit casuistry as exposed by Pascal. Insisted much on wonderful religious revival in England, which Mr. Grenville, lately dead at ninety-one, told him was the most extraordinary phenomenon he had ever seen. I said that the isolation of England was distressing to me. He, that the Papacy was certainly falling to pieces in every country.”

Then he passed some weeks in Western England and in Scotland, visiting old Catholic houses, now full for him of new friends; old friends too, he found under a new aspect: Lady Lothian and her children, the Hope Scotts, and the Bowdens. "Children wild at seeing me," he writes, or "Immense fun at games; all so jolly."

At Tichborne were submitted to his investigation the old papers relating to the famous dole;<sup>1</sup> and he made acquaintance with the heir, Roger Tichborne, a slim elegant youth, whose tragic end soon afterwards was to furnish the world later with matter for sensation in the extraordinary legal trial upon the impersonation of the dead man by the gross impostor Orton.

But with regard to his brother, he had accomplished nothing.

Finding that Hungerford did not appear, and sent no sign, he tracked him out at Malmesbury. After two lengthy conversations, Hungerford begged him to write and prepare their mother for a probable move. The letter produced an explosion. John went to London, and sought the saintly Dr. Grant, Bishop of Southwark; while Hungerford, to make sure of leaving nothing unconsidered, betook himself to Pusey at Oxford. The patient Doctor in two days gave him four interviews, lasting an average of three hours each.

"At last, after most kind and patient, but most confusing conversation, he asked me fairly my intentions, which I stated. He a good deal mortified. *Dñe apertos fac oculos ejus.*"<sup>2</sup>

Hungerford Pollen arrived in town thoroughly exhausted. John took him to Dr. Grant, who set any doubts at rest, and he was received at St. George's, Southwark; the brothers then proceeded to their club, where Lord Feilding and a group of Catholic friends hailed them with delight. Hungerford Pollen's journal tells of his own deep content.

On December 8 arrived a fully expected blow. Sir John

<sup>1</sup> "Tichborne . . . has been showing me the old family documents and the picture by Terburg of the Tichborne dole, begun in the reign of Henry I. by a bedridden Lady Tichborne, who made her husband promise that he would devote to charitable purposes as much land as she could move round. She was dying, but quitted her bed, and managed to crawl round ten acres (now called Crawls) before her death. The produce of the land was valued at 1,300 loaves, or £8 in twopences, and distributed to the poor until the year 1794, when the custom was discontinued. . . ."

<sup>2</sup> Hungerford Pollen, journal

Pollen announced by letter that he absolutely disinherited Hungerford, and should refuse ever again to hold friendly communication with either nephew.

To John, this meant that his own name, too, would be erased from more than one testament.

"I have serious thoughts [wrote Pollen to Beadon Heathcote] now, of turning my pencil to account. It is my old and very strong taste, and almost the only opening to a livelihood. . . ."

Partly then with a view to further artistic study, he set out again on his travels; and on January 12, 1854, reached Rome—not without filling his sketch-book and journal with further data from the cities of the South French and West Italian coast.

This month he made a new friend.

"I have made acquaintance [writes William Makepeace Thackeray]<sup>1</sup> with a convert, an Oxford man, who interests me. And I am trying to pick my Oxford man's brains, and see from his point of view. But it isn't mine; and old popery and old paganism seem to me as dead the one as the other."

Further intercourse with the new convert showed Thackeray that old popery showed signs of life in its proper seat—the heart.

John Pollen's journal tells of many walks with Thackeray: to the Borghese Villa, to S. M. Maggiore, on the Pincio; and of "long talks *de rel.*" and "serious subjects."

"Pollen says, Newman read the first two numbers of *The Newcomes*, and thought the style the right sort of thing . . .

"The most interesting man I have met here is Mr. Pollen, whom Richard Doyle sent with a letter, and we have neutral grounds on the fine arts, books, and so forth; and I try to understand from him what can be the secret of the religion for which he has given up rank, chances, and all the good things of this life. . . .

"I met at breakfast the Abbot of St. Bernard, and Fr. Ignatius in his white Cistercian habit, and Dr. Manning—he has just been doctored by His Holiness—and Messrs. Vaughan and Wynne in minor orders, with hats like Don Basilio. . . . I am glad to have seen Pollen and other converts, and to have been touched by their goodness, piety, and self-abnegation." <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Letter to Mrs. Carmichael Smith, Biographical edition to *The Newcomes*; preface by Mrs. Ritchie. The letter is here dated Rome, December, 1853, but Pollen's journal does not mention a meeting till January, 1854.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*

John Pollen became much attached to his new friend, who on his side was later to do him valuable service. These relations continued unchanged until Thackeray's death in 1863.

The constancy of John Wynne was now to be tried.

His eldest brother Heneage had fallen at Inkermann on October 28, 1854, and his father now offered to his son John the patrimony and position of eldest son, with a fortune of £5,000 a year, if he would give up his pursuit of priestly orders—for he was not yet ordained—and marry. His reply may be imagined. Together with Henry Coleridge, of whose conversion he had been the instrument, he presently justified Mrs. Pollen's previsions<sup>1</sup> by entering the Society of Jesus; but, before this, he had set another old friend upon the Roman road. William Palmer had at last "something new to say."

"*September 13, 1855.*—Long talk with W. P. . . . John Wynne urged upon him a retreat at the Gesù; during its course Father Passaglia suggested the choice of a religion in the face of eternity. . . . William chose, and is content. . . . Now, he says, death is for him disarmed of terrors."

Robert Isaac Wilberforce had arrived at the same point, and Cornet Lenox Prendergast, shot in the Balaklava charge, but not slain, as were the two men on either side of him.<sup>2</sup>

To show the same event as seen through atmospheres of contrary colour, and apropos of conversions, the following characteristic and melancholy letter from Arthur Stanley, though written later, finds here symmetric place. It refers to his sister's reception into the Church; an act with which John Pollen had much to do.

"PARIS,  
"March 11, 1856.

"MY DEAR POLLEN,—

"Your note followed me here, where I am detained by the illness of a relation.

"I accept it as it was meant—an expression of the kindest sympathy; and I thank you for it accordingly.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 175.

<sup>2</sup> His relation is preserved in Pollen's journal. For the young Cornet's prominent part in [the charge see Kinglake's *History of the Crimean War* (Blackwood, 1877), vol. v. pp. 103-5.



“ You have rightly said that it is a severe pang, and an event in which there is but little cause for any to find joy. Such, possibly, every sad change is to those concerned—how, and why, and in what degree, can be known only to themselves. One thing, however, I must say—in part invited by what you express, doubtless, as your hope)—that I never had before me brought so strongly the needlessness and futility of these changes, even whilst I acquiesce in it, in this case, as an inevitable calamity.

“ So it must be—like war or pestilence or poverty—till this life is ended—and the spirit is delivered from the burden of earth—and divisions and conversions are no more.

“ Ever yours truly,

“ A. P. STANLEY.”

## CHAPTER XXIX

### MARRIAGE (1853-1855)

JOHN Pollen had longed, while at Oxford, for "some quiet retreat, to consider for a space the length, breadth, and depth of things."<sup>1</sup> At the College of the Gesù, in Rome, in January, 1853, he followed for ten days the Exercises of St. Ignatius, considering what might be his true vocation in life. With Manning, too, he conferred hereon; to the conclusion that he was not called to the priesthood, or to a life devoted directly and exclusively to the service of religion.

Walking one day in the streets of Rome, he saw for the first time, seated at a window, and unconscious of observation, a lady nearly fifteen years of age. She was the daughter of Mr. La Primaudaye, who must now be introduced.

Those acquainted with the life of Cardinal Manning, will remember his beloved curate, his "other self," his "better half," his "father confessor," the confidant of his growing doubts of the Anglican Church, and his predecessor into the Roman. But the Reverend Charles John La Primaudaye, M.A., of St. John's College, Oxford, was a general favourite. He came of an old and obstinately Huguenot family, exiled by the Edict of Nantes. He was six foot two in height, and remarkably handsome; gentle in manner, and ready-witted in converse. The one word "sweetness," in its older meaning, well describes him. The poor he loved, of course; and children, preferring ragged specimens. He was fond of animals, his favourites being two St. Bernard dogs, who when they put their paws affectionately on the shoulders of their master, stood higher than himself. He ran one day for miles down a road, after a man who was cruelly beating a horse, until he could give him

<sup>1</sup> See p. 165.

into custody. He greatly enjoyed cricket and other games, and in his parish would organize and share in them with remarkable skill.

He had married a very beautiful Miss Hubbard, the favourite sister of the late Lord Addington; she was as simple, devout, single-minded, and utterly unworldly as her husband; their one care was to bring up religiously their nine very high-spirited children, who idolized their parents.

“The Church of West Lavington [says Mr. Purcell], in which Cobden and some other notabilities are buried, was built by the munificence of La Primaudaye, who, before it was completed, became a Catholic; but he would not revoke his promised gift, and handed it over to the Bishop of Chichester.”<sup>1</sup>

In December, 1850, Mr. La Primaudaye had given up his living, and travelled with his family to Marseilles, where he was received into the Church. In January, 1852, the family settled in Rome, at the Casa Margherita; Mrs. La Primaudaye was by this time a Catholic, and the children followed their parents.

In Rome they found a new world, and the minds of the young people expanded with their surroundings. Great was their delight in the splendour of the Holy City, its memories and shrines, the distinctions of the Papal Court, and the condescension of Cardinals and other magnates for the little converts. The Sovereign Pontiff himself, noted for his love of children, showed a special fancy for the La Primaudayes. He would hold converse in Italian with the four-year-old “picinnina,” the youngest, whom he called, for her golden hair, *la figlia del sole*.

Maria La Primaudaye had felt responsibilities that matured her early. Her mother was exceedingly fragile in health; indeed, a permanent invalid, and to her second daughter, from the age of twelve, had been confided the superintendence of the sick-bed, and the chief cares of housekeeping.

In the autumn of 1853, Maria was recalled to her mother. Mrs. La Primaudaye was sensibly weaker; she was soon rapidly sinking. On April 18, 1854, John Pollen, who since the beginning of the year had been a more and more frequent visitor to the

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Manning*, vol. i. p. 447. (Macmillan, 1896).

Casa Margherita, received a note from Mr. La Primaudaye telling him that his wife was dead. John sustained and consoled the whole family in their piercing loss.

That summer, 1854, he became definitely engaged to Maria La Primaudaye, now sixteen years of age.

In August he returned to England, in order to look about him for a career that would enable him to marry. His first visit was naturally to his mother. He had already written to her to announce his engagement; and his betrothed had also sent a dutiful letter that did much execution, as will be seen.

*To Miss M. La Primaudaye.*

“RODBOURNE,

“August 23, 1854.

“... Well!... My mother has been very kind; more like herself again than I have found her since my apostasy. This is your doing... but you shall hear... After I left you I backed into a hansom cab where, wedged in with portmanteaux and parcels, I was unable to move; I was disinterred at the Paddington Station, tumbled into a first-class carriage, contrary to my usual habits, and sailed magnificently into this county. Opposite me was a very queer specimen of the old school, a shrivelled old gentleman with mild eyes, white flabby ears, an enormous blue satin stock, a coat of the Allied Sovereigns in 1814, and a gold chain as big as the cable of a 74 round his neck, and exuberating from his venerable pocket; very gentleman-like and civil however, a most respectable old party. I saw two or three splendid Bonzes with redundant black hair, brilliant black coats, and blooming countenances, issuing out of prodigious white chokers... At the station a gig and groom were waiting for me, and I drove home eight miles, wondering how my dear Mammie would receive me, and allaying my anxieties with a cigar... .

“Two maiden aunts, unfortunately, are here, and this has, as yet, prevented my seeing her much alone... She asked who your governor was, and so on... I told her as much about all of you... as I could in the time... .

“My mother is, I think, much pleased that I have made her my first confidant. Indeed, quite independently of this aim, I should in any case have done so. I owe it to her. She is, at the bottom, so true and unselfish; only she is now twisted and warped by intense anti-Popish prejudice. What is passing within her, and how far



she is softening and returning to herself, I shall tell you as I find out. I shall give your nice message to my mother. She will like it, whatever she says or shows on the subject."

John had judged his mother rightly. In a few weeks, when the La Primaudayes arrived in England, she received the girls at Rodbourne with every mark of cordiality and affection; and a life-long attachment was soon established between the mother and her son's future wife.

As regards a career for John Pollen, the two young people's prayers did not remain long unanswered.

On November 18, Mr. La Primaudaye received the following letter from no less a person than the great Rector of the Catholic University of Dublin.

" 6, HARCOURT STREET, DUBLIN,  
" November 17, 1854.

" MY DEAR MR. LA PRIMAUDAYE,—

" It would give me great pleasure, and would be a great service to the University, to be able to connect Mr. Pollen with it. If I do not at once ask you formally to propose it to him, it is because the Archbishops are away at Rome. . . ."

The bulk of the letter will be quoted later. It was a proposal that John Pollen should accept the post of Professor of Fine Arts: an honorary employment, but it meant the opening of a career.

John Pollen's first thoughts were of great delight at this proposal. But his exceedingly modest estimate of his own powers made him hesitate.

" What do you think of Fr. Newman's letter? [he wrote to Maria La Primaudaye]. . . . If I felt equal to such a position as Professor of Art, I should hail the chance with great glee. It would be so grand to be able to help forward such a thing as the University. . . . Art, on the other hand, is one of those subjects that require, quite as much as a refined faculty of perception, so extensive a range of knowledge, that I despair of ever being able to do it any real justice; and it would be worse than selfish to accept a position in which the good of other people might be sacrificed to one's own ignorance or presumption. It is, however, a kind of thing that occupies only, I suppose, three or four weeks about three or four times in the year; and one would have the time between for continuing one's studies."

Early in 1855, other letters followed from Newman to Pollen, offering him not only the Professorship, but asking him to undertake the decoration of a University Church.

In May he started on a reconnoitring expedition to Dublin ; not without trepidation did he knock at the door of No. 6, Harcourt Street, where dwelt the great man, "feared," he said, "by me, because unknown." Out of the pulpit of St. Mary's, John Pollen had, in fact, never heard the most wonderful of voices, or, save in fleeting glimpses, set eyes on John Henry Newman.

Now, from that May day, began on either side a friendship that only increased with time, and knew no faltering unto death.

*To Maria La Primaudaye, May 13.*

"Well, . . . I found him most kind, ever so nice, and full of fun. We had a long conversation, and I told him I was very dubious of my own sufficiency for his purposes. However, I am going to write a lecture at once, and deliver it as soon as I can ; that is, rather, to be ready to do so on or about this day month ; and a terrible funk I shall be in, I assure you ; for it is not as if one were going to humbug a lot of *stoopid* rustics, but all these keen-witted professors will have to be satisfied, and whether I say little or much, it will be sifted and scanned by rather curious and critical hearers. . . .

". . . The Rector begged us to be punctual for dinner at five. So we started off in an inside car, which is a cross between a washing cart and a short hearse. They finally run you on to the pavement, open the door, which is behind, and as the affair slopes at an angle of 45 with the road, you are shot out across the pavement and recover as best you may. We were in very good time, and the redoubtable Newman appeared in the 'short dress,' and we had a plain but very good dinner. After *pranzo*, the *giovannotti* retired to their drawing-room, and I, Newman, and Renouf sat and cosed over some port wine and biscuits for an hour. He was quite charming, so very simple and so fond of his old Oxford recollections."

John Pollen ended by gratefully accepting Newman's double offer.

So, from June to August, there were lectures to prepare and deliver, plans to evolve for the church, contracts for marbles and glass, workmen and carvers to guide. Newman writes :

"THE ORATORY, BIRMINGHAM,  
"July 25.

"Thank you for your great trouble about the church, in spite of your own occupations. . . . *August 8.*—I am glad to hear your report of the progress of the church. *August 21.*—It is very kind of you, with so important a personal matter on your hands, to give so much time to me."

How John Pollen had accomplished so much this summer was indeed surprising; for all this time he had been choosing and fashioning his own future home in Dublin. The entries in his journal are significant, but sparse, and no wonder. His letters to his future wife present humorous sketches of labours with spade and shears in the garden wilderness of the little house in Rathmines Road, of adventures in housekeeping, bargains with itinerant vendors—and tricksey—of various comestibles, problems as to furniture that must be cheap yet stable, cares of house-cleaning conducted by a faithful but dense-witted Abigail.

He must make both ends meet for the present, and extend them somewhat for the future. The Professor of Fine Arts, being non-resident, held an honorary post; but remuneration was bestowed on the Architect and Decorator of the University Church. He was considering orders already received from Lord Feilding and Sir John Simeon for pictures, and was executing with extraordinary speed for the Medical School of the University, a number of anatomical drawings at five and ten shillings apiece. In "a stuffy and odorous garret," far beyond evening, he wrote articles and reviews for the *Tablet* newspaper, to whose staff he had been appointed; and to read the newly published *Callista*, for instance, he sat up all night.

Three young men were now in his charge, students of the University, working with a tutor under his supervision; as Charles, his future brother-in-law, and his old friend "young Harry Bowden," both awaiting their army commissions. "His cheerful hope and buoyancy," writes the latter to-day, "were of immense help in what were to many, young and old, very difficult times."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Reminiscences of Fr. Sebastian Bowden of the Oratory.

His "young friends" requiring recreations suitable to their age, he took it with them in various directions; and enjoyed himself, indeed, more than they. For maturity of thought coexisted in him with the elastic zest of youth, and round the lightest episodes of human life clustered the similar or opposing lines of rich experience.

*"To Maria La Primaudaye.*

*"DUBLIN,*

*"May 18, 1854.*

" . . . Yesterday we diverted ourselves at the Baldoyle races, under Howth Hill, the northernmost point of Dublin Bay. It is a lovely spot. . . . On the south side the beautifully formed chain of the Wicklow Hills, on the other Howth Hill, made all but an island by the surrounding sea. A line of cars bordered the road, and we were touted for by numberless Paddies in battered hats, enormous frieze coats, and short pipes in their mouths. So universal seems the love of British and Irish for field sports that I observed next me a lady and her baby; nor was she by any means the only mother whom domestic cares were unable to keep at home, and Irish mothers are very affectionate, too.

"When the bell rang for clearing the course, innumerable policemen of gigantic stature exerted themselves to keep every one within the ropes; no easy task, for the national love of adventure led many a man and woman too to the dangerous experiment of darting across to the opposite side just at the last moment. . . .

"The horses, as horses, were but second-rate animals—still, thoroughbred, and full of beauty and spirit. The long pastern joints, delicate feet, powerful knees and upper legs, round elongated bodies, and lengthened hind legs, gave them the light springy aspect of greyhounds, and they seemed to get over the ground when they walked and ran as if they did not touch it at all, or as if the bare touch set them bounding on like balls of india rubber. . . . The races were most gallantly contested; the steeds, quite as emulous as their masters, darted beyond the winning-post as if they were trying to swallow the ground before them, a beautiful sight. No idea of fatigue or labour, no symptom of weakness, appeared to touch them; they resembled creatures whose courage, virtue, and fervour have never given way to opposing qualities. How did they thunder past me, within three feet of the tips of our noses, the turf flying round them in showers, and the whirl through the air and clamour of their hoofs like the rush of cannon-ball or shell or rocket, or something even more lifelike and irresistible.



"Other sports, too, there were ; throwing truncheons at a cup—at which Harry proved a great swell—and there were eating booths. Greatly would he and I have enjoyed taking a cheap meal in one of these—for I should have gathered much amusement at the characteristic humours of the place—but young X. would by no means face such a scene of ' low life.' There was an alarm of a ' row ' in one of these, and we rushed in, hoping to witness a genuine Milesian shindy ; but all ended in smoke. . . ."

John Pollen's wedding-day was fixed for September 18, at the Church of Woodchester Monastery, Stroud.

"September 6.—I was taken in at the Monastery of Stroud for a retreat of four days. . . . 10th.—To Birmingham ; Fr. Newman very kind and quite charming. He promises me a Mass for the 18th. . . . Hearty farewell from William Neville. . . .

"September 18.—In Hungerford's brougham and pair to church. Full of people. Mother and all the Rodbourne party. Carpet to door. Lovely day on lawn. At 7 p.m. off."

One, then in the new-found glory of his military commission,<sup>1</sup> now writes :

"John Pollen did me the honour to choose me as his best man at his richly blessed marriage. *Beatus homo qui timet Dominum.*"

The honeymoon was spent in western England ; John's bride was afterwards introduced to his old haunts at Oxford, and to his beloved Eton tutor Edward Coleridge. "Then to Rodbourne, where all is rose-coloured."

In October the young couple were on their way to the new home in Dublin. Here they found a letter from Father Rector.

"THE ORATORY,

"October 9, 1855.

"MY DEAR POLLEN,—

"This, I suppose, will just arrive in time to greet you on your getting home. May it be an auspicious messenger, crowned with

<sup>1</sup> The Reverend Henry Sebastian Bowden, of the Oratory, London.

flowers, and dressed in its best, paying to you and to your bride the respects, and offering the kind wishes and good thoughts, of the individual who sends it. I write on a happy day as regards myself, for this is the tenth anniversary of my reception into the Church. . . .

“Yours affectionately in Xt.,

“JOHN H. NEWMAN,

“Of the Oratory.”

## CHAPTER XXX

THE PROFESSOR OF FINE ARTS, AND HIS LECTURES—THE UNIVERSITY CHURCH—NEWMAN, AND THE DUBLIN HOME (1855-1858).

AS to the Professor of Fine Arts, his plan had been traced by Newman in the first letter broaching the subject to Mr. La Primaudaye.

"I wonder whether he has any ideas what a Fine Arts Professor ought to be and to teach. It would be most important to get a person like Mr. Pollen to give the subject a Christian character, and separate it from the sensuality which is often considered part of it, without running into the extravagancies of the Ultra-Puginians. It is a subject which, I am sure, would be most popular here. He might include in it the principles of taste, which apply to any subject-matter; vulgarity, affectation, over-elaborateness, technicality, refinement, would form chapters of a treatise which would lay down canons for prose and poetical composition, as well as for the Fine Arts. The History of the Fine Arts is another and obvious branch of the subject. And so, the connection of the Fine Arts with national character and political institutions.

"I mention all this to suggest thoughts to Mr. Pollen with a view of interesting him in the work which I should venture to propose to him.

"Very sincerely yours in Xt.

"JOHN H. NEWMAN,

"of the Oratory.

"C. J. La Primaudaye, Esq."

John Pollen now began to turn his thoughts and studies towards the teaching of Art. Ruskin had been in the field before him, and he had mastered *Modern Painters*, the *Seven Lamps*, the *Stones of Venice*, as soon as they appeared, as

well as the Edinburgh *Lectures upon Architecture* of 1853, "dictatorial and offensive in tone," as he considered, but rich in revelation. His esteem for the great teacher did not prevent him from pursuing an independent line of his own.

His first lecture "On the Principles of Criticism" was delivered in June, 1855, at the University; it was followed by others upon "Taste."

He addresses the tyro in Art, and so, following the hints thrown out by Newman, touches but incidently on technique; he tries to lay foundations, to establish and illustrate general principles of taste, to give a right understanding of how to look at both nature and art.

"In my belief," he says, "Art is for the encouragement and delight of all men." Neither literature nor science, he maintains, can supply for its functions in education; all should rightly seek beauty; all can find it by docility of heart, by a careful and reverent approach to nature. This leads to the principles of Criticism, and to the apparent paradoxes of Art; he treats of obedience to law, and of genius which transcends it; he shows how originality combines with, and imitation diverges from, receptivity; how reality is to be distinguished from realism, and tame convention from ideality; he holds that Art selects salient points, avoids rude sketchiness, as well as empty finish; cannot tell a story, but seizes a dramatic moment; that colour is all-important, and great colourists but rare; that the artist paints with his eye, an eye that sees beyond those of common men; that a special creative imagination constitutes the artistic gift, born with the soul, or denied to it for ever.

John Pollen may be claimed as a pioneer; for if much of what he says is now generally assumed, it was then novel even to an educated "public"; and in the individuality of his manner, the sincerity of his enthusiasm, the modesty and soundness of his statement, the fact that his illustrations and experiences are all given at first hand, more than one connoisseur has found John Pollen's lectures more congenial than essays which far surpass them in literary brilliancy.

Here he paints his own portrait: "The true artist must have the loyalty of heart to break through conventionalism:



and, with a single aim and a genuine delight, to pursue Art as a lover.”<sup>1</sup>

Taken as a whole, his works form a complete and far-reaching treatise upon the broader aspects of his subject.

As to the ultimate end of Art, its bearing, if any, upon morality, its philosophy, if it has one, John Pollen stands as far aloof from Ruskin, or from the opinions accredited to him by the “Art for Art” school, as from that school itself. These much-vexed questions cannot here be more than mentioned; it may be that the last word is still to say, and that John Pollen, who in his Art teaching has raised a new voice, may, if his works are collectively published, merit attention in the future.

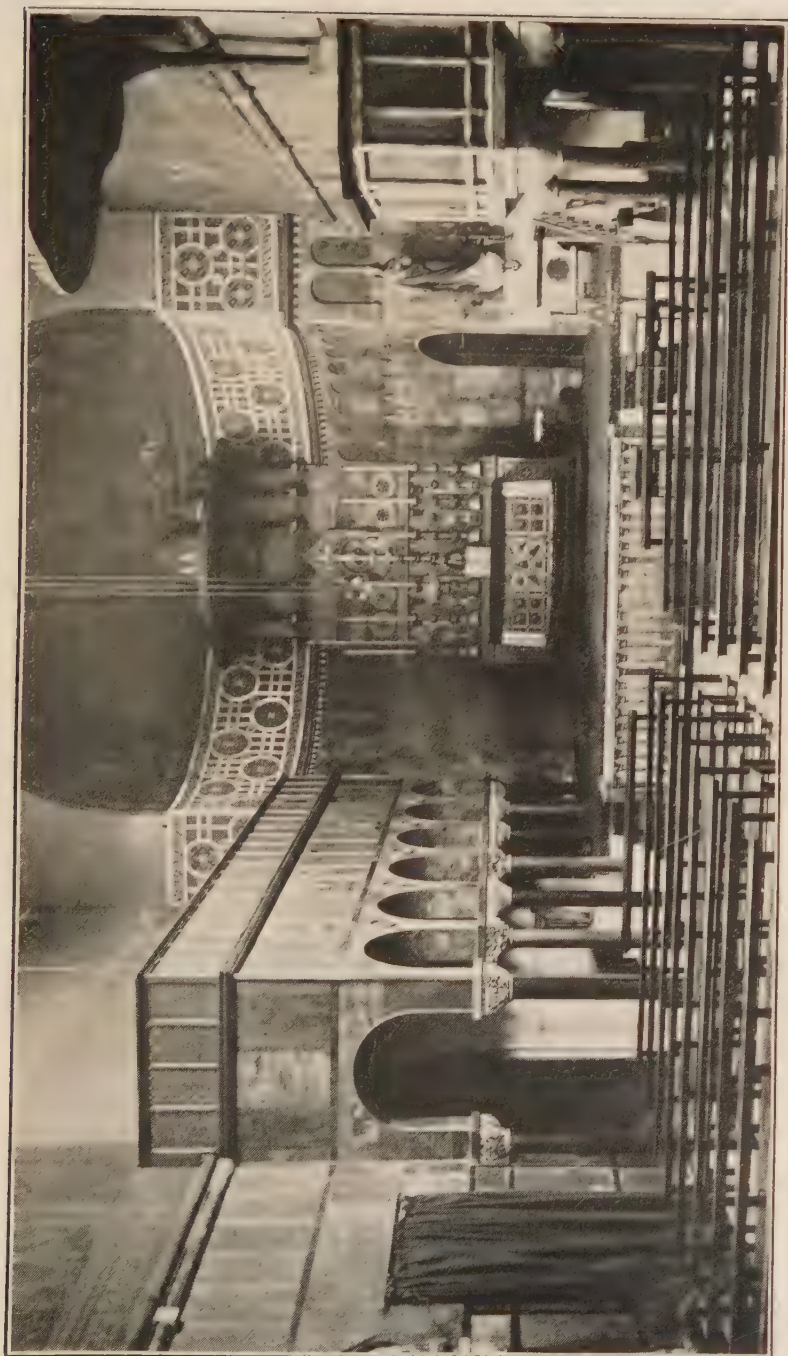
But John Pollen’s great artistic opportunity lay in the creation of the University Church. Newman confided to him the whole undertaking. As to cost and space, it could be but a modest affair. It remained to make the most of the funds at disposal, of the small and only available site,—shut in by houses on three sides—of the beautiful marbles of Ireland, and of the artistic capacities of her untrained workmen.

Pugin’s revival had proved a welcome change from the lifeless classicism of the early nineteenth century, and men of the day could conceive of none but a Gothic church. But Newman was persuaded that the Basilica form was more adaptable than any other to his present purpose,<sup>2</sup> and Pollen, who in Constantinople, Syria, and Italy, had minutely examined the Byzantine style, arrived quite independently at the same conclusion.

While the building proceeded, the Professor of Fine Arts delivered at the University a second series of lectures. He follows the Byzantine style in its historic development; he treats of the Basilica of classic Rome, of its change into the Christian church, with a new confession of earnestness, and simplicity even to rudeness, the childhood of a great life just beginning;—of the more thoughtful, graceful system developed from the

<sup>1</sup> Lecture II. § 86, part 3.

<sup>2</sup> See Newman, *My Campaign in Ireland*, printed for private circulation King, Aberdeen, 1896), “The University Church,” pp. 307–9.



8. Basilica of SS. Peter and Paul, Catholic University Church, Dublin. Built and decorated, 1855. The walls, pulpit, baldacchino, and altar-front are covered with richly-coloured Irish marbles, disposed in panels or decorative designs. Round the choir gallery, is a gilded lattice-work in varied patterns. (See p. 260.)



fifth century onward ; seeing in *Sta Sofia* at Constantinople the most sumptuous instance ; the most central and instructive at Ravenna, *San Vitale* ; the most finished, in *San Marco*, Venice.<sup>1</sup>

“It is perhaps a matter of wonder [he goes on to say] that the Basilica should have attracted so little of the architectural interest of the public. But unless to those who have seen them, and by seeing have some personal experience of their very peculiar influence, it is not easy to convey any adequate idea in words, or even on canvas, of these buildings. . . . They exhibit, if carefully examined, elements of consummate grandeur. . . . Again, there must be the help of colour ; and here, unfortunately, a failure is in these days often to be expected. Form is subject to rule and teaching ; but colour is like melody, and can be learnt by the eye only, and felt. It is over easy to be either gaudy or poor. Still, if we set forward with a simple and earnest intention, feeling after nature, and trying to get used to its appearances, I hope better things will be seen than we have done as yet.”

In the last lecture, he gives the *apologia* of the particular church erecting, and shows how, independently of artistic reasons, the Basilica lent itself more easily than any other to the limited resources of the founder ; he enters into the practical difficulties of the case, and the way they were met, modestly explaining the main features of his work. Passages from the lecture cannot fail to interest a reader possessed of even slight architectural knowledge, and are given in the Appendix.

The University term was to commence this year on May 1, and during the previous weeks he had redoubled his efforts upon the church, so that—while the decorations still progressed—the main building should be ready for a solemn opening on that day.

On April 30 the journal joyfully exclaims :

“My scaffolding is struck at last. The Dome is noble !”

That afternoon all was bustle. The baldacchino was set up over the pulpit, and from mid-day with hardly intermission until midnight, he was finishing the altar panels, and getting the place into order.

Next day, the feast of the Ascension, to the admiration of all

<sup>1</sup> There is no question in these lectures of the Renaissance Basilica.



present at the solemn functions, stood revealed the magnificent apse—the epithet is Newman's—of the new University Church of SS. Peter and Paul. Still more, when all was completed, was it felt that Newman's confidence in his architect and decorator had been fully justified.

Newman wrote later :

" November 9, 1856. —I have come from High Mass. The more I looked at the apse, the more beautiful it seemed to me—and, to my taste, the church is the most beautiful one in the three kingdoms."<sup>1</sup>

And again, July 22, 1860 :

" My DEAR POLLEN,—

" William<sup>2</sup> had a wretched passage back from Ireland, and I doubt not groaned aloud, *more* *sure*, but he tells me, in the worst paroxysms of his sickness, he said to himself, ' Well, it's *worth* all this misery, to have *seen* that church.' "

The hope that " better things than we have hitherto seen will be accomplished in the Basilica style " has been magnificently fulfilled in Westminster Cathedral\* by the genius of Bentley ; but Pollen, some half a century before, had achieved a result no less perfect in its degree, in the beautiful little church at Stephen's Green.

Excepting that of Munich, this was the first cisalpine basilica ever constructed. The Munich church shows an earnestness of thought truly German ; it is, however, conspicuously wanting in harmony of colour ; but this very harmony is one of the chief glories at Dublin. Only a visit to the church itself can give an adequate idea of the careful juxtaposition of marbles and paintings that cover the walls, of the beautiful play of light from the gilded lattice-work of the galleries, of the rare distinction of Pollen's genius in colour-combination. But

<sup>1</sup> In his " Report for the year 1856-6," Newman says : " I have in my former report given some of my reasons for thinking a University Church to be of great and various importance. . . . This beautiful and imposing structure, built simply out of zeal for the University, has given it a sort of bodily presence in Dublin." The total cost he computes at about £6,000. (*My Campaign in Ireland*, pp. 69-71.)

<sup>2</sup> Fr. Neville, of the Oratory.

<sup>3</sup> Not strictly, some would say, a Basilica ; but by its style—the Byzantine—and whole character, markedly akin to the form.



9. Basilica of SS. Peter and Paul. Detail of Plate 8, showing the precious stone work of the altar-front. The "mosaic" paintings of the apse are upon a gold ground. The alabaster capitals, and the gilt wooden candlesticks in Celtic patterns, were executed by Irish workmen under J. H. P.'s supervision. (See Appendix.)



the decorative effect of the whole, and that union of fine proportion and simplicity which makes up what is known as breadth of style, is apparent even in photographs of the Dublin church.

John Pollen was not so hard at work in Dublin but that he thoroughly enjoyed glimpses of Irish social life, with its extraordinary hospitality, heartiness of intercourse, racy kindliness, and, combined with refinement, a certain brusquerie of manner found, at any rate in those days, even in the best Irishmen ; a frank absence of ceremony peculiarly refreshing to such English minds as are entirely removed from the priggish type. He saw much of the poet Aubrey de Vere, of Father Thomas Burke the Dominican, wit, orator, and saint, of the families of Errington, Bianconi of Longfield, O'Brien, Grattan, Monahan, and many others. Chief Justice Monahan, a most characteristic figure and excellent company, was his warm and life-long friend. John Pollen had a special admiration for Irish beauty, and writes enthusiastically of several ladies who in this way were attracting all eyes in Dublin. Endless indeed were his reminiscences of Ireland.

Of all the friendships begun there, that with John Henry Newman was, of course, the deepest.

"When I went to reside in Dublin [he wrote in 1906<sup>1</sup>] Father Newman offered me the chair of English Literature, which I did not venture to accept. . . . He afterwards made me Professor of Fine Arts. . . . He was emphatic in his advice to teachers to narrow their special fields of enquiry, whatever they might be ; to cultivate them thoroughly ; to make quite sure of the ground ; to be in no hurry to put conclusions forward ; to keep them back, if new, for perhaps a considerable interval ; to reconsider them from time to time. Such was the substance of his counsel to me."

He speaks in some detail of Newman's well-known sympathy with the young ; and of his gaiety of heart.

"He shed cheerfulness as a sunbeam sheds light, even while many difficulties were pressing. Delightful it was to be on his staff, and to hear him draw out, with the gentlest possible forceps, what each friend or professor had to say on his own particular

<sup>1</sup> From a rough draught of a letter entitled "Newman in Dublin," published in *The Month*, September, 1906. This draught is more ample than the letter itself.



theme, or on some aspect or view that might have escaped himself; he liked to hear some subject of his own from another mouth. He encouraged you to put your conclusions into terms; to see what they look like from various sides; to reconsider, prune, or develope, as might be required; but all this under the form of easy conversation. In lighter hours he would be touched by Oxford recollections, and amused by familiar myths touching eccentric notabilities in that seat of learning; he would excuse or defend hostile action against himself which his friends might be tempted to resent.

"What a time it was! Reading, thinking, writing, working, walking with him in times of recreation over the pleasant fields, park, and gardens of the Phoenix; listening to talk that was never didactic and never dull; refreshing after the toil of the day as running waters

". . . To whose falls  
Melodious birds sing madrigals."

The following entry and letter bear out the same subject.

"May 5, 1855.—To see Fr. N. and with him to the Zoological. His wonder at and speculations on the design and end of beasts; their ferocity; their odd ways; birds especially. Back home to tea with us."

This visit may well have given rise to the lines—

"It is the restless panting of their being,  
Like beasts of prey, who caged within their bars,  
In a deep hideous purring have their life,  
And an incessant pacing to and fro"

*(Dream of Gerontius)*

or to a prose passage where he qualifies as terrible and repulsive the sight of animals fighting with one another in their fury, suggestive of demoniac hatred and possession.

"THE ORATORY, BM.

"May 22, 1856.

"MY DEAR POLLEN,—

"... I want to know your view of something else, while I am writing. I had thought of giving a public Lecture on Poetry for the ladies and general public, in M. M'Carthy's absence, to make up for my rudeness down at the Medical school. But it has turned out to be nothing more than a canto of hacked passages

from the Poets, such as the *Deserted Village*, Southey's *Kehama*, and Lord Byron. So that in fact, did I give it, I should be giving readings, and turn out an inferior Fanny Kemble. Now my conscience and my reason tell me I must give it up ; still, if it were not *infra dig.* for me to deliver, it is what a *popular* lecture ought to be, for *matter* is quite out of place there. I cannot possibly alter it, 1. because the very object of the passages is to show that poetry is the science of the beautiful, and all turns *on* the passages ; 2. they must be hacked passages, in order to be understood at once, and to be arguments. It is the kind of lecture I should have no hesitation whatever of giving to a Young Men's Society—but the question is, whether I can decently deliver it as the Rector of a University. Take me to have described it literally—viz., as if I intended to quote 'O Lady, weave no wreath for me,' etc.—'Yon spare Cassius'—'Weep no more, shepherds'—'Save to patter an ave Mary'—and 'the royal game of goose'—and take me to have given my only reason, viz., to give a popular lecture.

"Perhaps Mr. Butler would have an opinion ; the onus probandi is on doing it.

"Ever yours,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN,  
"of the Oratory."

Other letters—omitted for lack of space—deal with matters important and unimportant ; some seek Pollen's advice upon building affairs, or his counsel in important University matters ;<sup>1</sup> private confidences, greetings of the season, playful hits, business details, are all touched with the inimitable grace of the writer. His more intimate outpourings point rather to the speaker than to the man addressed, and are suitably published in a life of Newman himself.<sup>2</sup> But, as to John Pollen, such honour from so great a mind illustrates—never more surely—a salient feature : his talent for friendship.

Two men greatly affecting John Pollen's history—Charles La Primaudaye and Robert Wilberforce—the two most intimate friends of Manning—now enter the scene for the last time.

In June, 1855, Mr. Wilberforce came to Dublin. He dined with John Pollen, Newman joining them over their wine ; they talked of old days.

<sup>1</sup> i.e. on many points dealt with in *My Campaign in Ireland*.

<sup>2</sup> By Mr. Wilfrid Ward.

“New Hebdomadal Board at Oxford,—PUSEY ONE OF THEM!!!!”

On Corpus Christi, Wilberforce and Pollen followed

“... through fields deep with grass, clover, buttercups, and hyacinths, in the long and devout procession of the Blessed Sacrament at All-hallows, Drumcondra.”

The two men remembered their last ride together—at Burton Agnes, in its August dress.<sup>1</sup>

“I wish you would make Robert Wilberforce a Professor [wrote Newman to Pollen]. Try and persuade him.”

But both he and Mr. La Primaudaye had resolved now to enter the priesthood. They founded, together with Manning, at Bayswater, London, the Community of St. Charles Borromeo; and Mr. La Primaudaye proceeded to Rome, to the *Collegio Pio*, for preparatory ecclesiastical studies.

In 1857 Wilberforce died—in peace and joy so great that his brother Samuel wondered.<sup>2</sup>

The two friends were not long divided.

“At the Palazzo Borghese, in 1858 [writes Mr. Thomas Mozley] I found one day a visitor: Mr. La Primaudaye. The name itself is not one to be forgotten. I had imagined him young and handsome; handsome he was, but in years, grey-haired, a tall, gracious, fatherly figure. The young ladies with me pronounced him by far the pleasantest of the party. When I had a chance, I talked over with him old times and common acquaintances; and said to myself that I must see more of him. He was taken ill next day; in a week he was dead.”

He had died a martyr to charity.

At the Collegio Pio, one of the students had been stricken with small-pox. Mr. La Primaudaye begged the Rector to allow him to visit and help to nurse the sick man, saying that an elderly person like himself was less likely to take the infection than a younger. But he caught it fatally. He was buried by the side of his wife within the sanctuary of Santa Maria del Popolo.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 226.

<sup>2</sup> Ashwell, *Life of S. Wilberforce*, vol. ii. p. 338, 2nd Ed. (Murray, 1881).

Newman wrote :

“THE ORATORY, BM.  
“*January 24, 1858.*

“MY DEAR POLLEN,—

“I know there is nothing which friends can do to relieve so heavy a stroke as that under which you and your wife are suffering. He alone, who in His love has sent it, can enable you to bear it—but it seems unnatural not to write, though one knows that no words can do more than express sympathy. . . .”

Newman continues regarding private affairs of his own ; he ends :

“Except as the ties of affection are concerned, Mr. La Primaudaye’s loss cannot be called sudden. I was extremely rejoiced to be with Manning at the time the news came, and able to say a black Mass the very next morning, with the other priests of the house. You cannot tell what sorrow the news caused here. We are saying Masses for the repose of his soul.

“Yours affectionately, my dear Pollen,  
“JOHN H. NEWMAN.”

This event touched closely John Pollen’s domestic life.

Next year the happy intercourse with Newman in Ireland was to end. John Pollen, in his visits to England, had been urged to study as a painter. He was the bread-winner of a growing family, and was advised that he would be more in the way of work if he took up his abode in London. Upon this he therefore determined. “I am sad,” he writes to his wife, “at breaking up what has been so happy a home.”



## CHAPTER XXXI

### HAMPSTEAD AND THE PRE-RAPHAELITES (1858-1860).—THE CRITIC OF CONTEMPORARY ART.

IN the summer of 1857 the Pollens made a temporary home at Hampstead. Here John Pollen resumed and expanded artistic friendships formed seven years previously; but, to leave uninterrupted the tale of his conversion, their story was reserved until the present.

Whilst engaged upon the Merton ceiling in 1850, his scaffolding was shared for some time by a youth of twenty-one, engaged upon "Mariana of the Moated Grange," where the chapel windows form part of the background. The artist was no other than John Everett Millais. Pollen directed him to a beautiful old gabled mansion, with access by four drawbridges: Beau-lieu House, near Hythe, just the "Moated Grange" required for his "Mariana"; and a life-long intimacy began between the two men.

At first, however, Pollen hardly knew what to make of his brilliant companion, of whose completed work he had seen nothing. Millais was then possessed by all the crudity of youth.

"... A tremendous *blagueur* [says the journal], but undeniably clever. He amused Randolph immensely! Collins and he are painting in the woods, and under sunlight, complaining of the labour, which must certainly be great. I am much interested by these fellows, though they *talk* tremendously. I do not quite know whether to think Millais has depth enough. . . . Found him at the Exhibition, in front of his own picture.

"... His *Ferdinand* is wonderful, the nature in it is so great; quite wonderful.

"... I now feel *sure* of him."





And Pollen remained to the last an enthusiastic admirer of Millais's power.

With the modesty of young Holman Hunt, the originator of the Pre-Raphaelite revolution, who also had come to Oxford in search of backgrounds, John Pollen declared himself "charmed."

The octogenarian painter wrote : <sup>1</sup>

"Millais had sketched from memory portraits of his Oxford friends, to enable me to individualize them when they should visit me in 1851 ; and it was thus that I first became acquainted with the finely proportioned features of John Hungerford Pollen.

"The Senior Proctor had the reputation of a strict disciplinarian, which, from the geniality of his aspect, one would have been slow to divine. Being invited to breakfast with him (on Christmas Day) I arrived before the service in which he was engaged was completed. The warmth of his welcome to myself and other guests fully made up for delay, and we were soon engaged in animated conversation.<sup>2</sup>

"Before I left Oxford, he had expressed such an interest in what I was doing in London, that, contrary to my habit, I invited him to see my picture in progress. This was 'The Light of the World.' He came with his brother to my studio. The figure of Our Lord was already upon the canvas, and the cope with its breast-plates and cross mapped out ; apropos of its enrichments, they very helpfully produced some embroidery purchased in the East. It was of fragile texture ; I laid it piece by piece over the thick under-cloth of the model, and so made use of it with but little special invention on my part."

In 1856-7 John Pollen had made the acquaintances of many other artists ; the chief were William Morris, Edward Burne Jones, and, of interest most profound, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. They greatly admired the Merton ceiling, and other evidences of Pollen's invention and originality, and it was in deference to their advice that he had transferred his home to London.

His next notable undertaking was the decoration of the Oxford Union Debating Hall. William Morris, in a fit of enthusiasm, proposed that the ten semi-circular bays of the

<sup>1</sup> From a letter dictated by this eminent artist, May 1910, four months before his death. He was then totally blind.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 225. John Pollen's power of cordial gaiety, following on the profound emotions of that night, is highly characteristic.



Hall should be painted by artists selected by himself: Rossetti, Burne Jones, six others, and John Pollen.

During the Long Vacation of 1858 they set to work—gratis, but the Union paid their Oxford expenses. They were to illustrate the *Morte d'Arthur*; to Pollen was assigned: "King Arthur receiving his sword Excalibur from the Lady of the Lake."

The jollity of the artist band has been vividly described. They decided to paint every day from early morning until light should fail; but not all adhered to heroic resolutions made over night. Rossetti and Pollen, numbered among the valiant, would proceed to the rooms of Morris and Burne Jones, and drag the bed-clothes off with shouts of mockery.

*From John Pollen's daily letters to his wife.*

"There is such a rattle of talk from surrounding worthies that I fear my wits will fail; Topsy<sup>2</sup> and Rossetti giving vent to most startling opinions, with which I need not trouble *you*. . . . I have worked just double as fast as the fastest; but I greatly feel the disadvantage of appearing in such company! and to work up to so rich a key of colouring is more than can be done hastily. . . . Now I am approaching a very imperfect sort of completion, for I can give no more time to the thing. Rossetti and I worked on by gas-light until late; he and Topsy I have bidden to dine with us on my return. . . ."

The beautiful mural paintings, described by Coventry Patmore as "bright and pure as a cloud in the sunrise," enjoyed but a short existence. The walls were not sufficiently dry, to begin with; the designs were soon obscured by dust and smoke, and in a few years had almost completely perished.

Thus wrote the last survivor of the band of artist-friends:

"Together with Frith, Leighton, and Mulready (then seventy years of age), John Pollen and I, in 1858, attended a life school at Kensington. Our roads lying together, I often walked home with him, enjoying many an interesting talk upon things old and new. My long absences in the East severed us for many years; but we met, when I returned, with ever unaltered pleasure."<sup>3</sup>

In 1856 John Pollen became a member of the original Hogarth

<sup>1</sup> *Memorials of Sir E. Burne Jones* (Macmillan, 1904), vol. i. pp. 158 ff.

<sup>2</sup> William Morris.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Holman Hunt, 1910.

Club, instituted by Mr. Holman Hunt for the strengthening of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.<sup>1</sup> Diversity of views led to a dissolution of the club in 1858; but John Pollen was always an element of harmony.

Yet differences that he never concealed, and wide as the world, separated John Pollen's convictions from those of his fellow-artists. Greatly as he admired their power, and the ardour and enterprise that acted so beneficially upon the art of the day, he confessed himself dissatisfied with the religious ideals they presented. His own, he sought and found in Pre-Raphaelites of another age.

It is here convenient to speak of John Pollen as a critic, throughout life, of contemporary art.

Passages on this subject, from his journals of earliest years, his letters, and his table-talk, would, if collated and classified, form a valuable guide to the formation of taste, to persons acquainted with the works described. For, in his criticisms, three things are characteristic; first, his observation is individual,—a *sine qua non* for interest; again, his judgments are unbiassed by the fashion of the day; finally, it will be perceived that after the chorus of astonished praise, abuse, or ridicule, evoked by each new phase of art has died away, that John Pollen's opinions, formed during the cloud of conflict, are in accord nevertheless with those of later critics, who speak when lapse of time has cleared the atmosphere, and afforded a perspective.

A reference, for instance, to his view of the modern Munich, and the British Pre-Raphaelite School;<sup>2</sup> of Pugin's work,<sup>3</sup> as later of Bentley's,<sup>4</sup> and of Whistler's, long before these two obtained public recognition, would illustrate somewhat, but his *Lectures on Art*<sup>5</sup> far more fully, what is stated above. A few significant phrases upon Leighton may be added:

"A magnificent draughtsman—rather *drawing-roomy*—too soft in finish—rich in decorative effect; all is most artistically worked out;—poor, my painting looks beside his!<sup>6</sup>—he fails in Michael-Angelesque attitudes, as in his *Elias*."

His view is always rather positive than negative. He recog-

<sup>1</sup> W. Holman Hunt, *Pre-Raphaelitism* (Macmillan, 1905), vol. ii. pp. 143-6.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 85.

<sup>3</sup> He refers to the Lyndhurst Window. <sup>4</sup> <sup>5</sup> <sup>6</sup> His journal gives detail.

nizes the good—if good predominates—with generosity, and deals gently with deficiencies. He pierces always to the essentials of a thing; seizes its characteristic accidents of place, time, and style; and finally pronounces with serene rectitude of taste—not what ought to be held, but modestly what he thinks upon the object in question. It is natural in kindred subjects to compare his manner with the fierce dogmatism of Ruskin; excusable, no doubt, considering Ruskin's wonderful powers, but sometimes exasperating in effect upon those even who accept the teaching of this great man.

John Pollen was one of the few men who early appreciated Whistler. "If you want to see a really fine picture," he said to a party of children in his company at the Royal Academy summer exhibition of 1871—"if you want to see something remarkable, look up at that 'Arrangement in Black and White.'"<sup>1</sup> There, high above the line, was the now famous "Portrait of the Painter's Mother." And the wondering eyes of the young amateurs gradually opened to the sombre beauties of the picture.

Every year he went the round of artists' studios, for the private view before exhibition. It was a treat to accompany him. His criticisms were always asked, and modestly given.

The visits to Millais's studio were particularly entertaining. The two men would cap each other's stories. A lady relative of one of Millais's sitters proclaimed the portrait not a good likeness: "It hasn't got his *look*, you know!" The artist civilly promised to "try again," and, in fact, made some unimportant change in the colour of a drapery; upon the next visit, the critic declared herself enchanted.

Millais's beautiful children were Pollen's admiration, and their father's frequent models; but on one occasion, as he told, a lovely sitter took refuge under the sofa. She was promised two shillings an hour, double the usual fee; "Make it half a crown, papa!" piped a shrill voice, "and I'll come out!"

John Pollen's admiration for Turner, whom he had met at Charles Cockerell's in early days, led to an introduction to Ruskin.

"December 26, 1855.—To Ruskin, to see his Turners—about 35

<sup>1</sup> So originally catalogued.

first-rate. Curious statements—thinks there are about 30,000 sketches of Turner's <sup>1</sup> in the National collection. Ruskin gave us *good wine!* . . . To Turner's sketches, Malborough house.—So very delicious; the originals of the Rogers' *Italy*. You would be surprised to see how rough and unfinished they appear; but they are done for engraving, and with a profound knowledge of how much would be of use when so rendered, and how much, lovely in a drawing, would in an engraving be useless. They are wonderfully instructive."

Ruskin now entrusted to John Pollen's invention a scheme of decoration for the exterior of the new Oxford Museum. He spent much time at the Zoological Gardens sketching various animals, his design embracing in its scope the whole plan of Creation. The drawings met with Ruskin's entire approval. For want of funds, only a portion was actually carried out; in 1909, the question of completing the decoration having been raised, John Pollen's original drawing was presented to the University, where it now hangs in the Museum.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lately disinterred and worthily disposed in the Gallery.

<sup>2</sup> "*Times*," February 11, 1909; *University Intelligence*. Oxford. *The Doorway of the Museum*.

The offer of Mrs. Pollen, made in a letter in *The Times* to lend the original and complete design by her late husband, Mr. John Hungerford Pollen, for the main doorway of the University Museum, has been accepted. Mrs. Pollen has received the following letter from the Vice-Chancellor:

"MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD,

January 30, 1909.

"DEAR MADAM,—

"At the meeting of the delegates of the University Museum to-day the secretary communicated to us your kind offer to present the coloured architectural drawing of the design for the main doorway of the Museum and a portrait of your late husband, the author of the design, to us. The beautiful design itself was on view. I am writing as Vice-Chancellor and chairman of the delegates to express to you our gratitude and deep satisfaction in accepting your gift. I feel it is most kind of you to be willing to part, even to us, with the design, in which so much of your husband's skill and genius is expressed. To myself, and I believe I speak for others, it is very specially interesting. I have long known the blank spaces above the archway, and wondered how they were meant to be, and ought to have been filled. I did not know that the design was still in existence. I have of course long known your husband's name. He was a man of mark in a remarkable generation, of whom Oxford has special reason to be proud. I remember his work among the brotherhood who decorated the Union Library, and have just been looking again at the photograph of the drawing of Arthur receiving the sword Excalibur. While then I can, as I say, understand that it is something of a sacrifice to you to part with this painting, yet I think Oxford and the Oxford Museum are the place where it should permanently reside. I shall hope to send you the formal thanks of the University at a later stage, but I felt I ought to write without delay to give you the thanks of the delegates, and to express to you my own gratitude.

"Believe me to be yours very faithfully,

"T. HERBERT WARREN."



## CHAPTER XXXII

THE MAN OF THE WORLD—THE LOVER OF POETRY AND  
MUSIC—FRIENDS OF THE SIXTIES (1860-1863).

**I**N 1858 John Pollen made his home in London : No. 11, Pembridge Crescent, Bayswater.

“The whole house in Pembridge Crescent [writes a newspaper correspondent somewhat later] is full of the owner’s sketches and designs ; here a beautiful ceiling in raised plaster, there a stained glass window ; doorways of marble, fireplaces of carved wood, painted panels, decorative designs of all kinds. . . .”



A portrait of the master of the house, as he appeared from about 1860, should now be drawn.

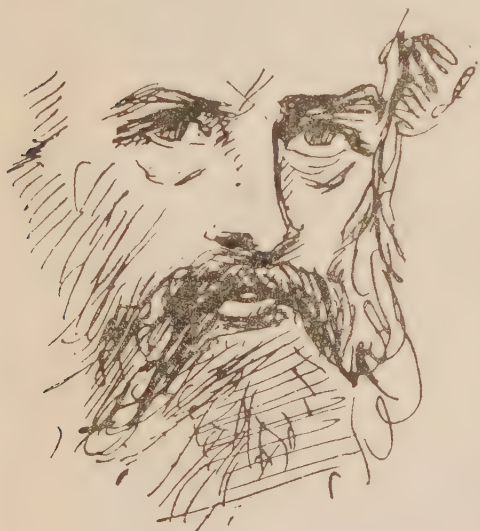
He had joined, with his painter friends, about this time, the Artists’ Corps of Volunteers.

*To the Rev. John Wynne.*

"... I yesterday assisted in signally defeating the Gauls at Brighton. We drove them into the sea ; the survivors, surrendering, were carried in iron cages to Buckingham Palace. Are we not a great Empire ? Ever thine, J. H. P." *End of a business letter.*

*To his wife.*

"On Wednesday we had our review ; a very interesting sight. No end of lovely girls on horseback, and Dukes cheap for quantity, all admitted by ticket. The Queen came and the review had not begun when she drove along, passing us twice, the Kensington Company drawn up in the road by the K. turnpike. She went footspace, bowing all down the line, looking most pleasant and gracious. Princess Alice a very handsome girl, and little Arthur a nice-looking boy. We of course presented arms the whole time. I need not say how a certain distinguished artistic beard was the obvious mark of royal—— But enough. . . ."



He had now begun to cultivate a beard, which made him a most picturesque figure in the beardless London of the day.<sup>1</sup> The great length and graceful tapering flow of this ornament gave to his head, as soon as middle age had deepened the lines upon his countenance, a general likeness to that of the Nile-god statue at the Vatican.

Mrs. Julia Cameron, a friend of the Tennysons, and the first in time of "artistic photographers," took his portrait. Alphonse Legros's fine drawing of his head and bust has been

<sup>1</sup> Newman writes in playful allusion, when introducing a friend to Pollen's notice, "He wears a beard, like other men of genius."

much admired ; it renders well his conformation, but is something too severe in expression. A pen and ink sketch that he made of his own features in a letter to his wife, is far more characteristic in this respect, and a quite excellent likeness.

“ I was never able [writes Mr. Holman Hunt], owing to the complications of my work, to ask John Hungerford Pollen to sit to me. This I regretted the more, that existing portraits of him failed to satisfy my admiration of his expression and beauty ; and I had hoped, from my long study of his head, that I might have been able to treat it successfully.” <sup>1</sup>

In this connection some idea should be formed of John Pollen’s singular charm of address.

In an attempt to analyse its essence, the written reminiscences of a number of friends, and the memories of many years, are fused together.

Perhaps his gift was a combination of two qualities that might seem opposed ; a transparent sincerity, on the one hand, and on the other, a power of self-transformation face to face with every interlocutor. He was many men in turn, yet always himself.

With the man of high rank, he preserved the easy dignified touch of fearless deference, marking his sense of a social superior ; while, with the same dignity, and a different courtesy, without affectation of their own accent or manner, he sought, in those of lower caste, the fellow-man. By young people of all ages—for whom, by the way, he would take any amount of trouble—he was idolized ; he was chivalrous with every woman ; the man, great on any subject, he would draw out gently ; nor was there a better listener. He caught and returned the ball of the witty ; if attacked, he instantly parried ; with the dull and pompous, the vulgar, the pretentious, he was patient exceedingly. With him or her that skimmed the surface, he was a companion light as gossamer ; yet even the butterfly felt that his poise was an accomplishment of balance and of strength. His gentle question set the propounder of fallacies reflecting ; in the god adored of the philistine he managed to suggest a flaw. Yet no one could be

<sup>1</sup> From a letter dictated 1910.

The Assyrian bas-relief; they are set off by  
testing of an Assyrian bas-relief; they are set off by  
small discs filled with brilliant colors. The banking  
circles are harmoniously shaded and similarly  
coloured. The canopy of the fountain projects some



1. Fireplace, Blickling Hall, Aylsham, 1860. *Water-colour*,  $\frac{1}{6}$  size. In a plain surface, the eye rests at once upon a cusped space, filled with bold carving; two oxen are here disposed with all the decorative feeling of an Assyrian bas-relief; they are set off by small discs filled with brilliant colours. The flanking circles are harmoniously subdivided and similarly coloured. The canopy of the fireplace projects some feet into the room. (See p. 286.)





less Socratic in manner. It was a dissent that did not irritate. Never was he didactic, never dull,<sup>1</sup> always spontaneous, careless of display ; gay, mostly ; simple and light of heart as an unspoiled child ; and into his companions flowed his joy of spirit.

Rare, and for his own intimates, were the grave words and few, set in a long silence, addressed to nobody, startling the hearer with an unexpected summons, setting his thoughts towards eternal things ; and his own letters describe him best as a consoler of sorrow.

"I felt, from the first time I saw him," says Baroness Anatole von Hügel, "that he was *so many sorts of somebody*. . . . I saw the grace in him . . . yes, that is the word ; grace of a grave, not easily handled sort."

All this of his manner came mostly from gift, or character ; but, regarding exterior circumstances and education, he never would have been, so to say, half what he was, were he not, by second nature, and above all else, a *man of the world*.

"He always seems to me [said Baron von Hügel to a friend, during John Pollen's lifetime] the perfect type of *l'homme du monde*. . . . The man [continues Baroness Anatole von Hügel] who was, so to say, always in the saddle ; he rode the world—never the world rode him."

So far, his manner and his manners ; but of the peculiar distinction of his talk, as such, should be separately spoken.

John Pollen's conversation could not, like Dr. Johnson's, be illustrated merely by a series of pithy sayings or retorts ; not that these were lacking. But its quintessence lay in a keen dramatic sense ; a capacity for seizing upon momentary action, affecting all he did. It gave him a power of mimicry unsurpassed. He would *be* the heavy peasant, the pompous prig, the wondering infant, the rabbit, puppy, eagle, dormouse—each by a gesture, play of feature, attitude, that came and went in an instant.

All this was the substance of his conversation ; its polish lay in its spontaneity and speed. How many people would be

<sup>1</sup> See on Newman, p. 264.



interesting, if their hearers, like John Pollen, never allowed the long-winded speech to dull the edge of their attention! But his own word was ever swift, compact, concise; and this increasingly, as with advancing age, he listened and reflected ever more in proportion to his speech. He was always exact, *ad hoc*; never vague, loose, or halting; never did he—save by request—repeat himself; seldom did he lay down any law, but all could he illustrate, and convincingly.<sup>1</sup>

His dramatic quality made him a superb reader of prose or poetry.

Perhaps the treats best of all appreciated by his children were certain leisured evenings in the studio, when he would read to them Dickens, Thackeray, sometimes Marryat; Scott, prose and verse; and Percy's *Reliques*. Who, that ever heard him, could forget "Sir Andrew Barton, Knight!"

His reading had a refined and most expressive power; a restrained fire and pathos. There was no mouthing or over-emphasis; no declamation, properly so called; no substitution of his own personality for the one he was rendering. His whole intellectual and artistic status seemed concentrated in the modulations of his fine voice.

This sensitiveness to the sound of words naturally leads to a consideration of his gift for music. Technically, he was untrained; yet he had a perfect ear, and an excellent taste for true music, old songs and chants, and classical composers; mechanical performances he disliked. A musical box he considered "a poor tinkling affair," and he shared his friend John Leech's horror of the barrel-organ. Its lacerating sounds had aggravated fatally the depressing nervous illness of poor Mr. Leech, who was really slain by the infernal machine he had satirized so often.

All organ-grinders were sternly warned off from the environs of Pembridge Crescent, despite John Pollen's love for the Italian race; but upon him, too, poetic justice was to fall one day.

"He was the pleasantest possible companion. . . . Nobody was lighter in hand, or more amusing . . . He was, I repeat, one of the most agreeable of men, and welcome everywhere for his delightful conversation, which had every good quality of wit and originality and ready sympathy." (Letter from Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, of Crabbet Park, to one of John Pollen's children, February 28, 1910.)

*To his wife.*

“ . . . I took the train, third class, fraternizing with an Italian organ-grinder, who, as I spoke his language, grasped my hand (half drunk or more), and, to reward me, entertained me with a tune and a hideous whistling accompaniment. The noise enough to drive the entire train distracted; the man, too, posturing and dancing to his own frightful uproar. [Here follows a sketch of the whole interior of the carriage.] Fellow cads enchanted. Altogether I have never made such a triumphal entry to Notting Hill. I only hope I may not have to encounter the wretch serenading No. 11. My reputation would be gone for ever. . . .”

Some friends of the Sixties must now be briefly described.

At Hampstead the Pollens had found themselves in a literary circle. Rossetti and Morris, themselves poets, had introduced them to other choice spirits; to Coventry Patmore, and his first wife, the “Angel of the House,” and to Algernon Swinburne.

This genius was often a prey to fits of ungovernable frenzy. An eye-witness graphically relates such a scene; and how John Pollen, called in (as he was, more than once) by one of the Pre-Raphaelite circle, was able by his self-contained gentleness to allay the storm. “How they all loved John Pollen!” added the narrator.

Sir John Simeon, one of Pollen’s best-loved friends has already been mentioned. In visits to him at Swainston, Isle of Wight, the Pollens found themselves among worshippers of Tennyson, a neighbour at Farringford, whose repute was then in its prime. Pollen caught some of this enthusiasm; he knew many of Tennyson’s smaller poems by heart; he was fascinated by their music, whose wealth was then so new a thing. He describes a day at Farringford, the beauty of Tennyson’s boys, the expression and charm of his wife, the great kindness of his host, who smoked with him, talking of the Philobiblion Club and its breakfasts.

A friend of earlier date was the accomplished artist, Richard Doyle. The sterling worth of his character would deserve a complete memoir; this has been partially supplied by John

Pollen, his admirer.<sup>1</sup> "Dicky Doyle" he was to his friends ; and the little that he uttered smacked of Irish salt. "Why are you a Catholic?" he was one day asked abruptly. "Because I possess but little religion, so that what I have must be of the very best possible quality."

Quite otherwise attractive was a nephew of the actor Charles Young. The Reverend Julian Young possessed no small share of the family talent. When, at a dinner table he began with thrilling intonation and gesture to deliver a story—nor was it short—knives and forks would be suspended till the final catastrophe.

But more remarkable than all was William Makepeace Thackeray. With Pollen's return to London, the friendship begun in Rome was renewed, and he was introduced to the author's family and circle.

"I well remember Mr. Pollen [writes Lady Ritchie], with his young wife and her sisters, under the trees in the garden of Little Holland House.<sup>2</sup> The group was not to be forgotten, even amongst the many others so memorable belonging to that time."

The first appearance of the *Cornhill Magazine* was a great event in Pembridge Crescent, where Thackeray was no uncommon visitor. Playful letters found their way there from Onslow Square. A sketch of a leg of mutton smoking on a dish, with hour and date beneath, constituted one invitation to dinner. Another ran :

"DEAR P.—If not engaged with your confessor,  
Pray dine with us at 8. Do pray say yes, sir ;  
And if with you you'll bring dear Mrs. P.  
You cannot think how pleased we all shall be."

A pen and ink vignette at a top corner shows Pollen with lowered aspect, walking towards a church door ; it is connected

<sup>1</sup> Preface to *Richard Doyle's Journal* (Routledge), 1885.

<sup>2</sup> A place of artistic ideals belonging to Mr. Prinsep, where dwelt also Mr. Watts, R.A. Here, for the first time, ladies in harmonious draperies set aside the claims of fashion, and sought the picturesque alone. The beautiful wife of Dante Rossetti, immortalized by her husband's pen and brush, and, as well as Mrs. William Morris, greatly admired by John Pollen, were striking figures. The dress movement was as yet free from extravagances satirized later by Du Maurier.

with that of 36, Onslow Square, opposite, by a wavy road running round the letter margin.

At a children's party at his house, one evening, Thackeray himself showed off a magic lantern with a wit evoking heartiest laughter from young and old ; a delightful memory for years in the Pollen family.

*To his wife.*

“BLICKLING HALL, 1861.

“ . . . I had a letter from Thackeray, yesterday, about the chimney-piece here [which Pollen had decorated]. He is to come and see it, and then go with me to town. I could travel by a high cockolorum train ; but it starts at 7 from Norwich, therefore one must go from hence at 5 ; and my Thackeray, I feel sure, will be in no humour for such a lark-like proceeding.”

Two of Thackeray's intimates were greatly appreciated by John Pollen : John Leech, the artist, a refined and charming personality, and “ Jacob Omnium ” of *The Times*, Mr. Higgins. He was six foot eight in height, but so well proportioned that this great stature did not offend. His talent for repartee, considerable as it was, could never find an answer to the street boy's impudent allusions to altitude.

Newman says, in a letter of 1868 to Pollen :

“ Mr. Higgins died a Catholic.”

In 1863, John Pollen was engaged on a series of sketches for *Dennis Duval*, which Thackeray meant now to complete.

“ We sat together, and talked of the new story,” says the diary.

But Thackeray's health was fast failing ; of his last years Lady Ritchie writes :—

“ My father had such a real affection for Mr. Pollen, and enjoyed his manly presence. Mr. Pollen would enter the room, cordial, cheering, humorous, arresting and restful too. He and his wife were ‘ Sabbath-day people ’ ; they used to come again and again, bringing repose. My father was now so often ill and languid that only familiar friends were welcome.”

“ You must not call ‘ Mr. Thackeray ’ any more,” said their



mother in December, 1863, to the children at Pembridge Crescent ; who, as their age is wont, were playing a game in which each took the part of some important visitor. " It would make papa too sad. Poor Mr. Thackeray is dead."

John Pollen was bound to that distinguished man by the ties, not only of affection, but of deep gratitude ; for Thackeray, but one month previous to his death, had been instrumental in obtaining for his friend an advantageous post at the South Kensington Museum, and the opening of a new and interesting career.



11. Bird and Serpent ceiling, Library, Blickling Hall, 1860. *Water-colour.* Colours : those of British Birds, from tawny orange, through warm browns, to grey tones. The outside border of the whole is formed by ever-varied groups of cranes, tied in pairs, each network knotted with new intricacies. No repetitions occur throughout the entire work ; yet to perceive this fact, so well balanced is the scheme, requires serious attention. (See p. 285.)



## CHAPTER XXXIII

THE DECORATIVE ARTIST—THE ARCHITECT—THE SPORTSMAN  
SORROW (1860–1865).

FROM 1860 onwards John Pollen practised his profession of decorative artist, as well as architect, on a considerable scale ; and until the end of his life he was constantly occupied in building, furnishing and decorating, for some patron or other. In three large portfolios of sketches and working drawings are found designs for complete churches ; for altars in gothic, classic, or byzantine style ; plans for country or town houses ; rooms to be added or adapted, cottages, bridges, shrines, porticos, garden seats ; again, complete interiors, or separate doors, chimney-pieces, ceilings, carpets, cabinets, and other fixed or movable works.

Sometimes he had at his disposal the whole interior decoration of a room ; this fancy freedom is indeed the artist's paradise. So with a tea-room (at Ingestre Hall) for which he designed a plaster ceiling, cornice and frieze.<sup>1</sup> The ceiling is alive with groups—no two alike—of flying children ; within large medallions they sacrifice at the altar of Ceres, sport with animals, or otherwise sustain their character ; upon the cornice they sit, play, or climb about ; graceful boys and girls stand here and there, carrying trays, jugs, tea-cups. The whole is instinct with life and enjoyment. Like all his complete works, this shows a distinct idea, and subordinate groups of ideas ; connected, not by repetitions, but by a fine balance of arrangement.

Another room has painted panelled walls ; nude children of all ages, in natural colours, are grouped round and upon blue and white china vases, against a gold-coloured ground ; some brown foliage completes the colour-chord of the whole.

<sup>1</sup> See Plates 24 to 27.



These children are not chubby conventional cupids, "made up of mere balls of fat," as he used to say ; but of the type he preferred, with a certain undeveloped graceful length of limb. But he always painted children as if he loved them.

Or again, he had to produce ingeniously a good result, despite awkward spaces, or the close neighbourhood of a marked style with which his own must not clash as in some of the decorations added to Wilton House, about 1877. So with altars to be fitted to a church already built, or shrines.

One of his first considerable works in a private house was the decoration of a gallery at Kilkenny Castle, during 1861-62, for the then Marchioness of Ormonde. Medallions, harmoniously connected, contain scenes belonging to this historic abode. Daily letters, as always, kept his wife informed of all his interests.

"I work the entire day, save for a delightful walk after partridges killing all I fired at save one. Lady Ormonde is very nice indeed, and seems to have unbounded confidence in my judgment, so I shall do my very best for her. . . . She carries Lady May's picture about, to show her friends. . . . Now I find every question about the castle is referred to me ; I am asked to make a flower garden! . . ."

The gallery, as also his drawings of the lovely children of the house, was a great success. "Most artistic and beautiful," wrote Lady Ormonde, "the admiration of all who have seen it"; and his reputation grew apace.

Long before these works were completed, he had been commissioned to build a timber-roofed corridor, and to decorate two rooms at Blickling Hall, Aylsham, for the Marquis of Lothian, the son of his old friend.

The library ceiling, like the painter himself, at this time, seems possessed by the spirit of bird-nature, gathered, as it seems, from the place itself, famous for all sorts of feathered life.

*To his wife.*

"BLICKLING,

"May 19, 1860.

". . . As you know, a great green pleasure-ground of 20 acres

stretches on the south of this house, and is bounded by a huge grove of the noblest oak and beech. All day long this paradise has been full of the chuckling of suppressed delight from innumerable jovial dicky-birds, sitting and guggling away with their own fun ; a sort of bursting up of the fountains of life and joy.... The trees round the house resounded with cuckoos and nightingales, and I saw partridges on the lawn.... The keeper brought me a jackdaw, a starling, a white owl, a goosander, a widgeon ; I caught a little swallow during the hurricane, when in their terror they crouched down on the ground in flocks . . . and at night a goat-sucker flew round me in a stealthy way. . . .”

The ceiling is a study in bird-life ; the prevailing hues vary from the greys and browns on the back of a cock sparrow to the richer tints of the red-breast, hawk, and thrush. Bands of rich brownish yellow, fifteen inches apart, in shades varying from burnt sienna to subdued orange and sepia, represent the narrow sides of the beams. In the broader spaces between them, upon a background of pale ochre, volutes of rose or ivy-boughs alternate with flying falcons, pigeons, and other birds, natural in form and attitude, but artfully posed and juxtaposed to fill the space ; the creatures are connected by ropes which wind loosely round them, or are carried in their beaks. These ropes form uniting lines of composition and prevent any restlessness in the whole ; they are echoed upon the beams by more intricate convolutions in sepia, seen after some attention to be serpents with grotesque heads, and a half-playful malice in the eyes. Huge dragons crouch along the larger beams ; across the narrower are spirals in feather pattern, inspired sometimes by those found upon the wing or tail of a cock pheasant. The outside border of the whole is formed by ever-varied groups of cranes or herons, tied in pairs by cords, each network knotted with new intricacies. No repetitions occur throughout the entire work ; yet to perceive this fact, so well balanced is the scheme, requires serious attention.

May not this subtly conceived Bird and Serpent ceiling be interestingly compared for originality, unity, complex thought and harmony of colour, to Whistler's widely different and more famous “Peacock” panels ?—inspirations from the West and East respectively.

The same bird spirit animates the wall-paintings.

The fireplace and the surmounting wall in the morning-room at Blickling is most effective in design, composition, and colour. On a plain flat surface of larger extent than the ornamentation, the eye rests at once upon a cusped space, filled with bold carving; two oxen are here disposed with all the decorative feeling of an Assyrian bas-relief; they are set off by small discs filled with brilliant colours, executed apparently in enamel. This is flanked by two circular spaces, harmoniously subdivided and similarly coloured.

His patrons were highly appreciative. "Nobody can fail to be struck with the beauty and originality of the work done here," writes the owner of the house in 1869.

Now to consider him, generally, as an architect.

In examining the churches and other buildings he designed, we should consider less the abstract possibility of a richer result, than the attainment of great ends despite small means. This has been shown as to SS. Peter and Paul, Dublin, in the basilica style; the beautiful proportions of the chapel of the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Wandsworth show as good a result in the decorated Gothic.<sup>1</sup> Whatever, as to money, the limit might be, he put none, for poor patron or for rich, in the careful exercise of an exquisite taste and a practical economy.

He was intimately acquainted with all the technicalities of building. He never failed to examine, and test carefully, the quality of bricks and mortar, the species of stone employed, or of wood; he had an eye to the safety of scaffolding in every part, and to the structure of foundations. He superintended the creation of a building from skeleton to skin; few men were as conversant with convenient, sensible, and ingenious arrangements of interior fittings and fastenings.

He had been doing work for Newman ever since 1858, at Birmingham and Rednall.

"THE OY., BM.,

"May 21, 1858.

". . . Your four windows have quite beautified the end of the

<sup>1</sup> The stained glass windows and interior paintings were not designed by John Pollen.





12. Ceiling, Blickling Hall (Detail of Plate 11, p. 282). Same size as original water-colour. The huge dragon crouches along the larger beam; across the narrower are spirals in feather pattern, inspired sometimes by those found upon the wing or tail of a cock-pheasant.

*Facing page 284.*





new aisle. . . . Your façade is splendid, and is in Heywood's hands. . . . You disappointed us at Christmas, so you must not forget to come at Easter, and do bring some fine weather with you. . . ." <sup>1</sup>

"August 20, 1863.

" . . . I know you will let me introduce you to an old friend of mine, Miss Holmes, one of those converts who, like yourself, have not improved their temporal position by their religious change. You are, I know, a bird of passage in Co. Dublin, still, I write a line, for she is a person of genius as well as you, and therefore has a claim to your acquaintance.

"I have been in France, at Treves, at Coblenz, and Aix. At the last place I managed to pitch headlong down a flight of stairs at the hotel—but, thank God and my guardian angel, without any hurt. You beware of ladders, planks, and the like instruments of your profession."

In 1863, he had completed a small church at Rhyl, N. Wales, for an old friend—by that time, the Reverend John Wynne, S.J.

The little building could hardly be simpler in construction ; its exterior plainness is relieved by excellent proportion, and by an effective porch, rose window, and belfry. Its interior consists merely of an undivided chamber, ending in a semi-circular apse ; but the decoration, Celtic in character, bold in the main, with here and there elaborate clusters, is of extreme beauty. All the painting is by John Pollen's own hand. The apse is clothed with coloured marbles ; the altar is of carved stone, portions being inlaid with malachite and other splendid minerals ; the partly open roof is decorated with gorgeous effect ; the varied but always Celtic spirit of the walls and pulpit preserves unity throughout.

Worthy of note is his way of treating stained glass.

His finest and most expressive windows are those of the chapel of Ingestre Hall. They were erected in memory of Charles John, nineteenth Earl of Shrewsbury. The large centre window represents the Nativity ; a group full of beauty, deep feeling, thought, and reverence ; the wings and richly

<sup>1</sup> The rest of these letters are taken up with Newman's hopes, fears, and plans for the University, anxieties of various kinds ; he thanks his correspondent for informing him of gossip rife in London, concerning the projected school at Edgbaston . . . "I wish *you* would be our agent," he says, "at, say, £100 a year," an offer which John Pollen was unable to accept.

tinted dresses of five angels are decoratively composed in the upper part. Two flanking windows show most striking figures of SS. John the Baptist and the Evangelist respectively. The lead lines being disposed with considerable art, the designs are beautiful at a distance as well as on a nearer view ; they are distinct in motive, rejecting useless detail, and relying on flatness and simplicity of outline ; they have therefore that character and effectiveness which, independently of the colour, are always found in old glass, but are commonly deficient in the modern, even when the designs look well on paper.

"Among the details of architectural work overlooked by the average spectator are the *mouldings*. . . . The method of designing their profiles is the surest test of refinement in style . . . and distinguishes cultivated work from that powerful perhaps in general effect, but coarse and inartistic in feeling." <sup>1</sup>

But the mouldings of John Hungerford Pollen will thoroughly stand this test.

His furniture, when even of the simplest description, exhibits always the same refinement of idea ; in his carpets and pavements he follows the plan clearly indicated in his lectures : "imitating Nature, who colours her ground vividly, and makes the most of her surface by proportioning dividing lines to space." Here, as always, John Pollen's work rests upon specific principles of structure and of ornament.

How did he acquire so thorough and extensive a knowledge ?

Upon his candidature for the Slade Professorship of Art, in 1870, telling testimonies to his fitness for the post were written by many distinguished men ; amongst others : John Henry Newman (quoted on the title-page), by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, by the future P.R.A.'s John Everett Millais and Frederick Leighton ; by G. F. Watts, T. Woolner, Sir John Coleridge, Lord Selborne ; but the most significant words, perhaps, regarding John Pollen's technical comprehension are those of the artist, afterwards Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

. . . . "His knowledge of Art. . . includes (what is rare) the minor kinds of decorative skill applied to different materials—in this, his

<sup>1</sup> H. Heathcote Statham, *Architecture for General Readers* (Chapman and Hall), ch. iv.



13. Ceiling, Blissing Hall (Detail of Plate 11, p. 282). One of the working drawings. In the spaces between the beams, upon a background of pale ochre, volutes of rose or ivy-boughs alternate with flying falcons, doves, and other birds, natural in form and attitude, but artfully posed and juxtaposed to fill the space; the creatures are connected by ropes which wind loosely round them, or are carried in their beaks. These ropes form uniting lines of composition and prevent any restlessness in the whole; they are echoed upon the beams by more intricate convolutions in sculp, seen alter some attention to be serpents with grotesque heads, and a half-playful malice in the eyes. (See p. 285.)





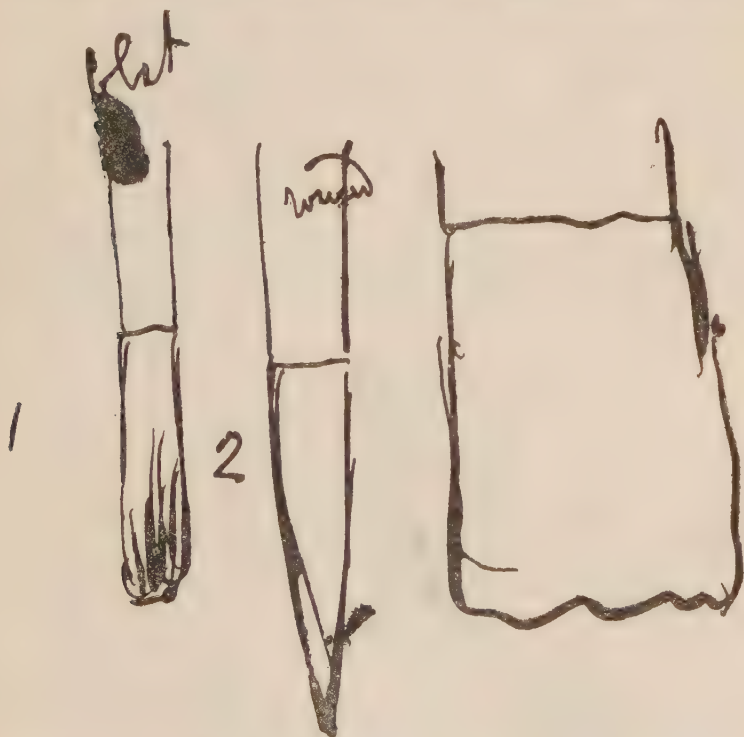
varied acquirement has been of great use to me and to others on many occasions."

The following extract from a correspondence with Mr. Holman Hunt illustrates one item of the subject. The letters were carefully put by, endorsed by Mr. Holman Hunt : " Pollen on Tempera." They were given to the author in 1910 by the kindness of his widow.

11, PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT,  
August 22, 1864.

MY DEAR HUNT,—

I proceed to answer *seriatim*. The wax is in fact "encaustic." It is light wax melted, then liquefied with turpentine and a *very*

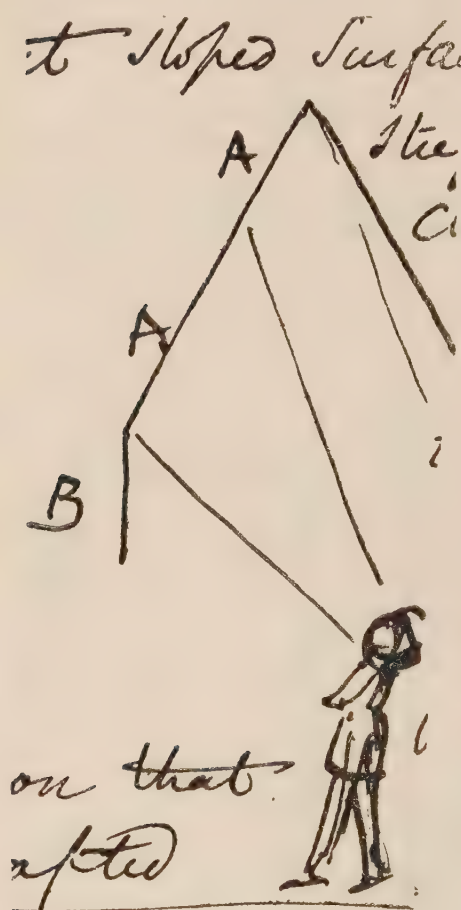


little mastic or other such varnish. This can be laid over the work if it is well sized, and will be quite dead ; it does not blacken, and is impervious. It is rather like candied honey in texture.

P.M.

U

The safest way with a discoloured wall is to give it a flat coat or two of oil paint ; then a nice size ground, any colour you like to work on. The size ground can be put on without the oil ground ; if the wall is thoroughly dry ; no action is then to be feared from the lime, and no spots can ever come out.



The safest stuff to fill up cracks with is *pure* parian cement. It dries, or rather sets, slowly, taking an hour or two ; it dries right off, and can be painted over next morning. The cracks, if without fear of enlargement, and thoroughly dry, can be well filled with this. It will, unlike any other cement, nowise affect the colour you put over it. I have often worked on it next day and no damage has ensued to this day. The unevenness is a great nuisance. If the light is very sidelong you see what shade the depressed parts bear ; but if the light be not intense, it will make no difference.

I wrote Saturday to tell you what brushes I generally got—very long hog hair.<sup>1</sup> I had to get them made. No. 1 to draw with ; I did try the *very* long ones, but only

a very smooth surface indeed will stand that. It is too delicate a stroke for an ordinary wall. . . . I suppose you will make coarser strokes higher up, and finer below.

If you have not observed it, it is a fact, awkward if not expected, that sloped surfaces, even when steep, are indefinitely clearer to

<sup>1</sup> See sketch, p. 289.



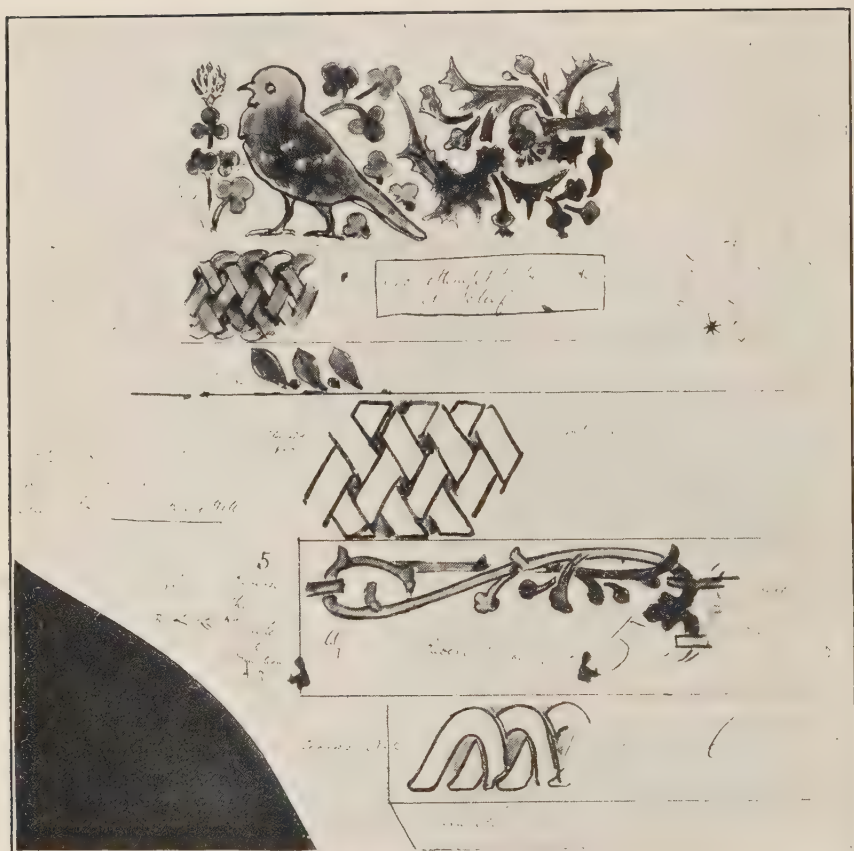
14. Wall decoration, Blicking Hall. One of the working drawings.  $\frac{1}{8}$  size.  
Colours : deep chrome, burnt sienna, vandyke brown, black, warm grey.

*Facing page 288.*









15. Wall decoration, Bickling Hall. Working drawing.  $\frac{1}{8}$  size. Colours : raw umber, slightly brightened with raw sienna.

*Facing page 290.*

the eye than an upright wall much nearer ; for the obvious reason that it is so much better adapted to the angle of vision. But I was often immensely sold about this. Coarse work does famously at B, when its deficiencies are unbearable 12 or 15 ft. higher if on this slant at A. Also I have found that darker work is more effective at the top, and lighter below (I suppose this follows a natural law) provided you make strong lines below to lift the darker work and save it from bringing the top down on one's nose.

I have used common washed chalk for white (half a crown will provide enough for Westminster Abbey). . . . I dare say I only tell you what you know a deal better than me, but I jot down things that really did bother me. By the way, I did this with effect once. I took black coarse chalk (Conté, very deep) and *drew* my work with it (one works fast), brushed it with a dry brush to get off some of the loose chalk, sized it with *very pale* burnt sienna. This smudged a little, but gave a delightful sort of grey ultramarine ash tone all over. Then a little colour here and there, and it was done, and looked delicate. But the colour must be thinned out in the first wash. After you have once got that dry you can work freely over it. But if you paint your drawing in black paint, put the sienna wash on first. . . ."

"It would be highly interesting to know (one asks) how a man without technical training, already five and thirty years of age, could become all at once so successful an architect, artist, and decorator. Such an achievement, so far as I know, is entirely without parallel."<sup>1</sup>

What is the answer ? Setting aside the undoubted possession of a natural gift, and of an energy that spared no pains, John Pollen has been clearly shown as an observer of extraordinary acumen regarding every branch of art, in detail, broad effect, structure, material, and workmanship ; moreover, an assiduous draughtsman and colourist. So witness many volumes of closely written journals—well worth an index—and scores of sketch-books replete with drawing of detail, analyses, data of all kinds. At two and twenty years of age he compiled the earliest that survives ; it tells of an already practised hand and eye. Thus, long before he dreamed of earning his bread out of expert knowledge, the amateur had trod from his youth the path to soundest professional power. The mere technique

<sup>1</sup> For John Pollen's own reply, see Appendix, p. 382.



of an architect's business was soon completed by a mind possessed of so full and accurate a store. There can be little doubt, that had he devoted himself entirely to water-colour landscape, or to architecture, that could he have paused to acquire systematic training and practice, he must in time have reached the summit of his calling.

But, in the event, the very breadth and richness of the field where here or there he took up this work and that as it fell to his hand, fertilized with inexhaustible variety the branch whereon alone perhaps his genius had betimes fair play—that of Decorative Art.

Here John Pollen was one of the artists of the world. For every original mind bears for us a message or a legacy which is unique.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Thankful as the paterfamilias was to find employment, his absences from home whilst engaged in decorative labours, sometimes for weeks continuous, were painfully felt by all concerned. By way of compensation he wrote every day to his wife ; and thus hundreds of characteristic letters were produced.

The letters are hasty ; most are written when the day's work is over, and there is hardly more than time to dress for dinner ; or late at night. The frequent pen and ink sketches are dashed off in a few strokes, whose point lies in their dramatic power, of which has been earlier treated, and essential rightness. Expressions of most tender and playful affection are left to the imagination of the reader. They begin and end each letter, and link together all the episodes. Of his children is perpetual mention.

His journeys are always detailed ; and no remarkable face or individuality was lost upon him. He was a great but fastidious admirer of personal beauty, reserving his enthusiasm for the refined and high-bred type.

He always writes of the house where he was staying. Huntly Lodge (Aberdeen), Adare Manor (Adare), Manor House (Lyndhurst), Corby Castle (Carlisle), Dorlin (a house of James Hope Scott), Blickling Hall (Aylsham), Alton Towers, and many

other beautiful and hospitable places, with their inhabitants, contents and surroundings, are all described in the Sixties; mostly at length—sometimes as follows, in a phrase or two.

“ . . . To-day we went to see Lord Fife’s house, close to Banff; a fine old stone building, square, stately, and altogether fit for earls. Of pictures a magnificent collection; I know no private lot so good. . . . ”

“ KILKENNY, 1862.

“ Last night a charity play was acted by the Kilkenny apprentices; there was an amateur band, and bench keepers held the wands of office; then a stage with a green baize curtain, and five tin sconces for footlights. Inside, two or three scenes capitally managed, with delightful anachronisms. Temp. Richard Cromwell. The ladies done, and not ill, by boys, clad in crinolines of the servant-gal kind [vivid sketch], but the acting was extremely spirited. The hero, Elkanah White, the Fire Raiser, I recognized in a grocer’s shop to-day, with cork-black still upon his face; I complimented him, and hear he is greatly affected by my approval. There were villains twain, and the victim fell so famously that I thought the whole theatre would collapse with the shock. Altogether it amused me vastly.”

There was hardly a keener sportsman than John Pollen. In the Forties, he and John Wynne had hung up their guns, as they thought for ever;<sup>1</sup> but they had reached them down in the next decade. To both, a sporting week passed together at Voelas, and at Rodbourne, was a regular yearly holiday; the Jesuit was the more accomplished fisherman, but the better shot was John Pollen. When the time of his decorating commissions coincided with the shooting season, he seldom resisted altogether the pressure of his hosts to join them on the field or moor.

“ How glad I should be [he writes] for all my boys to have a thorough taste for sport! saving always the *betting* side.”

His sporting letters are richly illustrated with sketches of fishing, trawling, shooting, deer-stalking, now and then hunting adventures, all full of movement, and depicted at the most critical moment of action. Skating, boating, he indulged in when he could; he was an excellent swimmer and rider.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 43.

“ KILLARNEY,

“ October 3, 1871.

“ . . . I found the lordly carriage at the station, and was very kindly welcomed. I am sleeping in one of the Queen's rooms, and though we are by way of 'roughing' it, all this time, it is certainly in the most *ilicant dezabeel* imaginable. . . . I was driven on Sunday afternoon to see Rosse Castle, and various views and points of the demesne. It recalls to me but too vividly the days when we were all here. Then even our little A. was not yet born, and there too were some smiling faces now no more. . . . Nothing can be kinder than my noble host, and he has seen so much of smart life in his time that he is never dull. The house is very nice, in the French Château style, Louis XVI., and all charmingly furnished by my lady. The gardens are kept like the most beautiful in England. . . . I have been helping in the proposed alteration. . . . October 6.— Got up early and at 6 started deer-stalking. I drove along the edge of the upper lake ; it was like a mirror, you saw no reflections of water, only rocks and trees. At 8, I stopped near a farm. The stalker, a Highlander from Braemar, started off for half an hour. He returned. 'Well, have you seen a stag?' 'I have, sir, but we must go round the mountain for him.' A man carries my rifle ; we dismiss car and wraps and start up the forest, a tremendous buster, the ground full of rocks and holes,<sup>1</sup> bog, trees, high grass, fern, and gorse. Up, up, for twenty minutes ; then we emerge on a wild peak, and sit down. With a long telescope the Highlander searches everything within sight, and after a time away we go again. We cross the ridge, and ascend another, silent as mice, treading noiseless on the rocks or slush. Then we sit down and examine again. 'Can you make him out, sir?' 'No, where is he?' 'There behind the stone.' 'I can't see him (with the glass).' 'Look at that round patch there, sir.' We start again, crouching down. In ten minutes we scramble down a bit and see him better. 'He has got his ten points.' Then we lose him. 'He must be behind the rock.' 'No, there he is down in the bottom. Look, sir, amongst the heather near that green patch.' I see him sure enough, slowly coming out into the open, grey as a donkey. He lies down. 'There he is,' in a whisper, 'near the flat rock.' After a careful search I can make him out, lying in thick heather ; three hinds near. We do not speak above our breath, though he is half a mile off. We crouch on a little way ; we look again. Yes ; there he is. We shut up the glass. 'Now then, steady, and all together.' Then

<sup>1</sup> Every six or eight lines has an illustration.

we crawl on our tummies, slide and scabble down on our tails, sly as cats, active as panthers, and silent as Indians. We get down frightful places, emerge on shelf after shelf, steal along, and cross each brow with the greatest caution. At last we are down the mountain. We stalk through high heath, rocks, and water, by the side of a mountain stream. At last we pull up short, and crouch motionless. After peering about, the man puts the rifle into my hand, and with his mouth to my ear whispers, 'He is not five yards from you.' I peer over and see [sketch of horns] but nothing more. I want to crawl on, but he whispers, 'Stand up.' So I cautiously get up. Still, I can only see the antlers. I see these now facing towards me. I know he is looking. I hold my breath. I take one cautious step. In an instant he is up and round the rock. I fire as he runs; miss. I fire again, still running. 'He has it.' His leg is broken; he halts dead. 'Let me go up,' I say, 'he can't move.' 'No, sir, he is too near the wood.' Bang—down he goes. We run up; it is all over. So I got my first stag. I am to have his head as a trophy for the boys. The cutting and chopping is a disgusting sight—I feel a pang at ending his days when the excitement of the stalk is over. . . . Yesterday evening we had a chaffy and very noisy night of it, I dancing jigs with her ladyship, and a general uproar. We had Mass this morning, and Benediction last night, and the chapel is a wonderful fact in a house, there is no doubt of it; and children grow up that way insensibly in the love of their religion. That's better than all this beautiful house and place a thousand times over. . . ."

\* \* \* \*

At the end of 1865, died John Pollen's mother, aged 81. His loyal and affectionate relations with her have been described; he retained them till the end. Perhaps the most charming portrait he ever executed is a pen and ink half length of her, a full face and most tenderly drawn. She is seated in the Rodbourne drawing-room, and wears a close frilled cap, tied beneath the chin, but displaying her soft wavy white hair. The family likeness to himself is apparent.

He did not forget old griefs in new ones, and writes about this time from Cefn Amwlch:—

"To this place I have not been since the year of that tragedy; it is pain of the greatest to visit again its recollections."



## CHAPTER XXXIV

### ARTS AND CRAFTS (1865-1867)

**I**N December, 1863, John Pollen was appointed to an office for which, by nature and education, he was singularly suited—that of Assistant Keeper of what is now known as the Victoria and Albert, but then the South Kensington Museum.

This was a child of the Great Exhibition, and represented all Prince Albert's practical talent; but the enterprise was wedded to the great artistic idea, manifold in manifestation put forth by Ruskin, in the forties, and partly moulded by William Morris some ten years later.

The mind that first planned the formation of a storehouse of beautiful objects, as possessions for the nation, and models or ideals for her craftsmen, and the will that carried the design through all conceivable opposition, belonged to one to-day undeservedly forgotten: Henry, afterwards Sir Henry Cole, and K.C.B.

Perhaps the most astonishing element in the history of that long struggle, ending in 1909 in so triumphant a success as the present Victoria and Albert Museum, lies in the fact that Mr. Cole was himself devoid of artistic education. But this was to be well supplied, for John Pollen possessed the very eye required for treasures then to be rescued from heterogeneous piles in dark and dusty corners of the shops in Wardour Street—or like places in every great and little town of the Continent—and purchased for a song by the discerning few. Thackeray knew both men well. With characteristic kindness, he was anxious to be of service to John Pollen, and suggested him to Mr. Cole.

“My only fear, [replied that shrewdest of managers] is that Mr. Pollen, accustomed as he is to go about in society, knowing



16 Entrance corridor, Clontarf, Dublin, 1892. The walls show a series of figures denoting "Hospitality," each enclosed in a leafy frame. There is a boy shooting a rabbit, a servant with a dish, a charlaine with keys, and many others, with designs of dogs, grouse, and other game. Over the archway are a knight and a lady who bears a stump cup. The paintings are very well preserved.



every sort of person, and welcome everywhere, may feel *above his work*.”<sup>1</sup>

Lord Granville, whose influence naturally had weight, was now an acquaintance of John Pollen ; who, after a few friendly interviews with Mr. Cole, was, in December, 1863, named Official Editor of the Science and Art Department at South Kensington, and member of the Committee of Selection, entrusted with purchases for the Museum.

Every morning the new Keeper was on his way to his office at the South Kensington Museum, there to bestow his best energies ; writing at a bureau in his little square room, surrounded by plans, official papers, sketches, diagrams ; or walking about amid treasures recently unpacked, pencil and paper in hand, examining and labelling the various objects. It was delightful to surprise him there, and to engage him as a cicerone. He could inspire others, the young especially, with some of his own enthusiasm ; and, better, he could teach them how to examine, detect, discern, and discriminate. You learnt to be yourself a discoverer, and enjoyed a delightful consciousness of growing power in subsequent or solitary visits. You lived again in the age when this fine enamelled casket was wrought ; you entered into the workman's idea, saw him at his task ; so far differed John Pollen from that dull though useful being, the mere “walking Encyclopædia” of knowledge.

The chief of his labour was now the naming, classifying, describing, cataloguing, and placing to the best advantage—but above all, increasing—the fine collection that gradually swelled to proportions requiring the present enormous building to house it worthily.

All this was, in many ways, thoroughly delightful work.

Many others naturally ramified therefrom. The School of Art Wood-carving, that, for women, of Art Needlework, soon rose to importance ; the beautiful productions of old days were to be studied in their principles ; not copied, but rivalled, as far as might be, in spirit and feeling. John Pollen regularly lectured to students and workmen upon Historic

<sup>1</sup> Lady Ritchie's account, 1910.



Ornament ; he aided them in their studies and reproductions, and, as official examiner, spent yearly laborious weeks in the correction of papers.

He knew intimately the methods employed by the old craftsmen, and so was able to direct the new in the most practical manner. Sometimes they would carry out his designs ; but they were required also to form their own.

Constantly employed, as he was, to procure furniture and hangings for great houses—men of means and position now wishing to fill them with objects either ancient, or of “L’Art Nouveau”—he could obtain numberless commissions for these Schools, and encourage these and other industries as well in a most substantial manner. This continual patronage of his was acknowledged with, one might say, affectionate gratitude by the students and Committees. The feeling is emphasized in the letter quoted below, whose tone goes far beyond that of ordinary official condolence.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> “SCHOOL OF ART WOOD-CARVING,

“EXHIBITION ROAD,

“SOUTH KENSINGTON, S.W.,

“December 27, 1902.

“DEAR MRS. POLLEN,—

“At a meeting of the Committee of this School held last week I was instructed to write and tell you of the sorrow with which all of us heard of the death of our friend and colleague, your husband.

“We all know how much Mr. Pollen had the welfare of the School at heart, and I have had, during many years, special opportunities for appreciating the extent of his services to it.

“He was a regular attendant at our meetings, and was always ready to give ungrudgingly advice and assistance which, by reason of his great knowledge of decorative wood-work, were most valuable.

“Through his influence many commissions for wood-carving designed by him were procured ; and by means of these, our students had experience in executing work of fine quality with the guidance of the designer, and these have been of great advantage to them. These commissions were pecuniarily profitable, as well as creditable, to the school, and the students who were employed on them shared in the gains.

“Even at the time of Mr. Pollen’s death, an order for work of his designing, obtained through his intervention, was in course of execution in the school.

“We shall miss him very much and he will long be held in kindly and grateful remembrance by his colleagues on the Committee and by the staff of the school.

“I beg you to accept and convey to your family my assurance of our deep regret at the loss of Mr. Pollen, and of our sincere sympathy with you in the great trouble which has befallen you.

“Believe me, dear Mrs. Pollen,

“Yours very truly,

“T. ARMSTRONG,

“Chairman of the Committee.”



17. Ceiling of entrance corridor, Clontra ; detail. The transverse bands behind the birds, grey-blue and white ; circles blue ; foliage yellowish brown.

*Facing page 298.*



He was a member of the Council of the Royal Architectural Museum, and of the Society of Arts; and in this latter connection contributed papers, and delivered lectures upon various branches of decorative Art; <sup>1</sup> above all, he made new friends. To Major Donnelly, a fellow-worker from 1864,<sup>2</sup> he was much attached, as well as to Mr. Thomas Armstrong, C.B., of Abbot's Langley, who joined the Museum later on. The sentiment was mutual.

"I could tell [writes Mr. Armstrong, May 24, 1910] of his sweet and lovable disposition, and of the great affection I had for him when I came to know him well. . . .

"He lent me his own watch [related a poor student] during the hour of writing a paper, that I might divide my time proportionately among the questions."

The biographical value of such trifles lies only in the manner of their performance, and in their multitude.

The great English firms of furnishers and decorators now endeavoured to follow the lead of South Kensington. Fine carpentering, carving, inlay, enamels too, and pottery, metal-work, wrought iron, stained glass, were newly designed and carefully executed; this good-will being, of course, not always rightly directed. Still, the artistic sense was awakening; and the number of works produced called naturally for frequent exhibitions, national, international, and local, to show them off.

So new fields of industry were opened to John Pollen. In 1862 he had already been employed upon the Jury that awarded Classes and Medals to International exhibitors in South Kensington halls; he fulfilled the same, and more extensive functions, in Dublin on occasion of the Industrial Exhibition of 1865; he delivered a lecture in the theatre of the Museum of Industry, Stephen's Green, upon "Decorative Art, and its connection with Modern Science."<sup>3</sup> Then, too, he thoroughly enjoyed a round of visits to Irish friends and old haunts.

<sup>1</sup> He was Cantor Lecturer in 1885, and obtained the Society's silver medal for his paper on Renaissance Wood-work in 1898.

<sup>2</sup> Afterwards Sir John Donnelly, Secretary of the Science and Art Department.

<sup>3</sup> Published among *The Afternoon Lectures in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin*. Third Series. London, Bell & Daldy, 1866.



But the most wonderful of these great shows was the Paris Exhibition of 1867. John Pollen was invited there to act upon the Jury.

The Second Empire was still at the height of its brilliancy. Rumours of distant disturbance, ominous sounds from beneath the very pavements of Paris, were unheeded in the restless gaiety of that summer.

His first letter is surmounted by a sketch of his own figure on the deck of the steamer, a beard five feet long streaming in the wind.

*To his wife.*

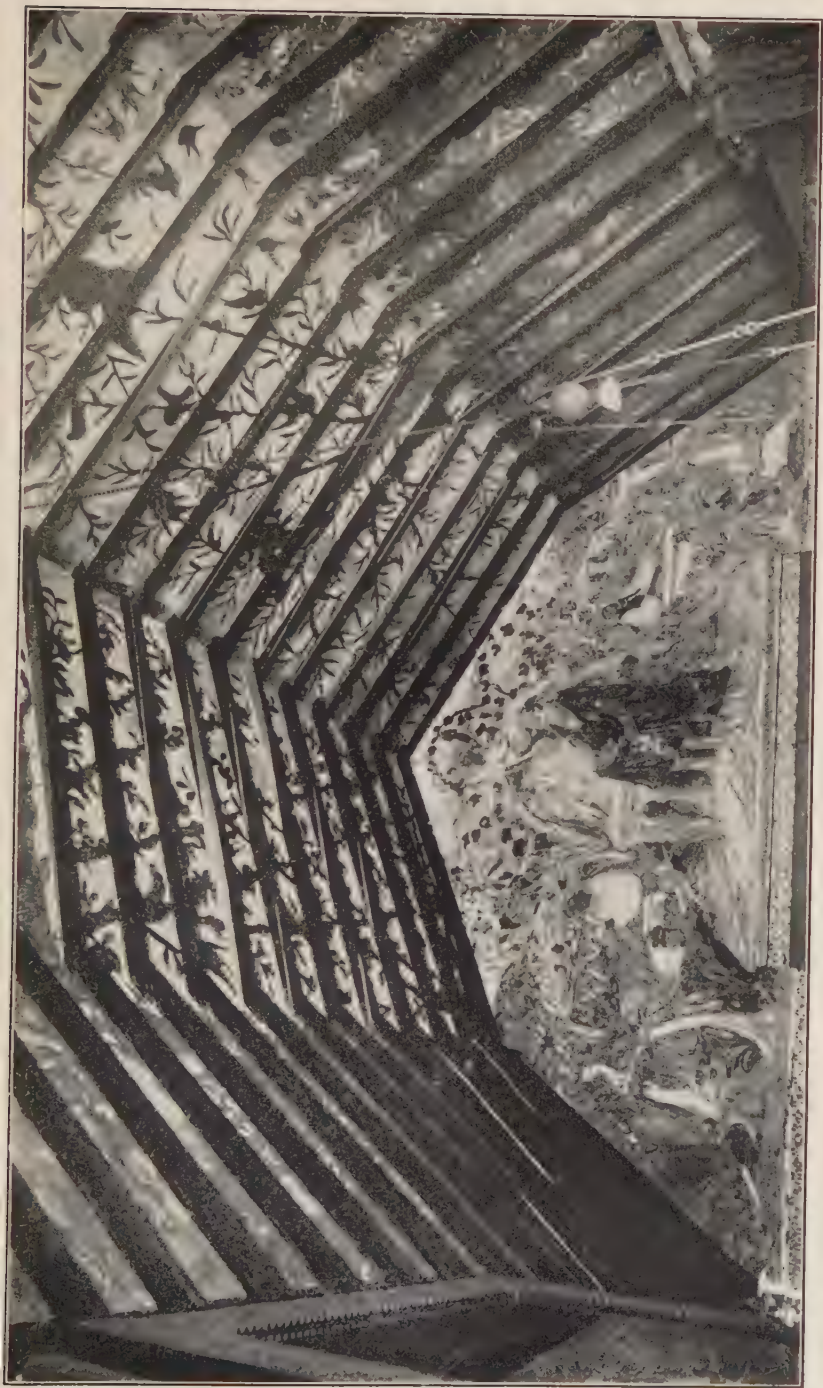
“ AVENUE DES CHAMPS ELYSÉES, 71.

“ *April 5.*— . . Here I am, safe and sound ; and find two shiploads of indignant Jurors already arrived ; the Exhibition being still in the most inconceivable muddle, to open, you would think, in a month. So I am off to Yvetot to dear old Labbé for a day. . . . But soon there never will be anything like the show for gorgeousness crammed, as it is, however, with showy things rather than really fine.

“ . . . *April 17.*—Yesterday we went to St. Cloud. I had been there twenty-nine years ago, when you were a squalling baby, and I a youth who would have been greatly astonished to know his own future ! The fountains went splashing about with monotonous sound, inviting to rest after the turmoil and excitement of Paris ; and the singing birds spoke of spring. . . .

“ . . . *April 23.*— . . We all went to the Tuileries last night. In the morning a very serious question had been started, for it is *de rigueur* to sport breeks and legs, or tight pantaloons, and no one of the British worthies possessed either garment. Well, I trotted off to the Exhibition to consult my faithful Du Sommerard ; he was showing the Princess Mathilde<sup>1</sup> about, and insisted on presenting me. When I had whispered the great query, he instantly broached it to the Imperial Highness ; she told me to get myself up anyhow, only to be sure and come. It was most splendid. The presentation was in the Salle des Maréchaux, all lighted with candles in lustres ; no end of Chamberlains, flunkies in blue coats, scarlet waistcoats and unmentionables ; and the long stairs, just like the Scala Reale at the Vatican, with two Cent Gardes on each step, with drawn swords, carbines, and helmets ; all superb fellows, six foot two or three ; and similarly two on guard at every doorway

<sup>1</sup> Cousin of Napoleon III.



18. Ceiling of drawing-room, Clontra. The end walls are painted with "The Seven Ages of Woman" (not shown in plate). Natural colours.



in the room. Eugenia came first, on the King of Greece's arm ; finally the Emperor with Princess Mathilde, my friend. He stopped close to me to talk to the Dukes of Manchester and Cleveland, and to receive some special presentations, General Gordon among them. The Imperial Highness looked shrivelled, and older than I had expected ; but very civil and kind. Eugenia fat, handsome, and bonny. Of course you want to know how she was dressed, so I noted ; pink silk over white ; the bodice trimmed with a fall of lace, very light, and bunches of diamonds all round on this trimming ; a skirt with pink lappets over an ample petticoat of tulle [sketch] ; a very long train ; a splendid fall of diamonds from her necklace made a cataract down the bodice ; a circlet of large diamonds in her hair. . . . Really, I am enjoying myself enormously ; capital weather, and it only wants you to make it all complete. The Hampsons are here, and the Simeons, and the Shrewsburys, and they all want you—and you and M. and L. would be asked to every ball or fête. I am determined to get you over ! for one thing, war is threatened in a few weeks, and then, no more fun. . . .”

He describes dinners, drums, concerts, operas :

“At the *Lyrique*, the Magic Flute ; and the queen of the night was Nilsson, the Swede ; a voice not big but sweet and well taught ; she is very handsome, and looks, and is, so good ; keeps a *gouvernante*, and goes home to her father's farm whenever she gets a holiday. . . . I dined with the R.'s at Ledoyens, and they took me to Mabilie. I was disgusted, and should never wish to go to such a place again. It beats Cremorne for lowness into fits. . . .

“Took a fiacre, whose driver was pouring cataracts of names upon a man who had choused him ; ‘*Ah ! le fripon ! le vau-rien ! le val-pas-sou !*. . . Huge party at the Wynne Finches, who have the most dignified house in Paris ; another at Lady Cowley's ; he such a splendid quiet-looking English gentleman ; Chinese and Japanese Ambassadors, Senators, Dukes, all splendid ; but hideous gals, save a few English beauties. . . .

“While walking D. about the Exhibition, which I did for four hours, I felt that if once I stopped I should fall into a lethargy ; but at night this wore off, and I enjoyed the fun. The air is so light that one feels no fatigue. I went to nine o'clock Mass this morning. . . . We lose so much time at the Exhibition one way and the other that I am quite out of patience with my report. It is to be published, with plates, in the *Illustrated London News*. . . .

“May 17.—I am still at my report, which will produce me nearly



£50 more. The Jury work very laborious, and long. Fancy a reporter trying to get out of me all my notes, etc., so that my article would look as if taken from his ! I am not so innocent as that. Dry discussions are going on, so I vary the operation with a scrap of note. I have to procure some paint-brushes for the Empress ! . . . Not only the Wales, but the Emperors of Russia and of Austria, the Kings of Prussia and of Sardinia are coming, and each must have a ball as grand as the other. . . .”

He describes closely the series of splendid balls, each out-doing the last ; some in suites of rooms superbly decorated, others in temporary halls of magnificent size and fairy-like beauty that seemed to have sprung up by magic from the ground.

“ *May 10.*—Yesterday I went to another stupendous ball at the Schneiders. I can scarcely attempt a description. Seven rooms *en suite*, each 40 × 50 feet ; and a ball-room 100 ft. long ; altogether more marvellous than any we have seen. I hear privately that the Government allow £1,500 for each ball.

The final ball surpassed all the preceding.

“ . . . Friday the tremendous Embassy ball. We stared at our ease. A quadrille with the Empress and Prince of Wales, Queen of Portugal and King of the Belgians, Queen of the B. and Alfred, Princess Murat with Oscar of Sweden. Then vales of them down a general double line. After a few turns the snobs went in, and the action became general. Then we watched the supper, all sitting down and grubbing vigorously. The P. of Wales had in his piper, who walked round playing, to the immense astonishment of the furriners. I got a seat at the Imperial table later, but resigned it to a French Countess.”

A strong contrast to the fever of Paris was the peaceful day at Yvetot.

“ *Petit Séminaire.* . . . Here I am, most heartily received amongst old friends . . . and have been walking out into old France ; Houses, markets, blouses, white caps, flowers, and stinks of Rouen fascinated me as they did five and twenty years ago. . . . I heard Mass, bought and ate some greengages of a market lady, discussed a *déjeuner of biftek at the potatoes*, asked four poor English nuns if I could be of use to them . . . and spent much time noting details



10. Ceiling of dining-room, Clontra.

The end walls (not shown) are painted with "Spring Morning" and "Autumn Evening" respectively. Birds, in natural colours, fly across wavy bands representing conventional clouds, grey or pale buff, with golden-yellow borders; the sky-bands blue.



of the Cathedral that escaped the ten different studies I had already made. . . . Labbé is tremendously impressed by the conversion of Miss Emmel. . . . Almost all the marked periods of my life are connected with a voyage to France ; and when I saw the old rickety diligences I longed to get into one with you, and jog together all over Normandy. . . . The country house (Yvetot) has the same big domestic driving a like fat Norman mare in the same lumpity old cabriolet, all the children curtsying wherever we passed. . . .”

He went to Paris again for the close of the Exhibition in July.

“*July 1.*—I have just come out of the great affair, and produced, of course, a charming effect in my war-paint. The Princess Mathilde made me a special bow, and everybody else was werry sweet. We began by interminable speechifying, marching, and cheering. Ours were the only cheers worth a rush. I have only one regret, that you, L. and M., weren’t here. Such a splendid show ; thousands upon thousands of people ; an immense *Place* with raised galleries on every side ; around it walked the Royal Procession, P. of Wales, Grand Turk and all. South Kensington has a prize for models ; and my Universal Art Catalogue gets a Gold medal !!! and the French have asked me to write the report of the Class for the Imperial Commission. So we are very cock-a-hoop.”

Finally, the Imperial Commission presented to John Pollen, in acknowledgment of his services, the whole series of medals awarded by that body.

The first part of the *Universal Catalogue of Books on the Literature of Art* having been so favourably noticed, John Pollen was employed officially to request the permission of Cardinal (Antonelli ?) to consult the Archives of the Vatican upon the same subject.

He takes occasion to comment upon a state of things, surprising to persons ignorant of the full import of recent Italian changes.

“ . . . As I am so bold as to write thus to one holding so high a rank in the Government of the Pontifical States, I trust I am not out of place in mentioning what has, doubtless, come before your Eminence officially ; namely, the place maintained by the Roman Exhibitors in the Paris Exhibition of 1867.

“ I was the Juror for the section of the Pontifical States in the



Exhibition of London, 1862, and again was on the Juries in Paris, and was elected Reporter to both the English and the Imperial Commissions.

"It was remarked by the Juries—and I had to report it to both Commissions—that the Italian productions had gone through a marked decline; while those sent from the Pontifical States maintained their ancient fame, however few the number of exhibitors. From these were sent NOTHING *but first rate objects*.

"The Royal factories of Florence and other places had fallen so far below the level of the fine productions of the old Grand Ducal Establishments, that they were advised—though with every precaution to avoid wounding national susceptibilities—to withdraw from competition.

"I cannot, on the other hand, but congratulate the Authorities at Rome, as far as my humble position will allow me, on the preservation of the excellence of the Roman Art and Manufactures, notwithstanding all the disasters which have, to our great grief, befallen of late the States of the Holy See. . . ."

Before the close of the Paris Exhibition, John Pollen, now a known authority, was requested, by the Committee of the Council on Education, to proceed to Antwerp as delegate to the Archæological and Historical Congress, to be held at Antwerp in August, 1867. Every European nation was represented.

The occasion, place, and people, contrasted effectively with the airy elegance of Paris *en fête*.

*To his wife.*

"ANTWERP,

"August 26, 1867.

" . . . We began yesterday by a reception in the Hotel de Ville; innumerable learned swells, decorated with whole gardens of crosses and stars. After entering our names, styles, and titles, in a vast book, we listened to a speech; I, not knowing a soul of the company present, stared the while at a fine Vandyke, representing the councillors of a bye-gone period. We then made our way to another wing of the building; here, according to an old Antwerp custom, each of us partook of the 'vin d'honneur'—a glass of seedy madeira. A bow to each followed from the Lord Mayor, with a shake of his pudgy fist; then a speech from the Baron de Witte, our President of the Archæological Society, and away we streamed through the

city to a very magnificent hall of the *Harmonie*, a great musical society. Here was gathered half Antwerp, of all ranks; His Excellency the governor of the Province, and other notables; we took our places, and listened to speeches of many kinds, and in every language. Mine was taken out of my mouth by Mr. Wykeham of Leeds Castle, no one having heard as yet that I was present as Envoy Extraordinary of Her Britannic Majesty. My person was suddenly discovered, and after endless apologies, I was formally presented to His Excellency, who shook me by the hand, and assured me he was well acquainted with my name and fame—a well-conceived bouncer. I was then made member of Committee; lengthy discussions followed, and invitations to dinners and fêtes. . . . *Summa*, very pleasant evenings.

“ . . . But the most amusing affair was a ball of reception to Colonel Grégoire, commander of the Volunteers, in the Flemish Theatre. Here ladies went not; the society, though correct, being rough. We were shown into the boxes and balconies, which we had to ourselves, and thence we surveyed the excellent fun below. The theatre made a monster ball-room, where danced, thumped, and twirled, all the jolly prentices and shop-girls of Antwerp. After tremendous activity, coats were flung off, and moppings of peony-coloured faces were prolonged; all very jovial, and entirely proper. By and by Col. Grégoire appeared in a box; a bouquet of asters and dahlias, the size of an umbrella, was presented, with a Flemish address; he replied, and we were then clawed off to the Saloon, offered champagne, and presented in our turns to the worthy Colonel, who assured me with hearty handshakings that he had seen me in London. When all our healths had been drunk, we were conducted to the dancers, who saluted us with enthusiasm; finally we descended to an apartment under the stage, where fresh honours awaited us, of which the chief ingredients were beer and sausages. At this juncture Mr. Wykeham, the Consul, and myself contrived adroitly to escape, and made off at an advanced hour to knock up the sleepy porters of our various hotels.”

On February 4, 1868, he was appointed Corresponding Member of the Royal Academy of Madrid, and received a diploma for his services to the Spanish nation at the Paris Exhibition.

In 1870 our Indian Museum was already an important nucleus; and here began John Pollen's warm friendship for

Sir George Birdwood, whom he esteemed as a first authority upon Indian art.

Many more such exhibitions took place in London in the Seventies ; in the Dublin Loan Exhibition of 1872, he himself collected, with the assistance of his wife, a large number of the more important old fans, laces, and pictures displayed ; his friendship with so many noted painters and collectors enabling him to secure many valuable loans. And in each succeeding decade of years, as exhibitions, local and central, increased in what appeared geometrical progression ; so, *passim*, John Pollen's activity.

## CHAPTER XXXV

### THE ART-WRITER AND ART-SCHOLAR (1864-1870)

ON March 2, 1870, Newman writes :

“MY DEAR POLLEN,—

“To me, most unworthy, has all along been sent by you, most worthy, the proofs of the Art Catalogue,<sup>1</sup> and at length has come our portion this morning, in which, to my surprise, I find myself an Art-writer. I won't refuse anything so bountifully given me, but accept it with thanks, and to show my gratitude write (as the private notice directs me) to say that as to *Callista*, the date is wrong. . . .”

Of John Pollen's writings in the Sixties, besides the *Universal Catalogue of Books on Art*, and *Reports upon Exhibitions*, he compiled the descriptive handbooks of the South Kensington Museum, upon its Enamels, Furniture, and Wood-work, Architecture, and Monumental Sculpture, Gold and Silver-smith's Work, and upon the Trajan Column, of which there is at the Museum a complete cast. These were all published as separate and bulky volumes in the Seventies.

In each, the introductory treatise, clothed with effective detail, forms a valuable and exceedingly interesting epitome of the branch concerned. In the Description of the Column of Trajan, that Emperor is separately considered as man, ruler, and warrior ; each scene of the sculptured spiral is made to glow with the struggle of the Dacian campaign ; and this merely by the direct recital of scenes vividly realized by the author, whose dramatic sense must always come into play. The account of the column itself is an archæological study of considerable value, founded upon the author's independent investigations made upon the spot during the years 1853-4

<sup>1</sup> *Universal Catalogue of Books on Art.*



He summarizes also the results of previous students, notably the German.

But the above represent not one half of his literary labours. He leaves behind him numerous pamphlets upon Loan Collections, prefaced always by an essay worthy of notice even when its occasion has passed away. From 1864 till the end of his life, he contributed articles to the *Saturday Review*, the *Month*, the *Art Journal*, the *Magazine of Art*, the *Builder*, to *Chambers' Encyclopædia*, to the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; dealing both technically and æsthetically with every branch in turn of decorative Art, and with the evolution of every separate article of house furniture, movables and fixtures.

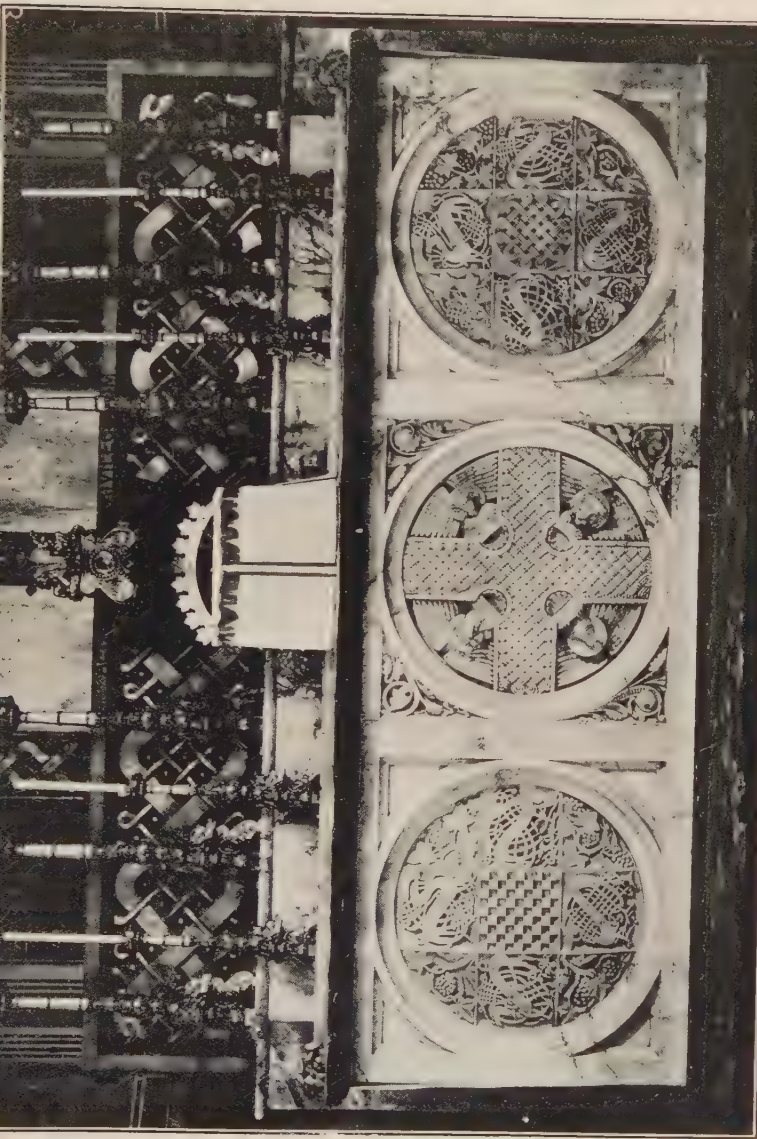
The most charming, popularly speaking, of his shorter essays is a series published in the *Art Journal*, 1886, upon a subject to him most congenial: "Childhood in Art." If published with illustrations in photogravure, as now used, of the sculptures and drawings described, it would form a delightful little volume.

Attention must now be called to the means whereby he acquired and ceaselessly augmented his artistic experience.

As becomes a student of Art—an experimental knowledge—he read things rather than books. His great volume was Nature; but she, he would say, is equally beautiful in every age, and to be found, though variously, in every place; the sky, a blade of grass, can be absorbing. But each manifestation of Art is unique. Nature is always worth seeing, but Art is better worth the going to see.

Few were in a better position to carry out the theory than its author.

Of his extensive travels on the Continent and in the near East, still more of their intensive character, has been treated. But from 1864 until the last few years of his life, travelling became a duty. His connection with the South Kensington Museum necessitated an average of at least two yearly journeys for the acquisition of objects by purchase or loan; nor was he ever without one or more private commissions to furnish houses or rooms, to add to collections of china, to procure old hammered iron, tapestry, hangings, or what not; to give an opinion as to the authenticity of pictures, or their value.



10a. Altar of St. Mary's, Rhyl. Decorated with Celtic designs in variegated stones. The altar-front is of pink-veined alabaster; the gilt basket-work patterns above and behind are set off upon dark marbles and malachite. (See p. 287.)



It would be difficult to name any notable town, not to speak of hundreds of obscure places, in Italy, Germany, France, the Netherlands, or the British Isles, that he did not know in these respects, and that thoroughly. As to private houses in England, perhaps no one ever knew them as well ; from the stately homes, with their pictures, furniture, and bric-à-brac, down to the chairs, tables, bedsteads, or presses, hard by in the farm or cottage. Here indeed are often to be found fine ancient pieces, given away from time to time as old-fashioned by lords of the manor to servants settled on the estate.

He negotiated the removal of whole rooms, with their fittings and furniture, to South Kensington, or he procured casts of sculptures and mouldings, so that during the whole time of his connection with the Museum it was increasing in representative completeness, and that at a money cost to the nation comparatively trifling.

He was acquainted with shops and dealers, private collectors, connoisseurs, of all nations ; retaining an opinion that London was after all, the best place for purchase, if you knew where to go. Hunting here and there, he would track out with great pains some piece of the rarer sort, as armour of special date ; and he was able to acquire easily many beautiful and valuable things.

Referring to a carved oak bellows-stand in the Museum, he wrote :—

“ I found this interesting object in a shop in London a few years ago, and advised the owners to send it on approval to the Museum ; the authorities secured it for a moderate sum. That it was part of the spoil of the demolished Church of St. Mary Somerset, I see no reason to doubt. When a demolition of this kind is to be carried out, dealers in old furniture naturally bid for the most attractive object they see. Similarly, the great collection of French carving recently purchased by the Museum was gathered from Government demolitions in various parts of France, incidental to their remorseless ‘ Restorations ’ in that country.

“ The work on the bellows case at Kensington is of the admirable school of carvers inspired by Wren, and is characteristic of London, not of country, church furniture. The city parishes of the age of Pepys were inhabited by well-to-do and distinguished merchants



and tradesmen. What a strong parish public spirit prevailed we have evidence in the many charitable bequests for distribution to the poor on special occasions, made to London vestries. The ornamentation of the parish church and its appurtenances was a natural tribute to a building intimately connected with the births, marriages, and burials of these civic worthies."—*City Press*, Dec. 26, 1896.

To return to his artistic wealth, and to express its sum : gifted with a wonderful memory, far more richly stored than his voluminous notes, he became, by unremitting labour, a mine of antiquarian knowledge, ranging from the mysterious proportions of the Parthenon, or the successive brick courses in the "walls of mighty Rome," to the correct coiffure or necklace of a beauty in any given decade.<sup>1</sup> He even distinguished—as the shepherd does sheep from sheep—the furniture of one English county from that of another. "That piece," said he, suddenly stopping before a plain walnut table of unusual form, in the vestibule of a stranger's house, "that was made in Wiltshire, in about 1780." And so it proved.

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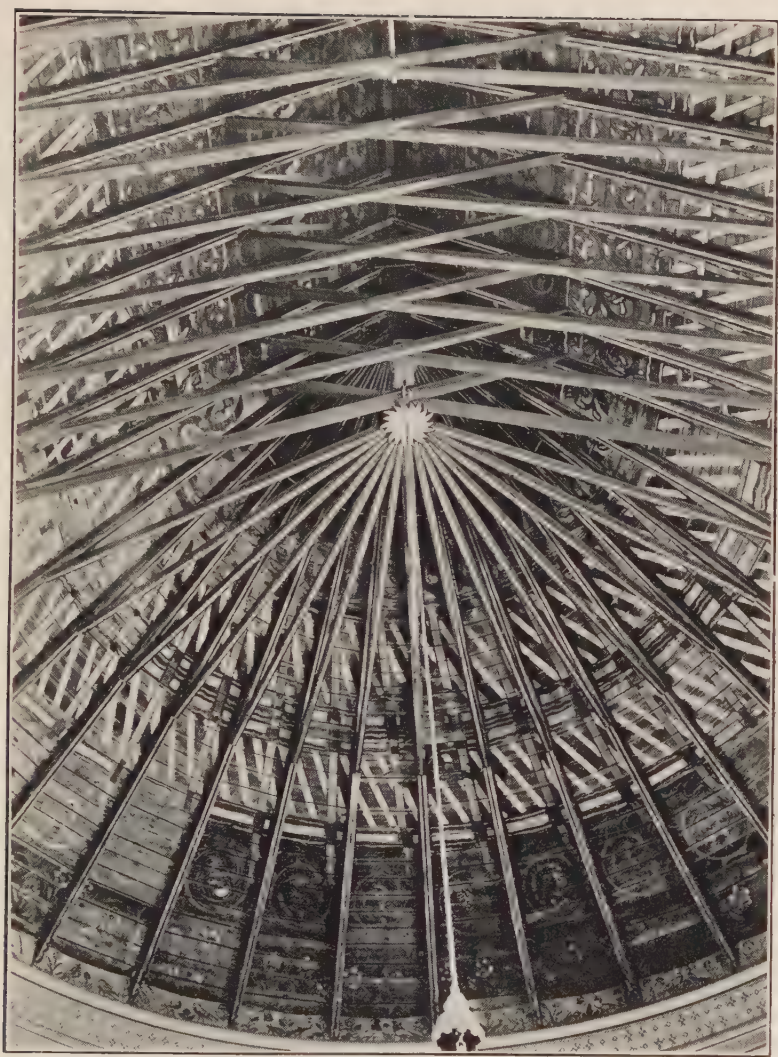
Letters from Newman, upon small matters and great, continued through the Sixties.

" . . . I have enquired, and cannot afford the price of your novels. If you have them and could lend them to me, you might be moved to send them in a parcel which is coming from . . .

" . . . Thank you for the novel. What a shame you should buy it for me—I have not yet had time to read it—but I looked at the beginning, and one thing touched my fancy so much, that, after I was in bed last night, I am ashamed to say, I burst out laughing, and, when I woke in the middle of the night, I began laughing again . . .

In February, 1870, he answers John Pollen concerning the education of boys at non-Catholic schools. "I quite agree

<sup>1</sup> The most strenuous efforts were made by the South Kensington authorities to ensure his finishing the new edition of his *Handbook on Furniture and Wood-work* himself, in 1902. He was working at it within a few days of his death ; and five years were employed in its completion by another hand. For "Mr. J. H. Pollen," says the Preface, "had a unique technical knowledge of the subject."



19b. Roof of St. Mary's, Rhyl. Showing the open wood structure preferred by J. H. P. (see Appendix, p. 380). All detail balanced, but varied. The brown beams bear gilt lines. Lowest zone of birds, foliage blue-green, with touches of red on stone-coloured ground. Zone of flowers, dark red and white; above are crozier-like bars, terminated in serpent-head volutes, brown, red, blue, black. The light transverse bars are gold upon blue; the waved horizontal belts, gold upon brown-red.

*Facing page 310.*



with your view ; it is impossible," and he gives his reasons at length in an admirable letter.

On St. Philip's day, 1870, John Pollen visited Edgbaston, as usual, on occasion of a great school entertainment.

*To his wife.*

"I found the Padre very well ; I cannot say how kind he was, and how glad he seemed to see me . . . The Duke [of Norfolk] of course, and other worthies. Next day all the boys and all their parents dear went out to Rednall in two huge omnibuses, packed as close as herrings. I was kept, and went out with the dear Padre as I often have before ; it is the greatest treat . . . I then wrote a short account to go into the papers, of the previous night's festivity. Some one else had been detailed to do this, but he was distrustful of his powers of chaff. It was shown to the dear Padre first, of course, and met his warm approval. . . ."

His host wrote a few days later :

"REDNALL,

"June 7, 1870.

". . . Your article reads capitally—and it is to me wonderful how after dinner and amid the bustle of a party you could write off a thing so full of matter and so logically put together. . . ."

Next month, war between France and Prussia was declared. All through August, disaster followed the French arms ; Sister Mary Theophila (Annie La Primaudaye), with other nuns, and some children of their school, effected her escape, with considerable courage and address, from the besieged town of Toul, placed the children in safety, and made her way with her companions to England. Her account of the horrors of war added to the grief of John Pollen. Then came Sedan.

" . . . September 5.—We are all aghast at the dreadful news from France. I have not seen the Chinese horrors, being absorbed in the miseries of our friends. Poor Empress ! what a sudden, complete, and overwhelming fall ! . . . For years to come sorrow and misery will reign over beautiful France. Here is a touching letter from dear old Labbé."



*From J. H. Newman.*

" . . . *September* 18.— . . . Father Pope is at Yvetot, consoling M. Labbé. What a tragedy it is ! His letters are touchingly photographic in their details—desolation, ruin, blank despair—silence—prayers in the churches—but no softening or relenting of the irreligious many: . . . Poor La Serre, our late French master, writes from St. Germain in the most piercing pain at seeing the beautiful prospect marred and blurred by the conflagrations and explosions going on under his eyes. . . . One hopes it must soon come to an end."

## CHAPTER XXXVI

### THE HOME IN GERMANY (1871-1875)

THE chief problem that now occupied John Pollen and his wife, was how to secure the best possible education for their children. "Ten young people," wrote the father to an intimate friend, "who must be fed and clothed and kept in their right minds, is a job quite big enough for any man."

Newman wrote to him upon the subject :

" . . . I often think what poor creatures we priests are, who like 'gentlemen of England' sit at home at ease, while you, married men, have all the merit of the anxiety and toil which the care of a family involves. Your state is in fact one 'of perfection,' when compared with ours, and there is a day in prospect when the first shall be last, and the last first."

It was resolved that the boys should begin their schooling in Germany ; and in January, 1871, the parents with the five eldest children established a second home in Westphalia, at Münster ; a city that in those days, with its arcaded streets, Dürer houses, Renaissance palaces, and grand Cathedral, all untouched as yet by the modern destroyer, rivalled Nuremberg in artistic beauty. Manners and ideas shared the old-world simplicity of the environment, and the only incongruous apparition was the ubiquitous soldier ; as the family entered the city, profuse decorations still garnished the streets to greet the return of the troops from their French victories.

John Pollen could only leave his work for a few weeks in the year, to enjoy a holiday at Münster. In 1872 the youngest children also had joined the German party.

" Here I am alone with Boz. The violence of the poor beast's pleasure on seeing me again was touching, and the way he kept

going to the window to look for the boys once more. As for the school-room, and the rope-ladder, and toys, and desks, they are a tragedy to me. . . .

His letters to his children in Germany suit exactly the age and circumstances of his correspondent. Some begin "To all my dear boys and girls." Others are to individuals. All, apparently, have been preserved by the recipients. The good advice contained in each is short, and from the heart.

During his Münster holidays, a learned society of professors and clerics had great charms for John Pollen. Many were the interesting conversations held amid the nebulae of pipes, upon subjects English and German, artistic and political. The



common medium was Latin; there was Professor Heis, a native of Münster, the well-known astronomer; and a gentle white-haired scholar, the Pollens' landlord, Professor Schlüter. When young, he had destroyed his eyesight by a chemical experiment; he had since acquired many languages, and was an accomplished musician. He knew much of Byron by heart, and would entice John Pollen upstairs to read Greek to him.

Dramatic relations of the French war, and of German royalties, by a Prussian officer, guardian of Napoleon III. at Wilhelms-

höhe, and sometime military tutor to the sons of the Crown Prince,<sup>1</sup> are found in the journal of one of Pollen's children, who acted as interpreter when his interlocutor's Latin was nil and his French atrocious or scanty; but the detail here of all these things and many more would lead too far away from John Pollen himself, and are thus mentioned only to indicate his new paths of interest.

From Münster, in 1871, the family travelled southward, and witnessed the Ammergau Passion-play. Those present with John Pollen could tell how deeply he was affected.

To his sister-in-law, a nun, was addressed the following letter regarding the first great English pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial; an event that astonished the world of that year.

“COLOGNE,

“*September 7, 1873.*

“ . . . M. and I gave up the pilgrimage for the whole family as an impossibility; but not to leave them wholly unrepresented, I started off alone. . . . Paray is a beautiful old mediæval town; but the interest of the convent building is of another sort. . . . I found myself in company with a square-toes old gentleman who has two daughters at the Visitation Convent. I was well satisfied with a room replete with corn, sacks, and wool, in a small cottage, and a bed whereon lay the family baby; but my companion declared he was too old for that sort of thing, and found better quarters elsewhere. The real centre of interest is the small chapel; a chasse containing the relics of the Saint was in the sanctuary, close to the grille through which the vision of the Sacred Heart was seen. . . . Everyone here seems so happy and glad to greet the pilgrims; as for the nuns, white, blue, and black, they were like dear little humming-birds and bees moving about. . . . In the evening was a candlelight procession to meet the English pilgrims; the whole population seemed to have turned out; all the neighbourhood sparkled with lights, and the air resounded with the murmurs of hymns and litanies till they were lost in the darkness and distance. At 9 came a telegram to say that the train was delayed and could not arrive for two hours and a half. The people were most amiable. Some sat down, where they could, to wait; others went home. By 11 they had all reassembled. Great was the interest of the French who asked interminable ques-

<sup>1</sup> The eldest is, of course, the present German Emperor



tions about our countrymen. . . . At last 'Les voilà !' All candles were relighted, and the people ranged in two columns, for the English procession to pass between. As the English dismounted we gave three cheers ; there was a rush past of Monsignori and other fogle-men to see to the order of the procession ; the Duke of Norfolk came to the front with a banner, and we all got under weigh, singing English hymns, while the French were silent ; but the church and houses of the town burst into spontaneous illumination. It was past midnight when we reached the church. All were to communicate, so the pilgrims of course remained supperless. Masses were even now beginning ; priests sat down on bags and valises to hear confessions ; after Mass and Communion some pilgrims retired to rest. At 1, I fished Lady Lothian and Lady Herbert out of the crowd and took them to their lodgings. I saw worthy priests walking up and down in the moonlight, I suppose reciting psalms, or holding pious conferences. . . . As for getting into the small chapel of the shrine next morning, it was the lot of the elect only—and in trying to get Miss Hanmer into this number, she was nearly squashed, and uttered piteous howls—which at first I mistook for devotion—so I took her out again. At 10, High Mass and sermon—then the procession round the town and into the convent garden. . . . Then we formed up in a dense mass in the street outside the shrine. Bishop Vaughan knelt on the doorstep, and all the crowd pronounced after him, word by word, the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart. . . . The Duke telegraphed to the Holy Father in the name of the thousand English.

It was altogether a wonderful sight. The Pope's banner was hoisted at the fore, and that of the Sacred Heart at the main, as the steamer went out of Newhaven. . . . And the candlelight procession to meet the pilgrims seemed to me an image of what will take place on the day of the last emptying out of the earth and of Purgatory, and there will come to meet these souls all the inhabitants of Heaven ; . . . not worthless old greybeards like your humble servant, but Martyrs and Saints and Virgins—not with penny tapers, but palm branches in their hands, and all shining like the stars of heaven. I hope we shall all manage to squeeze into that last express train. . . ."

The chief value of Münster in the eyes of John Pollen was its strong Catholicity. Gentle and simple were devout and loyal ; but no sooner had Bismark got a firm grip of each province of his new empire, than he set to work to arrange a uni-

form government on approved military lines. Every one must be of the same shape, or be squeezed into it. The May laws were such as no Catholic could conscientiously obey. But Bismark had yet to learn that consciences cannot be squeezed. Hence the Kulturkampf.

Münster saw and suffered the very thick of the struggle. Protest was punished by imprisonment; Church property was decimated by fines; the religious orders were expelled, often with circumstances of brutality; an effort was made to import Protestant teachers for the Westphalian schools, all Catholic to a child. The Bishop of Münster, and other great friends of the Pollens', were incarcerated cheek by jowl with the vilest criminals. The sordid squalor of these prisons, the lack of the most ordinary decencies of life, would be too shocking to ears polite for relation here. Wretched fare, too (prison porridge and water merely), broke down the health of many.

So high ran the popular feeling in Münster that the military were called out. The very schoolboys of the town took their successful part of resistance, and the adventures of the young Pollens during this period fill a volume of a journal that has now some historic interest. John Pollen with considerable anxiety had to follow these doings only from afar; their general character alone can here be given.

"I wish some professional had Bismark's head in chancery," he wrote to one of his boys. They were conveying comforts and money, as well as they could, to the sufferers in prison, to his great satisfaction. On the return of the Bishop, displays of flags and decorations having been strictly forbidden by Government order, the children nevertheless hoisted the Union Jack over their own door, to the delight of the crowd outside. It was promptly removed by the Commissary of Police followed by a *posse* of underlings, and the hopes of the children that they would suffer imprisonment as confessors of the Faith were disappointed. Their father's next letter naturally contained a scolding.

He attended in London monster "indignation" meetings of English Catholics, held with immense success in Trafalgar Square and other places. In 1874 Lady Lothian and Lady Herbert of Lea, officially charged with the expression of sym-

pathy of English Catholic ladies with their German sisters—for all classes alike had their share of persecution—were welcomed in Münster by a series of *fêtes*; these doings led to the Pollens' acquaintance with the Westphalian nobility, a class stately and exclusive, yet simple, hospitable, and thoroughly Catholic, with customs suited to their old palaces and moated granges, whose furniture was no younger than the walls that housed it. In a society so unique and interesting, John Pollen however could pass no great length of time.

In 1876 funds had been collected by the energy of Lord Denbigh and others, for the benefit of sufferers in the good cause in German prisons; John Pollen was chosen as the secret agent for their distribution. He was furnished with the following introductory letter.

*" Illmo et Revmo Domine D. Archiepiscopo Coloniensi.*

*" ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, WESTMINSTER,*

*" 18va die Maii, 1876.*

*" REV<sup>ME</sup> ET CARISSIME DOMINE ET FRATER,—*

*" Mihi, precor, permitteretur ut hujusce chartulae latorem, Dominum Johannem Pollen, Anglum, Catholicum, virum pium et fidelem, mihique apprimum charum, humanitati Tuæ bonisque officiis commendem. Redeuntem in Angliam omnia de Te bona et fausta eum, spero, relaturum.*

*" Tui, Rev<sup>me</sup> Dñe et Frater,*

*" In corde Jesu amantissimus,*

*" H. E. CARD. ARCHIEP. WESTM."*

He accomplished successfully, and with the utmost devotion, his charitable and dangerous mission.

*" COLN,*

*" Thursday, May 25, 1876.*

*" . . . Here I am after infinite wanderings. I have never rested for an hour, except to sleep. With the canon of the Paderborn Seminary I had a conversation noctu of many hours. . . . Off to Limbourg, queen of Rhine places. . . . Here we saw a Bishop, [those of Paderborn and Münster being in prison] . . . also at Trèves. . . . The Bishop most good to me. They have 1,000 priests in the diocese, all of whom have lost much, some everything. . . ."*

It was long yet before the struggle ended, and the right was victorious. Meanwhile, the Pollens had left Germany for good.





20. One of the "Tapestry" paintings now hanging in a hall at Alton Towers. The legend reads : " King Henry V. takes ship at Southampton with 6,500 horses and 24,000 archers, gunners, and artisans, John Talbot Lord Furnival. Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, offers himself and his son to the King's service." Colours subdued, and suited to the idea of tapestry. (See p. 320.)





## CHAPTER XXXVII

NEWBUILDINGS PLACE—THE LOVER OF ANIMALS—OLD OXFORD  
(1875–1877)

**I**N the late autumn of 1875 John Pollen became the tenant of Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, of Crabbet Park, Sussex, in the charming old house of Newbuildings Place, near Southwater, in the same county.

Newbuildings, originally a sixteenth century farmhouse, now very considerably added to and improved, formed, in 1875, but a single block. The principal rooms had been tastefully panelled and fitted with oak. The Pollens brought with them the old prints and mirrors, carved presses, chairs, and other pieces, that had filled the Münster home. Brass sconces gleamed upon the walls of the oak hall; the great open fireplaces held blazing logs in the winter. A porch at the back opened on to a flight of steps that ended in a walled garden, with a stone sundial; next was a field, then the scene of much cricket; to the right of the house were commodious farm buildings; beyond lay the rolling Sussex hills. The place was within easy distance from London, and became practically, during fourteen years, the family home; a place of rest and holiday for the father, and for the schoolboys, or youths on furlough.

The tribe of birds and beasts was large and varied. He loved all animals—cats not excluded—and they him. Dangerous dogs, and other savage creatures, as well as shy or unmanageable children, always took to him. They seemed to feel the physical fearlessness of his character as he approached them.

The fact of John Pollen's boys being at Edgbaston naturally led to his more frequent intercourse with "The dear Padre," who, in letters to their father, concerning their characters and

progress in study, shows a special care for the young Pollens. On the other hand, their inherited admiration for "The Father" rose, by personal contact, to enthusiasm.

*From Father Newman.*

"April 27, 1874.

"MY DEAR MRS. POLLEN,—

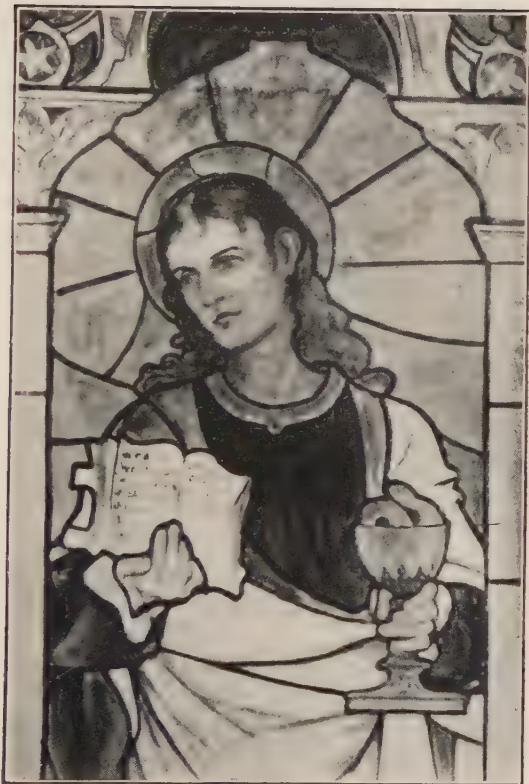
"I am indeed delighted at your letter, and thank you very much for it; I know in great measure your dear boy's feeling comes out of his own sweet nature—but that of itself is of course a great pleasure to me, that we should have a boy in the school so affectionately disposed towards us, and that that boy should be your son. . . ."

Of the loss of his old companion of Littlemore, Fr. Ambrose St. John, "I doubt not," wrote Newman to John Pollen, "that this most severe blow was necessary to prepare me for death, for nothing short of it would wean me from life"; and John Pollen: "A dire loss to the Father and to our boys."

As the boys arrived at an age to choose their own future, their plans were confided to "The Father," whose letters to John Pollen are full of sympathy and wisdom. The eldest son joined the Jesuit Novitiate at Manresa House, Roehampton, in 1877; the second son was to become a soldier, the third an Oratorian; the fourth had entered the navy; and so the family was already dispersing in various directions.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

The chief artistic work upon which John Pollen's invention and brush were engaged from 1874 to 1877, was a series of tapestry pictures for one of the halls at Alton Towers. Each canvas is 14 feet long by 8 feet in depth, and represents events in the Hundred Years' War, in which the Earl Talbot of the time took so conspicuous a part. They are executed with careful historical accuracy, and appear as if worked with the needle; each is surrounded by an intricate border of extreme beauty of line. This has a fifteenth century character, in which a certain German influence is perceptible. The colouring of these pictures is rich, but suited to the idea of tapestry. John Pollen had engaged in this task with the enthusiasm that possessed him at the contemplation of mighty deeds: "When



21. Stained Glass Window, Ingestre Hall Chapel, 1877. Detail of working drawing, life size. One of the two most expressive windows that flank the large one of the "Nativity." The lead lines are disposed with considerable art; the designs are effective even at a distance; they are distinct in motive, rejecting useless detail, and relying on flat rich colours. (See p. 287.)

*Facing page 320*





honour thought reigns solely in the breast of every man.” From Shakespeare’s Henry V. and Henry VI. he made a careful study of the characters of Henry V. and of Talbot ; the enjoyment of his children was no less than his own, as he recited one day in his studio the address of the King before the storming of Harfleur ;

“ Once more into the breach, dear friends, once more ! . . . ”

One of the cartoons shows a scene in the camp of the English, who are besieging Caen. Before the royal pavilion, within a low enclosure formed by a strip of tapestry hung upon short posts, is seated Henry V. In front is a trestle table, on which is a large sheet of paper or parchment ; the King has a pen in his hand, and has raised his head to confer with Lord Talbot, who is giving an account of his arrangements, and furnishing Henry with the number of the troops, the amount of provisions, and of arms ; the energetic monarch is himself entering these details upon a list. Other tents, with peasants carrying bales, warriors hurrying in and out, are seen beyond the enclosure. From the river, beyond which the city with its turrets is visible, rise the masts and yard of the fleet, crowded with busy sailors in every variety of attitude. To the left of Talbot, a curly-haired page, or son, holds in leash a mastiff—the “ talbot ” of the Shrewsbury arms—as high as himself ; the near right is filled by a knight in full armour awaiting orders, and leaning against a wide-mouthed cannon mounted on a trolley. These few still, expectant figures, but increase the general impression of busy animation and despatch. Nowhere is better displayed John Pollen’s dramatic power of realization, and his enthusiastic sympathy with what he represents. Here and there, in some corner of these pictures, peeps out a sense of comedy that must have an outlet ; as in a donkey kicking up his heels amongst a group of teasing boys, and flinging one of them off his back.

One of the completely finished water-colour designs for the Alton Tapestries was presented, after his death, to the authorities of the South Kensington Museum, who had asked to purchase some drawing of one who had laboured with them long, and to good purpose. The subject is the Landing at Harfleur.

In May, 1874, Pembroke Crescent was honoured by one of

Newman's rare and flying visits. He saw the studio and the Alton pictures in progress.

" . . . August 2, 1874.—I hope your wife told you how I admired your cartoons ; not that I could criticize, or had a right to give an opinion ; but my admiration was at least a source of pleasure to myself, and your benevolence would lead you, I know, to be gratified in having caused pleasurable sensations to any of your fellow-creatures."

In 1877 John Pollen obtained permission from his old College to extend the work executed in 1850 upon Merton Chapel roof.

For each spandril he designed a different decoration : in oak and acorn, bramble, ash, pear, pine-apple, hazel with honeysuckle, vine, thistle, pomegranate, respectively. The main branch in each design is boldly conventionalized, so as to fill, effectively, the triangular space ; but the vegetation in detail, and the birds that fly or perch here and there, all carefully studied from life, retain their natural grace.

Oxford was for him, of course, always " full of voices." With much sadness he had attended there, some years ago, the " Observer's " funeral : Manuel Johnson. Many other old comrades, too, had passed away ; Mr. Beadon Heathcote, in 1864. He was writing the last chapter of a book, that like the *Development of Doctrine*, was to link together his own ideas ; and he meant, if the chain proved complete, to end in Catholicism. But, just as conviction took possession of his mind, he fell dangerously ill, and soon became speechless. It cannot be doubted that he reached the goal upon his death-bed, and is numbered with the great family of which John Pollen is a member.

With Cardinal Manning, and so many others carried over by the great wave of 1850, John Pollen was in constant relation ; while, with those left behind, he was to the end, with hardly an exception, upon friendly terms ; even with those most alien to himself in thought.

Dean Goulbourn visited John Pollen at Pembridge Crescent ; with the Comptons he had stayed at their delightful manor, Lyndhurst ; from Ham Court, Upton-on-Severn, he writes :



22. One of the Spandrils, Merton College Chapel, Oxford, 1877. Working drawing. Natural colours. (See p. 322.)

*Facing page 322.*





*To his wife.*

" . . . I lunched at the Deanery, and fell amongst the clerical world, all very kind. Butler of Wantage is one of the Canons and was warm in the reception of me."

Even Sir John Pollen renewed, and retained until his death, the cordial relations with his younger nephew, that he had, in 1852, declared broken for ever.

Two deaths from amongst old Oxford acquaintances had in 1873 sadly impressed John Pollen—that of his and Allies' old adversary, Bishop Wilberforce, and of James Hope Scott.

In answer to some rather bitter strictures upon the former in *A Life's Decision*,<sup>1</sup> he wrote to Allies :

" I have been struck with the vividness of your account of the times of doubt, and of your dear Sammy. The lion's tail is not yet between his legs. Poor Sam. After all, what could he say ? . . . Well, well. The poor man is dead now."

The signature is contained in a sketch of three lions rampant.

*From J. H. Newman.*

*" July 23, 1873.*

" . . . What a strange number of deaths of friends has marked this year ! Sam Wilberforce is the last. I call him Sam, because it recalls old days. I never knew him well, but I have before me quite clearly the vision of his coming up to residence at Oriel in 1823, leaning on Robert's arm. Ah me—what an age ago ! it is a new world ; yet to the great Creator of worlds it is but yesterday. . . ."

Some years later, Newman wrote regarding James Hope Scott :

" . . . I am surprised, that when asked by the family [to recommend some one for a memoir] I had never thought of you. My heart and judgment would have leapt at the notion. . . . Most critics have, as you know, been pleased with Ormsby's work. . . . He is a literary man, but not a man of the world. . . . You would have entered into Hope's character in a far deeper way. . . ."

In May, 1879, arrived a letter from Mr. Edward Coleridge, his " old and loving tutor," who on commencing his eightieth

<sup>1</sup> T. W. Allies, *A Life's Decision*, 1st Ed. (Kegan Paul, 1880).

year, returned to the donor a portrait of "dear John Pollen" as an Eton schoolboy.<sup>1</sup>

Above all, did the strong friendship of the Three British Lions increase with years. In 1880 Allies had presented him with his own Autobiography, together with the following note :

"MY DEAR J. P.,—

"Please accept this in token that you formed almost a part of my life in the three years of the conflict herein described, and that thirty-three years have passed since we first travelled together and thought in unison.

"T. W. A."

*John Pollen to T. W. Allies.*

"NEWBUILDINGS,

"October 17, 1882.

"... *Pusey is dead!* Send me the results of your reflections on the end of a friend whose moral gravity, I think, we both esteemed more highly than his intellectual discernment. . . ."

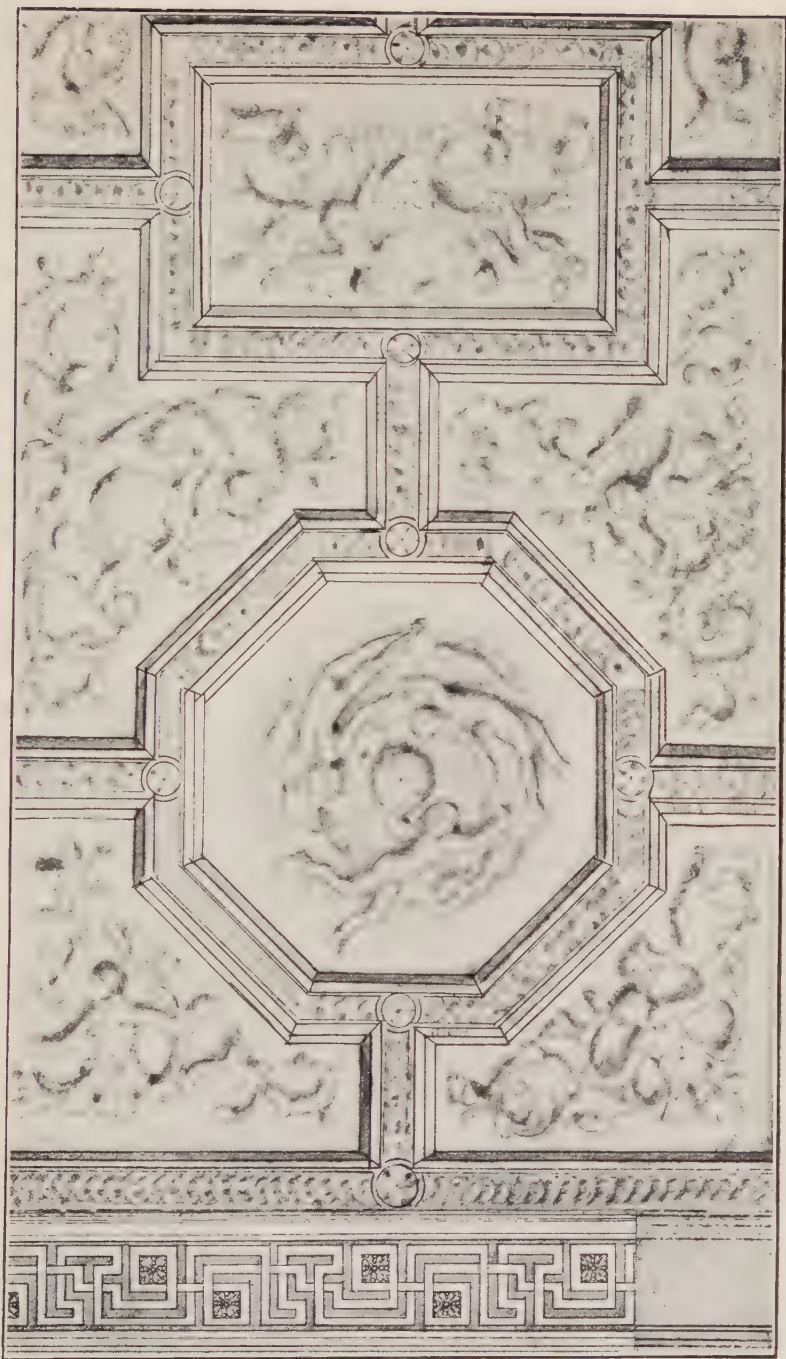
<sup>1</sup> See Illustration p. 10.



23. Four of the arch borders, Merton Chapel, Oxford, 1877. Working drawing.  $\frac{1}{8}$  size. Colours: Indian red combined with raw sienna; balls and veins, yellow ochre.







24. Child-ceiling (plaster) for tea-room, Ingestre Hall, 1886. Detail; *pencil drawing*. The ceiling is alive with groups (no two alike) of sportive children; within large medallions they sacrifice at the altar of Ceres, play with animals, or otherwise sustain their character. Design exhibited at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, 1889. (See p. 283.)



## CHAPTER XXXVIII

### THE PRIVATE SECRETARY—GOOD-BYES (1877-1884)

**B**Y the commencement of 1877 a great change had taken place in John Pollen's life. He had resigned his official post at the South Kensington Museum in November, 1876; next month he became private secretary to the first Marquis of Ripon. The appointment opened out to John Pollen interests to which he had been strange.

His new chief's personality is too well known, and his figure still too marked a one, for it to be necessary to recall more than one or two salient points which concerned John Pollen in a special way.

In 1874, the news of Lord Ripon's conversion—he had been Lord President of the Council the year before—had been received with unbounded public astonishment, not un-mixed with indignation. He resigned the Grand Mastership of the Freemasons, and for the present (an enormous sacrifice) had been practically obliged to retire from public life. John Pollen felt, that like himself, "his Marquis" had paid his price for the Faith. Indeed, one of the greatest attractions of Lord Ripon's character was its entire sincerity. In him his private secretary made a new personal friend.

And Lord Ripon was to write in 1902 :

"To me, he was a very dear friend, whose association with me had made me intimately acquainted with all the qualities of his admirable character; so gentle, and yet where matters of principle were concerned so firm; so highly cultivated and yet so simple, so perfect a gentleman and so good a man, that he won not only the sincerest respect, but the truest affection of all who knew him. My



obligations to him for aid always given cheerfully and patiently, for constant consideration of my least wishes, and unfailing regard for my interests, were great indeed, and will ever dwell in my memory; and my best prayers will follow him."

The esteem and affection bestowed upon him by both Lord and Lady Ripon were amply returned by John Pollen.

The relations between himself and his "marky" had, in private, something of a playful character.

*To the Marq. of Ripon.*

(Whose notes are in italics.)

<i>From.</i>	<i>Answer proposed.</i>
"Rt. Hon. Bryce. Annual meet. Home Reading, 9th prox.	Sur Continong. <i>right</i>
"R. Amateurs Concert, May 17th	Can't hear at so great a distance. <i>right</i>
"Letter from Buddha, holograph	To see on your return. <i>!!! has he gone mad ce pauvre Pollen</i>
"Yorks College athletics want £2.	Sent to the young dog accordingly <i>good</i>
"Sarah X. wants £25.	Will see to the ancient cat. <i>thanks</i>
"Invitation card to Earl's Court Exhibition.	Your non-attendance makes more room. <i>certainly</i>
"Note inviting you to dinner yesterday with 2 choice spirits, Harcourt and Joe, reached me as I sat down to my own.	Ld. R. in France and your letter only reached me 5 minutes ago. <i>right</i>

"What address?

"O Marquess?

"When you get to Cologne, look round the old churches. There are some of the most curious this side the Alps. . . . I cannot take to the restored part of the Cathedral *external*. The endless crockets are detestable (*secundum me*).

". . . Fancy an open air procession of our Lady over a mile long yesterday, with flowers, two hours in streets of London, and to infinite delight of citizens! Shades of Lord John!!

"Frosts—Frosts—hail—snow—winds biting—Sick is May.

"Queen Anne has been dead some time.

"Ever with nothing more to say.

"Yours,

"J. H. POLLEN."

"Please send me on this subject a suitable Italian and a suitable French letter—both very nice, for me to sign and send on to divers people.

"Monter à pareille occasion et se prononcer convenablement ! Et tout cela par la bouche d'un des grands de la terre ! Voilà munseer marky pour un duffer tâche assez formidable."

(Sketch of J. H. P. seated careworn, gnawing the end of his pen.)

On August 17, 1877, Newman writes to Pollen who is at Studley Royal :

". . . As to your host, say everything to him from me in the way of intense homage. He is indeed a wonderful sight mundo, et angelis, et hominibus.'

" . . . August 23.— . . . Please, you must not take Lord Ripon's part in his very friendly wish for me to pay him a visit. I am full of business, racing with time, not knowing how long my life will be. . . . Moreover, I am sure to get indisposed when I am at a friend's house. The very alteration of hours for meals and sleep puts me out. Recollect I am an old man. . . ."



Lady Ripon has been described as "a sweet and engaging personality". . . and her house as "one of the most delightful among those of the Liberal leaders."<sup>1</sup> Of the brilliant and varied society which he met at Carlton Gardens, political

<sup>1</sup> Lady St. Helier, *Memories of Fifty Years* (Arnold, 1909), p. 172.

magnates, foreigners of distinction, Pollen's illustrated letters tell their own tale.

"1, CARLTON  
GARDENS,  
"April 3, 1878.

"... The young Khedive dines with us here, so we shall have a gilded potentate to look at. . . . April 5.—The K. came, and I fascinated the attendant Pasha so much that we exchanged cards, and I shall have to be civil to him."



John Pollen naturally began to take a keener interest in politics.

"February 21, 1877.—. . . I went to the House of Lords last night and heard the whole set to. I stood 7 hours, had no dinner, only a sandwich in a tripe shop, and had awful cramps in my legs half the night. It was a splendid field day, such as my lords have not often heard. D. of Argyll, Lds. Derby, Granville, Salisbury, Dizzy, Wodehouse, besides numerous bashi-bazouks."

"April 9, 1880.—. . . I have nothing to say about the new Government. It will be strong enough to dispense with the Home Rulers, and I think the Marky will probably get some office or other. He is in a tremendous state of jubilation."

Lord Ripon, that month, succeeded Lord Lytton as Viceroy of India.

John Pollen did not go out with him, but attended to much of his correspondence during his absence. How he rejoined him later on in India will be told in its place. He resumed his duties upon Lord Ripon's return.

\* \* \* \* \*

Although John Pollen's official connection with the South



Kensington Museum was over, he was constantly occupied, there or elsewhere, upon its affairs. He was as active as ever in regard to the Schools of Art Needlework and Wood-carving; he was employed constantly in purchases, loans, negotiations in England or on the Continent, and in the stocking, judging, reports, of Exhibitions; notably that of Paris, 1878.

*To his wife.*

“ . . . PARIS, HOTEL MEYERBEEB,  
“ *April 15, 1878.*

“To-day I have been on foot galloping over the Exhibition; friend X. tremendously polite, pompous, and important; I am furnished with the pass of the Chief Judge! so every door opens before me! Paris crammed. As for the Exhibition it will be gorgeous. But we are no longer in Imperial times, and one sees it.”

In 1882 he was travelling about England in search of loans for an exhibition of furniture.

“ *May 5.*

“ . . . I have been doing business, yesterday with the rich and great, to-day with the rich only; an interesting contrast. Lord



(a cousin, by the way, and very civil on the strength of it) lives in a really beautiful house. Imagine a room completely filled with Aubusson tapestry, deep rose colour, with classic medallions, parrots, and other birds flying about, frames elaborately curled and ornamented with pheasants, flowers, and what not, fitted exactly to every part of the room, done about 120 years, and looking still brand new; chairs and sofas to match; an Adam and a Chippendale room, and so on; he took me over a kitchen garden of 6 acres, walls 15 ft. high, laid out in grass, paved walks, roses, mazes, all delightful.

"And to-day I lunched with X. & Co. in a costly modern house paved with guineas—modern pictures, new garden of fabulous expense, lunch with every wine, luxurious forcing-houses for grapes, ferns, orchids; the owner explaining the cost of everything. Very kind, *du rest*. But I might have been visiting natives of two different countries. . . ."

His private commissions, too, were numerous; and he was employed by Lord Ripon, during a course of years, in designing and superintending the fittings and decorations of the private chapel at Studley Royal; the seven stained glass windows he composed were, after Lord Ripon's death, transferred to St. Wilfrid's Church, Ripon.

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

With great satisfaction was the news received that Newman had been honoured by his first Oxford College.

*From J. H. Newman.*

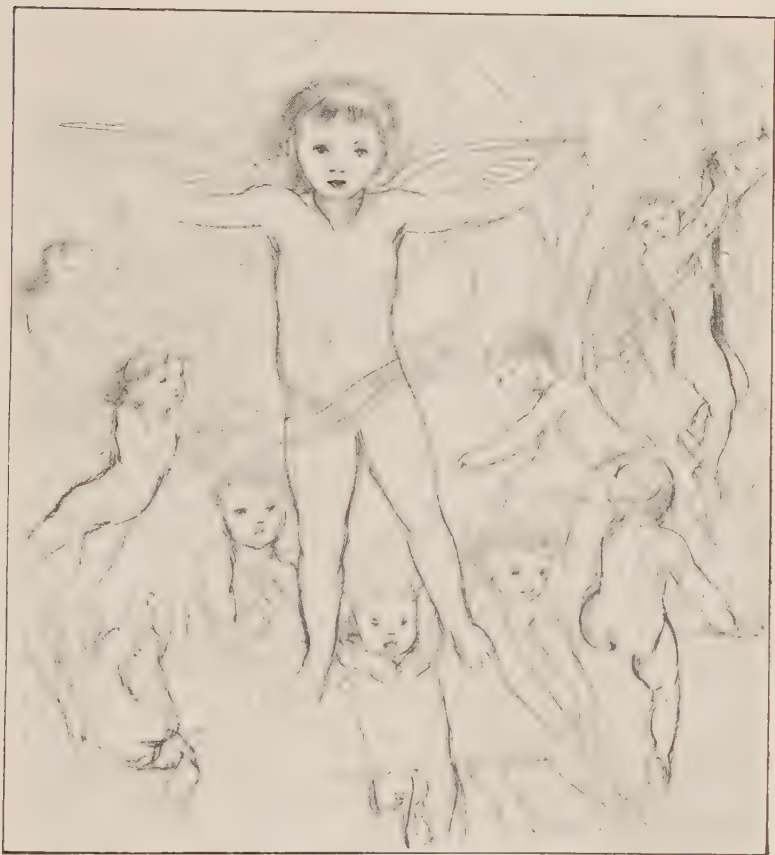
*"January 2, 1878.*

"MY DEAR POLLEN,—

"I thought of you and your kindly sympathy in all my fortunes, and wished to write to you, on the letter coming from Trinity about the Hon. Fellowship, but I had so much on my hands that I could not fulfil my purpose.

"Thank you for your congratulations. . . . I don't know when I have been so much pleased. Whether such reminiscences as belong to a small College,<sup>1</sup> ὀλίγον τε φιλον τε, are possible to those

<sup>1</sup> Pollen was a man of Christchurch, much the largest of the Colleges, and always at Oxford called "The House" from its Latin title.



25. One of the studies for the child-ceiling, Ingestre. *Water-colour.*  
*Facing page 330.*



who belong to great 'Houses,' you can tell better than I can. If not so possible, your friendly sympathy has so much the more claim upon my gratitude. Certainly in my own case, much as I owe to Oriel, my affection is for my first College.

"A happy new year to you and all of you. I was touched at your 'taking stock' of your children (he pursues the subject). . . .

"Ever yours affectionately,

"JOHN H. NEWMAN.

[*The P.S. is in a very trembling hand.*]

"7 o'clock. Fr. Caswall has just gone from us. Pray for his soul."

In 1880 Newman was a Cardinal.

"February 21, 1881.

"MY DEAR POLLEN,—

"Thanks to all of you, and a Cardinal's best blessing. I have had a life of clover, but I never have wished the past back. It seems ungrateful to the Giver of all good, and yet I trust it is not so.

"Yours ever affectionately,

"JOHN H. CARDINAL NEWMAN."

That spring the Cardinal was staying at Norfolk House, sitting to Millais for a portrait. It was probably John Pollen who advised this choice of an artist. He thought the portrait extremely fine.

Losses had made his heart sorrowful these last years. Charles Wynne Finch, his brother-in-law, had died in 1874; in 1878 his sister Jessie; his elder daughter entered a convent of the Sacred Heart; and in April, 1881, Sir Hungerford Pollen, his only remaining brother, passed away.

Newman writes:

"April 9.—We are shocked at the news we heard this morning. And it must be a very severe blow to you. Your dear brother was at Rome this time two years, when I was there. I think he stayed there in kindness to me, till I arrived. . . . I mean to say Mass for him to-morrow morning.

" . . . April 11.—Your most touching letter has just come. . . . It must indeed be a wound which in some sense can never heal. You are right, I think, in saying that my sighing comes from past bereavements."



## CHAPTER XXXIX

### INDIA—IRELAND (1884–1888)

**I**N December, 1882, John Pollen's second son, Walter Hungerford, of the Royal Engineers, was appointed to Lord Ripon's personal staff. After successful years at the Oratory, Edgbaston, at Woolwich, Chatham, and Aldershot, he had been sent out in 1881 with the 26th Field Company to Egypt, to serve through the campaign of that year; he acted as galloper to General Nugent at the battles of Tel-el-Kebir and Kussassin. For his services he obtained the Egyptian medal and cross.

The correspondence between Lieutenant Pollen and his father shows always the most affectionate and confidential relations.

In April, 1883, Walter Pollen proceeded to Simla, as A.D.C. to the Viceroy; in about a year's time he was appointed to the Survey of India Department, and was henceforth engaged with a topographical party, carrying out a survey for the Central India deserts. His letters strongly urged his father to come out to him and take enjoyment in Indian splendours for a time. Moreover, the Maharajahs of Jeypore and of Kuch Behar actually wished to confide to John Hungerford Pollen the decoration or completion of their palaces, The India Office, too, were anxious that he should visit the carvers at Calcutta, and urge them to produce objects worthy of the projected Indian Exhibition in London for 1886—so seriously had vulgar European models vitiated native taste. John Pollen yielded to a delightful temptation, and on October 12, 1884, he was sailing in the *Sutlej* from Southampton.

*To his wife.*

“ . . . Mid-ocean, *e qualche cosa di piu.* . . . Now the vibration

begins, and our teeth chatter in harmony. The sea is of garter-blue glass; and we cleave the main, making long shiny breakers as of blue butter, all scored with cross ridges, as stiff as those of a mill shoot, and rolling over in regular heavy breakers on the smooth. . . . Thump—thump . . . thump thump, goes the mechanical. A row of blinding little round windows let in bursts of white light from tiny wavelets cutting aft as hard as we can push them, reflecting a shimmer that twiddles all over the white soffits of the ceiling . . . Just been looking at the engines. [Sketch of mechanism and description.] The language is very rum:

Rare'unt Tizzley.

Rare'unt Tizzley (and then, muffled, on deck)

—are um mud—izzley.

are um mud—izzley.

That's all I 'ear 'em say—not 'propaty, propaty,' at all.

"Now we are tearing on as fast as Mermaid goes up Bonfire Hill at the gallop. . . .

". . . *October 16.*—Fine, head wind, cold, smooth sea, this is the log as far as weather goes. . . . We are a mess of six. Richard Garth,<sup>1</sup> Judge Norris, Mrs. and Miss K. and Miss C. . . . About 3 a.m. Richard became wakeful, gets out of bed, sits on our chair, and tells me an interesting point of the law and some matters touching the Bench. Then dozy periods. At 6, I to a first rate sea-water bath prepared by a tinted man—then a scrambling toilette—later a long conversation on politics—agriculture—life generally—and similar topics, leaning on the edge of the Chief Justice' bunk. At half past 8, dressing bell for the lazy; at 9, capital breakfast with ample provision for the hungriest, and I converse with the fair frisée Miss C. I am represented as conversant with all arts, and Miss wants to buy some elegant Spanish lace at Gibraltar. My knowledge stops short at the lace of Spain. Have heard that beauties in that country add to their charms by mantillas which are black. But that is not the thing at all she wants. In my character of guide, philosopher and friend I advise my young friend to proceed with inconceivable caution in the matter of lace. . . . People sprawling on deck chairs in every conceivable attitude; infancy playing with toys that roll about under everybody's chair. There is a colony of these interesting creatures two doors down from us, and they establish little games in the passage. . . .

". . . Off the coast of Spain, *October 18.*—We got out of *The Bay*

<sup>1</sup> Sir Richard Garth, an old Oxford friend, Chief Justice of Bombay.

this morning ; very little sea in it, but lots of water, looking rather like the gravy of rashers of fat bacon. . . . Yesterday Mr. Justice Norris, part of our Bengal judicial bench, entertained a select party in his cabin. Our Miss brought her guitar, and we passed a melodious hour. Opinions on philosophy and manners, some of them, though sonorous, of very vapoury quality, giving rise to occasional showers of snow—all however amicable, and generally we seem a harmonious family. This morning we sight Cape Finisterre and a fine line of hills ; a whole shoal of whales disporting on every side. . . . Down below in the saloon we have a harmonium, and a missionary (we have several on board) is holding a religious service of song with a number of syrens, either their wives and families, or tender admirers among the passenger crew ; as I look down I see a series of fair devotees sitting round the dining tables with their open hymn-books ; while on the deck outside the profane are gossiping, flirting, talking scandal mayhap—in short, the world in miniature. . . . I have been studying French literature and tobacco in a shady corner. We may not carry on this odoriferous recreation aft where the ladies are, and yet these dear and curious creatures invade and displace us poor wretches everywhere, and we find a shady nook a very rare refuge.

“ *October 19.*— . . . We are rounding the corner of Europe. At 5, before it was light, I could make out a sugar-loaf hill and lighthouse, showing we were passing the mouth of the Tagus. . . . Delightful weather ; a fine sun, plenty of breeze. The lights and shadows reflected from the shining sea, play along the white ceiling of our saloon like the portents over the back scene of Julius Cæsar. The innumerable pieces of brass all over the ship have been polished by little brownies till they shine like gold ; the Lascars have white dresses and embroidered caps on their woolly heads, and all is in Sunday best. . . .

“ It is astonishing to look at the long coast of Portugal and to feel the charm of this temperate air, remembering that four days ago we were shivering with cold. . . . To-morrow we pass between the columns of Hercules and get fairly into the Mediterranean. The ship goes so easily that we do not seem to have left twelve miles behind us every hour.

“ Richard has recovered from his cold and our judicial bench is full again. They christen me the chief Baron. . . . All my things do well, the brown holland bags are better than a chest of drawers, and the black one superior to that famous one of the Family Robinson, out of which came everything not growing on the island. . . .”

Here follows a long description of Gibraltar, every tunnel of the rock, and Tommy Atkins and the Dons face to face.

“Malta. Well ! when I was there last, there were scores of friends who made the Island a home to me—from the Governor’s to the flag ship. All now dead and gone ! The girls we danced with are no more ; others are grandmothers ; Lady Napier, to wit. One of the Governor’s beautiful daughters married Tomlinson (?) the Bishop of Gibraltar. I met the same man, 30 years ago, going to buy a Spanish veil for a second wife ! The deep waters of the harbour clear as emerald, the place so sunny and so brilliant still, but to me how changed ! Could I have done so without being selfish and unkind to my fellow-passengers, I would have stayed on deck, and digested this depressing lesson by myself. But this could hardly be, and we all went on shore together. . . . To the famous Church of St. John. I felt, as we sprawled over it, how differently from Protestants (good ones as they were) we view such places. I had time to pay some short devotion to the Saint, for which, I suppose, they thought me a lunatic. . . . At Malta we lost a very charming lady, a Spanish wife of an English official at Malta. I never made her acquaintance, or even learnt her name. She had two little boys ; spoke English perfectly ; she was fair as an Englishwoman, distinguished looking, very beautiful, and with such an innocent and dignified look as the author of *Fabiola* ascribes to his special heroine. I could not but think how a Catholic of that first-rate stamp outshines the commonplaceness beyond which so many of our nicest women but slightly rise ! . . . When I got on board there were two Little Sisters of the Poor. They were English, and told me they got little from the natives—I got a few shillings from some of our friends for them, and interested our ladies in the recital of what their life and labours are. . . . The Little Sisters are praying for a prosperous voyage for me, and this means that I may be able to get on to the *Alexandra* at Cairo, but this can only be if she is by some chance delayed. . . .”

His sailor son had been sent from his ship, the *Alexandra*, with a party to join Sir Garnet Wolseley’s relief expedition to Khartoum. None knew that General Gordon had already met his death. The relief expedition was a hazardous one, and everybody was anxious.

“October 29.—Yesterday we were in Port Said, and I heard the welcome news that dear F. is well. An officer had come



on board very early to tell me ; our Captain had the ship hunted out at once to find me ; for all here knew of my anxiety, and took an interest in allaying it. I was in my bath, and issued forth to hear the news like this ! [portrait of himself in pyjama]. Then I dressed in my best for breakfast on the *Alexandra*. Every one on board received me with the heartiest kindness ; all knew the original of your photographs, and it seemed as if I had been long expected as the ancestor of the entire family. All took an evident pleasure in giving me a good account of F., and without the smallest jealousy, though to be chosen like him and De Lisle for a dangerous and important expedition is naturally a great ambition. Captain Rawson lent me all the letters he has had from the front ; he has sent them out a cask of boots, for theirs are all worn out over rocks sharp as needles and hot as fire. . . . He took me back in his gig to the *Sutlej* ; I must say he seems a thorough father to his officers. . . . I can scarcely say how yesterday's news has lightened my heart ! . . .”

Then comes a picture-like description of the banks of the Suez Canal ; and recollections of his own passage through the desert with his brother forty years before.

“What a charm, this desert life, where there is room and to spare ; your wants are few, and you are entirely independent. But it is a very idle life, unless you follow the rule of St. Anthony. . . . *November 5.*—Now, in the Indian Ocean, and within five days of Bombay, the feeling of India begins to grow on me as a reality. . . . I am wondering where I shall find Walter. . . . At night the moon is like silver fire, and the waves round the bow discharge whole strings of luminous drops that sparkle more than thousands of diamonds, and fall back into the dark blue depths of an unfathomable sea. However, the passengers seem little affected by these phenomena—dance badly to ill-executed waltzes in the piano, or go below for endless whist. There is a committee of five, elected by the ladies to organize sports and amusements. I am scrutineer of votes. To-night they have a ball. In short, time hangs heavy on their hands. Not at all on mine ; between reading and writing I find the day too short. . . .

“ . . . *Jeypore, November 12.*—I am with Walter, and the welcome sight of him from the platform put new life into a much-be-shaken father. . . . He is very well, and seems a great boss from his A.D.C. experiences and connexion. His Chief, Major Beaver, a very nice man, is here too. We ride to-morrow to their camp,

8 miles off. . . . At Bombay I had found the Maharajah of Kuch Behar *in persona*; a charming man, a clean, neatly built young *Englishman*, and I was most kindly received. He begs me to go and see to his country and his Calcutta house, and so of course I shall."

Descriptions follow of all the life and movement of Bombay, of the Indian country, here grim and there smiling; men, women and children, birds and beasts.

He visited with his son the palace of the Maharajah of Jeypore, with its tank full of enormous turtles and sly old grey-green crocodiles.

"His Highness' school of Art, where men and little coppery boys were learning to draw, partly from South Kensington examples, partly from very seedy *Christian Knowledge* and coloured prints. They ought to have really good things sent out to them. . . . Great lawns were used as cricket-grounds, and Rajputs in long gowns and turbans were playing heartily, swiping like fury with English bats at rapid underhand bowling, and fagging well and with real enjoyment. . . . Kites, vampire bats, and green parrots were flying about, as well as turtle-doves and sparrows, and hundreds of small grey squirrels running all over the trees. This is outside the city walls. One more sight was the Highnesses' stables. These are parts of his enormous palace. Imagine a long quadrangle twice the length and nearly the breadth of Grosvenor Square; arched corridors all round, in each arch a horse, tethered by long ropes to each hind foot, and shorter to the forefeet, so that they cannot injure each other; a little cupboard in the wall above the manger forms the bed-place of a groom, one to each horse. They stand in loose sand, and are covered with linen over head and ears to protect them from flies, are fairly well groomed and as fat as pigs. I rode one yesterday. Some were Walers, some Arabs but not first-rate ones, some Barbs, and many horses of the Rajpoot breed, strong behind, large headed, ugly but strong legs, long hollow backs; a good many pink noses, which I hate. The 'Rajah's horse,' a white, short, well-looking, pink-nosed circus horse, fatter than one of our Sussex swine. It performed all manner of tricks, and was looked on by the grooms as a wonder. Altogether we saw some 500; the fattest are fed on butter and sugar! Two Burmese ponies no taller than our donkey, but of enormous muscular power. H. H. rides up hill on them.

"Yesterday evening, as we were riding home, we heard from one of the city gates a prodigious drumming; then appeared an elephant of immense proportions, the largest I have seen anywhere, bells on his flanks, his head painted, and a man holding a flag on his back. He stopped and faced the procession, viz., a long omnibus of some kind entirely muffled in red cotton coverlids, and containing the Queen, and, I suppose, ladies of sorts. Grooms and servants were squatting outside it wherever they could perch; and an escort of lancers, fine and showy but stalwart fellows, galloping on either side. She was taking an airing or a journey."

He describes the old palaces of Jeypore and of Agra, and mosques—the Taj Mahal; the detail of their rich and dainty decoration, the romance of their gardens and fountains, with minuteness, and yet so as to bring as a whole before the eyes, each of these marvels.

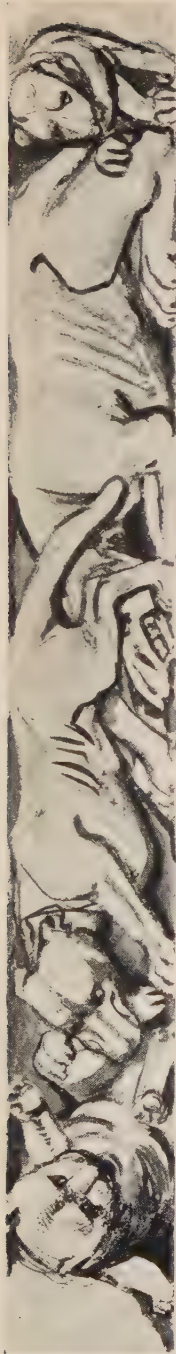
" . . . produced without counting the cost in time, skill, precious material, activity of hand and of mind; monuments standing, fresh and perfect as the day they were finished, though the fortunes of men and of nations have since crumbled away."

At Delhi he and his son were welcomed most heartily by Lord and Lady Ripon, and entertained, and John Pollen was invited to accompany the Viceroy home in December.

From Calcutta, he proceeded, with Parauti, his son's bearer servant, "a huge, fine-looking, amiable man [sketch], and scrupulously honest down to farthings, . . ." to a village in the Kuch Behar territory: Haldibari, with its bamboo houses, cattle, temples with bells and flags.

"A scene entirely Indian. Ducks were quacking, men, women and children talking, eating, squatting, quarrelling, some singing to a banjo; birds too are singing, crows, egrets, kingfishers fluttering about. In the ponds or tanks men are washing themselves and the clothes they wear; ladies, with less stripment, doing such toilets as their household occupations will allow. The men seem to be dandies; they wash and twist up their long black hair, and grease their copper skins from neck to heel; they dress in white, with a turban and a toga like antique Romans. . . . At the camp were guns, troops, bullock-carts with fodder and baggage, enormous elephants moving about on elastic and





30. Various borders: 1. Puppy frieze, *water-colour*.  $\frac{1}{4}$  size. 2. Stork and Leaf border, *pencil*.  $\frac{1}{2}$  size. 3. One of the Alton "Tapestry" borders.  $\frac{3}{8}$  size (from the tapestry). (See p. 320.)





noiseless feet, kneeling down to be unloaded and packed again mountains high, then moving out majestically on the plain; I see them now standing in the offing like huge three-deckers, old, wrinkled, venerable. . . .

. . . "December 2.—We have been riding the delightful beasts, and I found endless diversion in seeing them fed, scrubbed in a tank with bits of stone [sketch] and treated like enormous babies. . . . With eighteen of them we beat various bits of jungle for a tiger; great lark, but we did not find him. . . . I could spend days more in this encampment, with its confused hum that never ceases; the village, and the road to it, full of life; infant children running about absolutely in the nude, like chocolate sugar-plums; one really handsome little girl with silver armlets and anklets, clothed after a fashion, and staring with unbounded astonishment at your humble servant . . . all peaceful here and prosperous; the people rude and of the simplest ways; but not relatively worse off than our agricultural poor. . . ."

From Haldibari he visited the Maharajah of Kuch Behar in that city, gave advice and plans as to his half-built palace there and a second in Calcutta, and engaged to send out furniture from Paris.

"His architect, who talked with me, is a capital fellow. His Highness himself is surrounded by suppliant crowds, and administers his state, I fancy, well. She, charming. . . . Then a telegraph to say that the Viceroy would arrive Sunday at Haldibari, would hear Mass in a tent, and hold a levee. . . . Twenty-five elephants formed an avenue for Lord Ripon and salaamed: bent one knee, and then trumpeted with trunks in the air as the Excellency passed."

John Pollen now joined the Viceregal train, and with it ascended the Himalayas to Darjeeling.

"We got into the little train, and amidst the plaudits of natives, and the hisses of eight or ten planters, up we went. Belt of forest full of tigers for twelve miles, then the most astonishing road up the mountains; sometimes with (almost) one wheel over the edge, and an eternity below. In and out, hugging the sides of vast spurs, ridges with a knife edge, the train twisting like a snake, and the little Burmese pony of an engine grunting and rounding his back gallantly to the work, and now and then taking a drink.

. . . At Darjeeling, a vast mob of enthusiasts carried or pushed us in a walk of a round mile to the Lieut. Governor's house, a huge place, where we fared sumptuously. It is on the edge of a sharp ridge, with a map of mountains and ravines before and behind, far as the eye can reach—to Thibet—to Mt. Everest—to Nepaul—to the Assam Valley. I was up before daylight; V. Roy on the terrace under my window with Fr. Kerr; sunrise over the range of peaks, glaciers, snowplains—astounding! Lady Ripon appeared at a window, and even the A.D.C.'s were roused (or said they were, at breakfast). . . . At night the town illuminated;—covered with tiny lamps everywhere. I went down; and found the whole population laughing, playing, and delighted. The V.R. is popular with all India, except the planters, who cannot now whack niggers as comfortably as before.

"We returned in the p.m. Part of the way, I, Bill Beresford, Lord and Lady R., with the chief engineer, going down in a little trolley by sheer gravitation; quite delightful. All four of us as lively as so many school-children! We spun down over steep descents, round perilous corners, so smooth and fast that you could fear no danger, and the Engineer could stop us in 24 ft. . . ."

On December 14, John Pollen left Calcutta for Bombay, visiting Benares on the way. Farewell dinners, tomashas, illuminations, addresses, fireworks, dancing girls, bejewelled Rajahs, marked every halt of the Viceroy.

"I never saw such scenes. Illuminations, rows of lamps, sometimes lovely, line the way, and a continuous crowd of sympathetic Indians. V. Roy and Lady R. coach and four, outriders and escort galloping like mad; we (I and Lord W. Beresford) galloping too in a wagonette, a Syce roaring behind to the folks to make room."

In Bombay there were tomashas, too, of Catholic students, and the Catholic Archbishop and other ecclesiastics figured in the royal receptions.

*To his son Walter.*

"BENARES,

"December 17.

". . . . I cannot tell you how entirely my short journey has delighted me, and this place not the least. How I wish I could stay, and pass a week in camp with you! The Rajah of Bhartpore invites me to go and stay, and shoot with him 60 miles from the

Station—but these things are for swells. . . . We go to Goa in the *Clive*. . . .”

There follows a description, all aglow with life and colour, of Benares, and of the famous scene of bathing in the Ganges. It ends :

“ . . . The women, in beautiful draperies, go dressed into the river, and dry themselves in various corners on the landing-places ; the men, like bronze statues, going upon and down the flights of steps. . . . One might imagine the scene to be Antioch in the days of luxurious Roman decadence—for there are idols, hideous and disgusting, planted on every side, decorated every morning with garlands, and strewn with offerings. A strange, overpowering sight, if you reflect on the hold which this barbarous worship has on a population so vast, of so much skill in the arts, within hearing of modern talk on every subject, modern ridicule of religion, and indifferentism. That of our countrymen perhaps does little more than confirm them in their own belief, so faithfully practised. But for painters proper whom moral considerations do not concern, the place is fine and suggestive.

“ Well, I got down to Bombay on Friday morning, and there a very different drama was in course of action. Lord Ripon was leaving the scene of his labours, and the evidences that he was beloved were not to be mistaken for an instant. . . . I went to the College of St. Francis Xavier. Here the Bishop, the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Agliardi, and the students (of all creeds) presented an address. Fifty little Parsee boys gaily dressed each laid a bunch of roses at the Viceroy’s feet. He reminded the hearers that education was meant, not to nourish conceit, but to glorify God.<sup>1</sup> These, the last words of his last Indian speech, made a profound impression. . . .”

John Pollen describes the general enthusiasm, the beautiful decorations of the city, hung in many places with streamers of silk and rich brocade, the bazaars even with jewels ; the ubiquitous lanterns and flowers.

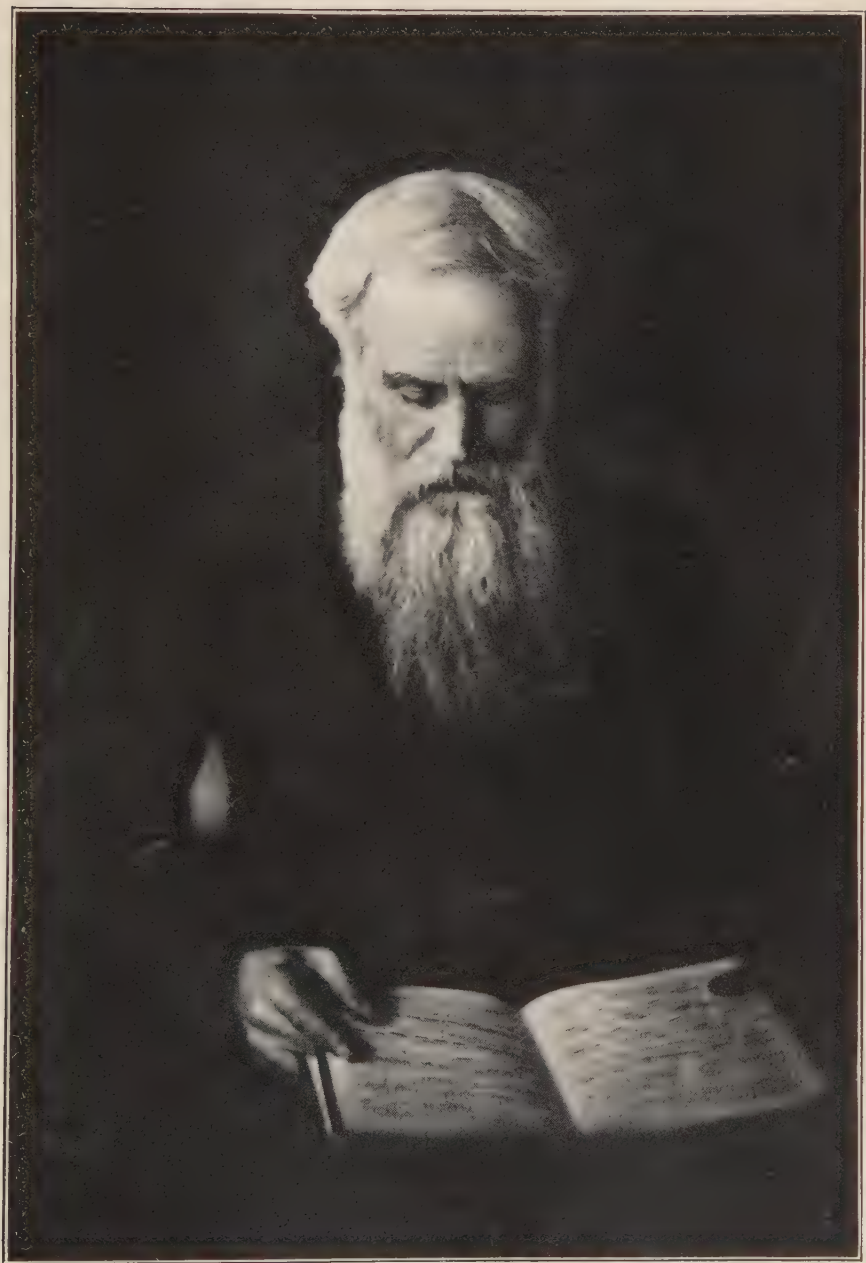
“ Now to try and describe one of the most astounding of sights . . . the final farewell of the natives to their much-loved Viceroy.

“ The Government House is some six miles from the quay from

<sup>1</sup> The substance of the whole speech—a very striking one—together with a defence of Lord Ripon’s Indian policy, is given in *An Indian Farewell* (by J. H. P.). Printed for private circulation in 1885.



which we were to embark upon the *Clive*. We formed a small procession; the chaplain and surgeon in a brougham, then a char-à-banc with the A.D.C.s, Governor, and myself; then four horses and outriders, and an open carriage with Lord and Lady R. At the door the farewells began. A large school of natives, youths and children, came with banners, and presented a nosegay to each of us, with cheers, cries, and clappings of hands. From outside the park began a vast crowd which continued, uninterrupted, for the six miles—down to the harbour and across it. Factories, schools, banks, bazaars, all were closed; the inhabitants crammed and clustered along the roadsides, on walls, scaffoldings, gate-posts, filling doors, windows, balconies, terraces, and trees; old and young, men, women and children, babes lifted high, old and sick people dragged in their beds to the windows; Parsees, Hindoos, Mussulmans, Catholics, Protestants; the very richest and the very poorest, banners and bands, flags, streamers, mottoes, garlands, boxes suspended from above, and made to open as we passed, showering down roses or rose petals; grave old fathers rushing from the crowd to hurl upon us flowers and garlands. I say *us*, for I think I, being bearded, was sometimes taken for the *ipsissimus*. All this vast multitude, of two or three hundred thousand perhaps, animated by one single thought. It was an enormous instrument tuned to one tone; a touch would set this wide reaching chord in vibration—less than a touch, the mere sight of a single face. Everywhere the warmest blessings, the kindest smiles, the gayest dresses. The escort of lancers had to gallop along to keep the line for the carriages to pass. At one place the Viceroy stopped and the crowd closed in upon us. An enclosure containing a hundred native girls, beautifully dressed, sang in some strange tongue a hymn in his praise, and then *God Save the Queen*. . . . The quay was dressed with plants, and carpeted with red down to the actual sea. Here were Judges, civil officers and military, Rajahs and Princes, the Catholic Bishop and the Delegate, the Protestant Bishop and his lady. The last shakes of the hand are given, and we step on to the steam launch, Lord Ripon the last. The huge harbour showed us an avenue of large native vessels drawn up on either hand, dressed out with gala flags which dip one after the other as we pass. They are crowded with natives, and every English vessel with Englishmen. The V.R. touches his hat; thirty guns boom a last salute from the fort. As we near the *Euryalus* frigate, guns are fired, the yards are manned; as we pass, the whistle sounds, the marines present arms, a voice



5. Portrait of John Hungerford Pollen, aged 65. *Photograph.*  
Facing page 342



sounds Hip-hip, and, the whole crew cheering, we begin to climb the walls of the *Clive*. We can still hear distant farewell shouts as we weigh and slowly turn our head to the south. Everything possessed of a boiler follows us as long as it can.

"Then the distant crowd becomes indistinct, the sun has dipped, the sky turns scarlet, Bombay fades out of sight, and we are on our way to England.

"It was a heart-piercing sight. For these 200,000 represent as many millions, all intent on one object, and ready to be led by a magic clue finer than gossamer. What has that one man, to whom their hearts are turned so powerfully, what has he done to draw them? He has done his best to deal them out equal justice, to promote their welfare without regard to politics or prejudice. Above that, they have seen him strict in obedience to his conscience, in the exercise of a religion not popular with Anglo-Indians, but the only form of Christianity that the native mind can recognize as having a real and authoritative claim upon Christians. . . . We shall never meet these touching faces again—never all of them, till time shall be no more."

On the evening of December 21 the *Clive* anchored at Goa; here the Viceroy was to be received in state next day; but Fr. Kerr and John Pollen with some of the crew, as soon as night closed in, took a boat, landed, and made their way with a lantern to the church. They knocked up the sacristan, and prayed before the shrine of St. Francis Xavier—where Father Kerr, as it seems, passed the whole night. At dawn, the Viceroy, too, came incog., and heard an early Mass, leaving 1,000 rupees as a gift. John Pollen describes old Goa and its memories, and touches on the grand traditions of the Saint, the hero of India, whose romantic career had years ago so powerfully impressed him.<sup>1</sup> This pilgrimage forms an interlude of quiet in the tumult of the Viceroy's passage.

*From Cardinal Newman, in answer to a letter from J. H. Pollen upon his Indian journey.*

"May 6, 1885.

"Your letter of this morning is most welcome, and I thank you for it. I thought it a very plucky thing your going all that way by yourself, and I rejoice that you are back safe and sound.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 150.



Though no traveller myself, I can sympathize with what you tell me. . . . One thing, I confess, lies outside my sympathy, though it *touches* me much, and all the more ; viz., your having recourse to the *Grammar of Assent* as a refuge from the palm-trees and apes. My imagination will not take it in, except as a pendant to that great Ch. Ch. Greek scholar, who, to relieve himself of the excitement of a subjective (*sic*) mood, used to take up a volume of the Tracts of the Times (*sic*). I think he told me so himself.

“Ever yours affectly,

“JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.”

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

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It was natural that John Pollen, now living much in a Liberal stronghold, should begin to view matters from the point on which he habitually stood.

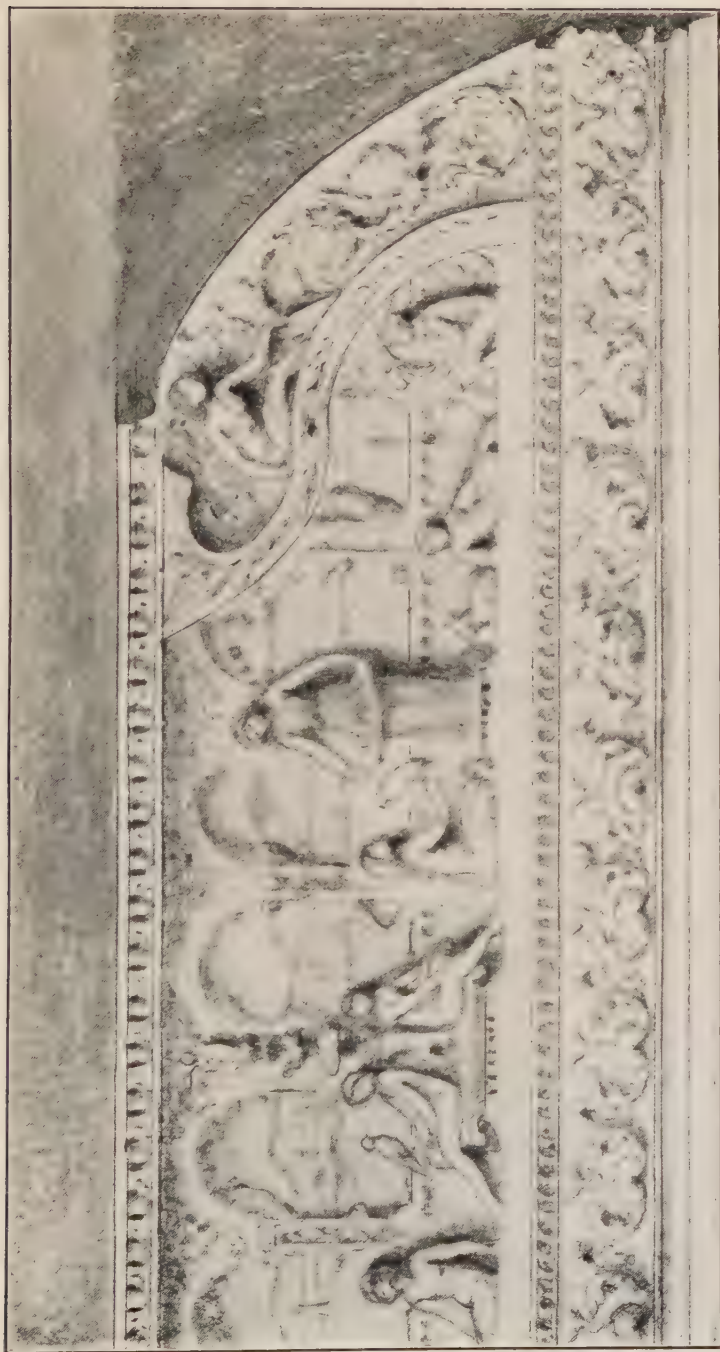
His early home traditions would have inclined him to Conservatism ; but even from his Oxford days his sympathies tended in an opposite direction ; not in religion, indeed, but in politics. Such measures as were calculated to relieve the oppressed had proceeded, in his century, from the Liberal party.

After his marriage, however, he was little in touch with public men as such. He hailed any measures bringing liberty or justice to what he believed the most beneficent ruling power in the world—the Catholic Church. As to all else, “I mean to vote for nobody,” he had said in the Sixties. “I have no politics.”

But, as has been said, his interests and his sympathies resumed their first bent in the next decade. His approval of Lord Ripon’s Indian policy has been noticed, and from 1885 to 1888 his mind was largely occupied with Irish affairs.

His first visit to Ireland in 1845, on occasion of his brother’s marriage to Miss Godley, had shown him a country distracted and lawless. A few extracts from his journal are given below as specimens, but many pages are filled with these and other Irish experiences.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> “June 1, 1845. (Killegar, near Cavan.)—Mr. Shaw, a clergyman, rode up to the door this morning with a brace of loaded pistols. In his village thirty men had attacked the police ; a desperate affray ensued ; the market people coming home cheered on the insurgents, and the police who had



26. Child-cornice (plaster) for tea-room, Ingestre Hall. Detail; *pencil drawing*. Upon the cornice children sit, play, or climb about : graceful boys and girls stand here and there, carrying trays and teacups. (See p. 351.)

*Facing page 344.*



During these stormy weeks at Killegar and since, he had held much communication with Mr. John Godley,<sup>1</sup> now his connection by marriage, and whose great plans for Ireland had won the gratitude of Aubrey de Vere; the dreadful tale of the famine in 1847; John Pollen's visits to Ireland, between 1848 and 1852; his share in Newman's Dublin campaign, had one after another intensified his belief that all attempts to rule Ireland from without must prove unsuccessful.

In 1886 came Mr. Gladstone's sudden veer round to Home Rule, and the consequent division in his camp. Not only Lord Ripon, but Cardinal Manning, was an ardent Home Ruler; and in a visit to Birmingham, the sympathies of "the dear Cardinal" (Newman's usual title in the journal) seem to have been enlisted in the same cause by John Pollen, who seldom felt things by halves, and was inclined to follow up the matter with all the sincerity of his character.

Moreover, Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, who from his boyhood had been an intimate friend of the Pollens, now embraced Home Rule for Ireland with the same poetic ardour that had inspired his championship of Arabi Pasha. He and his wife Lady Anne Blunt, who took a prominent part in her husband's adventures, were accompanied upon an electioneering campaign through Warwickshire and Worcestershire in 1886 by John Pollen, who is seen, for the first time, in quite a new character, entering into all the feverish exhausted their ammunition were on the point of being massacred when reinforcements arrived. Six peasants were slain. . . . *June 2.*—Other such scenes reported. . . . Mrs. Godley greatly alarmed. . . . John Godley has received to-day a stand of arms for twenty, and is organizing patrols . . . the military are to be quartered all over the locality. . . . Mr. Knox told us how but a few years since, while levying his tithes, he was escorted by two lancers to service and back; a neighbouring clergyman was shot, and behind his own house a battle took place in which many were wounded. [A sketch follows that might serve for the villain of an Irish romance.] . . . *June 6.*— . . . We went to-day through the place of a Mr. O. whom we were lucky enough to meet. He is a regular Irish squireen, drinks fearfully, has never paid a bill in his life, . . . and is altogether totally unprincipled. He lives in a state of siege, having several times narrowly escaped being taken. A man of seventy odd, 6 ft. 3 at least, a superb frame, and still capable of severe bodily exercise. He had a letter warning him against distraining at his peril; he takes no notice of this sort of thing. It is a subject of wonder here that these notices are not more generally served on the gentry. . . . (J. H. P. journal)."

<sup>1</sup> Father of the present Lord Kilbracken of Killegar.



delights of platform and canvassing, and himself more than once addressing an audience from the hustings on behalf of his friend.

In October, 1888, Mr. Blunt, on attempting to hold a meeting at Woodford, in Galway, as delegate of the English Home Rule Union, was arrested, and condemned to two months' imprisonment with hard labour. At the end of December, John Pollen, with Mr. Shaw Lefevre and a few other friends, accompanied the Blunts back to Portumna in Galway, where an appeal was entered—but in vain—against the legality of the sentence.

John Pollen's diary and daily letters to his wife tell in vivid narrative the triumphant procession of the little party through Ireland; its mission being known, the police dogged their footsteps; but cheering crowds of enthusiasts greeted them at every station; they met with unbounded hospitality from poor and rich, and the cab-drivers whom they employed refused to accept a fare. John Pollen considered the proceedings of the court unjust and illegal; he attended the trial every day, dating his letters written in court "In the den of thieves." He drew sarcastic sketches in both word and pencil of the judges, police, and opposing counsel, and expresses vehement indignation at the result. "He was a very staunch friend to his friends," writes Mr. Wilfrid Blunt; and it may be added that John Pollen considered himself the champion of a sacred cause—an idea which gathered force from his not inconsiderable intercourse at this time with Mr. Dillon and Mr. T. P. O'Connor. He was spending himself and supporting his friends with the same generous enthusiasm that had fired him in the Puseyite camp forty years previously.



27. One of the studies for the child-cornice. *Water-colour.*



## CHAPTER XL

“THY SPIRIT, CIRCLED WITH A LIVING GLORY,  
IN SUMMER STILL A SUMMER JOY RESUMETH.”  
(1889)

ON March 28, 1889, a telegram from the Viceroy of India was handed to Mrs. John Hungerford Pollen. It brought the news that her son was dead.

Lieutenant Pollen, R.E., had joined the force under Colonel Tregear, which was about to commence operations against the wild tribes of the Lushai country. He was nominated Survey Officer to the expedition.

The country was closely covered with dense unhealthy jungle, and he had not long before been prostrate with fever. On February 19 he was caught in a storm near Langleh and drenched to the skin; that same evening the old fever seized him. He was advised to return to the camp at head-quarters for medical treatment, but refused; he thought a few days' rest would, as often before, put him right again. He was most unwilling to retire; the command of the survey party was a responsible post, and the geographical knowledge to be gained by the expeditions depended upon his exertions. He had now, if he pushed on at once, an opportunity that might not occur again of visiting the trigonometrical situation of Moi Sum, whence even a few observations would give results of great value. He was carried forward in a litter, day by day, vainly expecting recovery.

The gravity of the situation on February 26 was at last apparent even to himself. In his determination to carry out his duty he had imperilled his life; he had now to be carried back to Demagri. Here the Board decided to send him back at once to the Darjeeling hills, and he reached Chittagong on March 18.



His death was entirely of a piece with his life, and a friend spoke thus his epitaph : *Quam pulchra est casta generatio !*<sup>1</sup>

On March 26, 1889, he was buried with military honours at Chittagong, in the Catholic cemetery, where a monument is erected to his memory by his brother officers.

That memory itself is a nobler monument, as they wrote ; and the impression made at Mussoorie and other places among the natives of the Missions, unaccustomed to the sight of a Catholic Englishman, was profound.

Early in April his father went to Birmingham.

"The Cardinal wonderfully well and full of interest, very, very kind about W., so are all. Eight Masses have been said here. He feels so for M. and me. Spoke of his own friends, almost all now dead. To London with Father O'Reilly, who had given W. his retreat [in 1888]. Spoke of him in many ways ; spoke very confidently of his goodness ; felt sure of him." (Journal.)

The following letter upon the death of his niece is to the same tune. She was a young Sister of Charity, worn out already by heroic labours among the poor.

*To his nephew, Sir Richard Pollen.*

"July 22, 1889.

" . . . Such a breach in the ranks of an affectionate circle of brothers and sisters is terrible in itself. I feel it none the less so in the case of my dear brother's children. . . . That your Annie died *well* is a great truth to lay to heart . . . a consolation not to be impaired by time. . . . To leave the world after doing all we can to glorify our Maker, that is our task. . . . All of us are not called to such special kinds of life ; but she chose a noble one, and has died fulfilling it with devotion and fidelity. . . ."

This year, too, died Lord Addington, Mrs. Pollen's uncle, and the kindest of friends ; in April John Pollen's fifth son, entered the Jesuit Novitiate ; that same month came the news of a hunting accident to his youngest in Wyoming.

<sup>1</sup> Letters descriptive of the death of Lieutenant Pollen, R.E. Printed for private circulation, 1889.

“April 18, 1889.

“ . . . We got your letter this morning, and I need not say how it afflicts us. We telegraph to-day to get the doctor's account of it. We will do everything in our power for you. You know by this time that Walter, the best of sons and brothers, is no more. Your sad wound comes on us as a double sorrow. However in this hard struggling world it is a long war, first one trial and then another. We must never lose courage. God is above us always, a father and a friend, and makes ways of safety and escape when and as we least expect. Now as to home news. . . .”

A long account follows, full of detail and good cheer, concerning man, woman, beast and bird.

*To his niece.*

“ . . . My visit to Rodbourne cannot take place yet awhile, as my eye has still a dimness which wears off slowly. . . . To me, in truth, Rodbourne is like a city of the dead. My old contemporaries lie beneath the turf. I am now the only remainder of my generation—I, who remember two still older—but, my dear, life is a stage over which we have to pass, making the best we can of everything good or bad that befalls us, and it will not be my part or yours to *nurse* what is so hard to endure. But I shall do my best to cheer up any of the family I shall find when I come, they have plenty to bear. Let us do what we can to help them with their burdens. Perhaps it is well that a world so full of sorrows should not hold out false hopes to us. It ends, as far as we are concerned, soon. Were it all smiles we should be wofully deceived. . . .”

That summer, John Pollen spent some days upon the element he loved best at Portsmouth, on H.M.S. *Curlew*; he went round the fleet, enjoying the *froufrou* of the German Emperor's visit, and the banquet given to a hundred officers of that nation. Nautical sketches abound in the letters. The alternation of sad and serious subjects illustrate his wonderful elasticity of mind and heart, his power of bearing joy and keenest sorrow in quick succession, or even simultaneously.

New friends or acquaintances are noted with interest in his diary: amongst others, Miss Mary Anderson, as she then was, whom he found even more charming off the stage than upon

it ; W. E. Gladstone, now connected with him by marriage,<sup>1</sup>  
 “ full of delightful stories, and extremely agreeable.”

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
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During these years of political exuberance and private sorrow, his artistic and literary activities knew no diminution.

In 1885 he was elected member of the Athenæum Club, where he made new friends.

All the occupations mentioned in Chapters XXXIV. and XXXV. were carried on assiduously throughout the Eighties. In 1886 some of his drawings were exhibited at the Royal Academy ; and “ Two Dancing Figures ” a few years later, at the Exhibition in Paris, whither he betook himself to investigate Harpigny’s and other studios, and some private collections. He delivered a series of Lectures upon Historic Ornament, and attended one by Ruskin, upon Kate Greenaway, at a private house ; he listened to William Morris upon Art and Socialism, and enjoyed a stay at his fine place, Kelmscott House. He was commissioned to negotiate with various artists—among them his relative, Mr. Pepys Cockerell—with Sir Frederick Leighton, and Mr. Brock—admiring the latter’s fine “ Poetry ”—regarding a statue for India of Queen Victoria.

His most important composition was a series of designs for St. George’s Hall, Liverpool. The walls were to be occupied by a series of panels representing the various Sciences. The “ Theology ” is, in line and colour, one of his finest works of the sort. That, and other of his working drawings, now decorate the walls of the Museum at the Convent, 212, Hammer-smith Road.

The design for the fireplace was engraved and published in *The Builder*, November 24, 1888. The upper part is of carved wood ; the Seven Champions of Christendom—Saint George at the summit—pursue their quests or fight their battles in and out of scroll and panel ; below these, the Nine Worthies in stone are enshrined in as many niches ; while at the angles of the lowest tier, in marble, other heroes in bold

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Henry Neville Gladstone had married Miss Maud Rendel, Mrs. Pollen’s cousin.



28. Design for "Theology," one of the panels of "The Sciences," for St. George's Hall, Liverpool, 1888. *Pastel and water-colour on canvas.* Very delicate colours on warm ochre ground. Size 15 × 4 ft. (See p. 350.)

*Facing page 350.*





relief stand sentry. The design was not executed, as too costly for the civic purse.

Throughout 1888 and 1889 a most important artistic undertaking had been the establishment of the United Arts and Crafts Guild, and the consequent Exhibition, opened in October, 1889, in the New Gallery.

"We wanted [said Mr. Crane to the reporter of *The Echo*] to see a great Gallery open its doors, not only to canvases and statues, but to Art in all its Protean forms of decorative beauty. . . . To this end, John Hungerford Pollen [four others] and myself determined to found this little society. . . . We obtained sympathisers and came to terms about the New Gallery. . . . We want the man whose genius enables him to invent an exquisite form in any art to receive his due; to be known by name to the public, not to have the artistic credit owing to him swallowed up by the middleman who vends his product. *Palmarum qui meruit ferat*. . . . Secondly, there are very many old and beautiful arts to be revived; hammered iron, sgraffito, gesso. . . ."

The Exhibition was a great and even a financial success; unfortunately this large-minded plan has not been continued; great shops now swallow up, as before, the individuality of the artistic workman. Yet certainly public taste has been educated and improved by these efforts; and John Pollen has his great share in this reform, so ably pushed on by William Morris, and many others. Many of John Pollen's own decorative designs figured in the Exhibition, and were favourably noticed by the press.<sup>1</sup>

His most interesting private commissions were those that involved a stay of some days at Haddon Hall, on behalf of

<sup>1</sup> *The Star*, September 28, 1889.

A correspondent writes:—"I had the great pleasure a few days ago of seeing the drawings that Mr. John Hungerford Pollen has sent to the 'Arts and Crafts' this year. In the studio were ranged the eight intended for this year's Exhibition. First, two charming original drawings of roof decoration already executed, I believe, at Kilkenny Castle; next, two figures in charcoal, full of life and grace, as panels; then two groups of children fishing in an English landscape—the original designs for wall paintings at Crabbet Park; and next to these one of the sketch cartoons of the 'Shrewsbury' series of wall paintings in which Mr. Pollen has depicted the brave deeds of the Talbots in the Hundred Years' War.

"But what most struck my fancy was a design for a portion of a plaster cornice of extraordinary grace and interest. This attempt to infuse an artistic interest into our everyday life Mr. Pollen has revived, and has tried, and most successfully tried, to show that for decorative purposes scenes

the Duke of Rutland, and at Keir, Dunblane, a place that spoke, in all things, of the accomplished scholar and late owner, Sir W. Stirling Maxwell. These delightful places are described in his letters, as well as expeditions for the purchase of tapestry and other things, to Paris and to Genoa, a place, to him, of old memories.

“HOTEL DE LA VILLE, GENOA,

“*April 28, 1888.*

“ . . . From Parry by the Circle line to Gare de Lyon—for dinner not a moment did we get. My mild remonstrance (and that of my only companion, a Genoese bounder—very good fellow) was of no avail—but a good-natured official ran to the buffet and returned with two first-rate rolls each a foot in length, bisected the long way and lined with good cold pig. Then, we hoped, a smoke; when in there came The British Female. Smoke! Fy, not to be thought of now. So I slept a good one, woke at Modane—and then we went through the tunnel into Italy. The sky blue, Alps white, the streams began to change their course and flow towards the azure Mediterranean, my boys, the Mediterranean! Cold snowy streams that make you shiver to look at ‘em. Then, as down we slide, the fields grow greener and flowers peep from the grass—not primroses, sign of the Hebrew earl, but modest pink and purple things, I know not what, nor do I care. But Genoa, O how changed it is! The modest veils that used to lend enchantment to some hideous mugs, no doubt, are gone; the rusty heads of hair are like our hearth brushes at home, or hidden in some vulgar hat of Whiteley’s dowdiest. I like the older parts of this odd place. I like the dirt, and if it must be so, the smells, however orfle. This house is full of poly glotts; the gals are frightful, and the men that wait are greasy specimens of Gaul or Vaterland. I’ve written to my Boss. The tapestries are down to £660 and I think we shall deal.”

In 1889 he was troubled for a time by a nervous affection

from modern life are at least as serviceable as fourth-rate imitations of pseudo-Greek goddesses, while at the lowest computation they are ten times as interesting. When one sees such drawings as this, one is inclined to ask why is it all modern decoration should not be designed on such true, such artistic, and withal such rational principles? The Greeks never drank tea or rode to hounds in pink—why should we eternally draw for our artistic inspiration on the remote past, when the incidents of modern life are so rich in their possibilities? We recommend all our readers to look carefully at this truly fascinating piece of work.”



29. Detail of "Theology" panel (Plate 28).

Facing page 352.





of the eyes. In deference to the urgent advice of his wife and his friends, he sought an "infallible" eye-doctor at Wiesbaden.

*To his wife.*

"HOTEL ZUM ROSE, WIESBADEN,  
"October 14, '89.

" . . . I came here this morning, over a dreary well cultivated plain, then along the Whack am Rhine. Not a tree for miles—first-rate galloping ground, firm, light and dry. Should like to be on Mermaid in that country; the copper puppy panting behind, and Lorna, ears well back, tail going with a will, and trying to kiss Mermaid. Well, I had instead, in the carriage, two fusty dogs who wouldn't let me have a breathing hole. The Rhine; plenty of water, but as for seven mountains—Mountains! little hills, my dear sir. Why hop ye so, ye little hills? why so high hop [sketch of hills dancing lustily]. You say you are a Proossian—I say bah. As for the peasant girls with dark blue eyes, and hands that offer cake and wine! on my davy, they are hideous creatures, and I never saw any of them offer anything—nor did Byron, neither, he lied *comme un chapelier*. . . . Yet one had a plait of hair literally to the heels—stumpy she was to be sure—still, hair is hair. Everywhere in Cöln the *soldatesca*, fine stout fellows—swaggering orfe—much pomatum. The professor creature, fat, smooth, clean-shaven, with intense brown peruke and small eyes. Children, sometimes clean, ran against my legs as I mooned about old Cologne. I wandered over to Deutz, and heard rosary and Benediction in the big Dom, dark as Erebus—high narrow windows just grey at first, then fading into night; only the immense arches of transept and West End visible at heights incredible. Then the huge nave was full; responses like a great ubiquitous river, strange, half-musical. . . . Worthy people in thousands at all the Masses and praying like winkin—so I was much consoled.

"The *Rose* a very reasonable pot-house, 24 bob for 3 days; I fare well among transatlantic beauties, British dowagers, lively young sporting boys, surly English gents, pretty infant who grabs the dessert, fat round Proossian who uses his knife as a spoon and ladles in with skill and rapidity.

"Well, I feel a great relief from beloved Pagenstrecker, at the Augenlinik. He says I have nothing the matter with my eyes, says the wounded one will get better; item, thinks I need see him no more. . . ."

P.M.

A A

## CHAPTER XLI

### THE NINETIES : LOSSES—FAMILY MATTERS—ART—TRAVELS AND LETTERS (1890–1899)

*THE* days of our years, three-score and ten, were numbered for John Pollen in 1890. But his life had in no sense slackened.

August 10 brought another great sorrow.

“The dear Cardinal dead ! Fatal news in all the telegrams.”

On the 18th, John Pollen went with his wife to the funeral at Birmingham.

“Oratory full of guests—eight Bishops—Monks of every habit in the country. . . . Masses incessant.”

On August 27, 1887, Newman, then eighty-six years of age, had written to Mrs. Pollen—in trembling hand :

“I have wished to send you a letter of thanks for your interesting and long letter ever since I received it. But I don’t like to inflict on friends the pot-hooks and hangers which are the highest sort of writing to which I can now attain. . . .”

And on January 2, 1888, had come his last written words to the family—long after he had ceased to answer letters. The lines are barely legible :

“To Mrs. John Hungerford Pollen.—. . . I cannot get my fingers to be less abrupt, or courteous. All best blessings to you and yours.  
“J. H. N.”

John Pollen now wrote for *The Month* the sketch of *Newman in Dublin* quoted above.

Early in 1892 died Cardinal Manning.

*From Lord Ripon.*

"MY DEAR POLLEN,—

"What a tragedy this is of poor Prince Eddy!

"The Cardinal will be a mighty loss to *us*; irreplaceable, I think. Please find out when and where his funeral will be. I shall attend it. . . ."

Yet another tree, next year, fell crashing. John Wynne died in October, 1893.

"I am putting together a short memoir of John Wynne," writes Pollen to Allies. Two lions only form the signature, with "alas" between them.

The little Memoir was published in *The Month*, January, 1894. John Pollen "evens o'er" the old Oxford days. He touches on his friend's lovable characteristics.

"How widely does the Jesuit of fable, with his sinister ways, Spanish Inquisitions, and do-wrong-that-good-may-come, differ from the living specimen!"

The picture of Father Wynne's later years at Beaumont is by another hand. It tells how he was loved by his Jesuit companions, what good company he was to the last, and how he impressed the rising generation, as they watched the Eton boy of sixty years ago, now a stately old man, with snow-white hair, wrapped in his cloak and leaning on a stick, watching, as he loved to do, the prowess of Beaumont boys to-day upon the cricket-field. He had been faithful to every duty of his state, until a sudden stroke of paralysis, shortly before the end, deprived him of power for exterior functions; conscious to the last, he passed happily away.

\* \* \* \* \*

John Pollen lived again in his children. Some of them would help him in his work; correcting papers, making plans. He enjoyed listening to his son's lectures upon science, history, or politics; he joined not seldom in their amusements.

In the later Nineties he could no longer go out shooting with them; the fatigue was too great. Yet even now he would for short distances accompany a shooting party; notably at Lochrosque in 1898 at Sir Arthur Bignold's; a place as hospitable and delightful as Redcastle fifty years before. He always



enjoyed a good play ; his comments upon actors and pieces are entirely in keeping with his tastes and character. The power of Sarah Bernhardt he admired immensely. Of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* he notes :

“ Very good acting. . . . Moral terrible. . . . ”

Kew and the Zoological Gardens, Pantomime, Olympia, Hippodrome entries besprinkle the diary to the end of the Nineties as before. Performing elephants and dogs, boxing kangaroo, graceful dances, he enjoyed as much or more than did the grandchildren—his own or his friends—who accompanied him. He was adored by this rising generation.

“ Took the Lonsdale child, charming little creature, and the two Sidney Herberts, to Barnum. . . . To the Agricultural Hall, where I wondered at the cleanly rotundity of pigs. . . . To the Lord Mayor’s Show. . . . ”

Just a tear or two sometimes salted his gaiety.

*To his wife.*

“ STUDLEY ROYAL, RIPON,

“ August 18, 1896.

“ . . . I got to Ripon without adventure, and found Lord B., an old friend ; Lady B., short, witty, and sixty ; three nice boys, and De Grey.

“ We have had a day of pageants on the Abbey grounds ; procession of Kings and Queens ; much of it very well done ; all Ripon, gentle and simple, took part in it. Robin Hood and his men were excellent ; Friar Tuck, in jeopardy, whistles for his hounds, and in come a score of boys with dogs’ heads, and attack the Robinians ; then they all danced, and very well. Had I been fifty years younger I could scarce have kept from dancing with them, they were so merry. But I wept when I remembered the days when the Abbey lived, and was the glory of the country ; when the [poor were fed and warmed in the wintry cold, when ‘ hospitality ’ was kept, and all men rejoiced in the Catholic Faith. The times were rude, violence and injustice were not unknown, but heroic penances, noble works of charity, loyal service, were known also.

“ There were dozens of children, very well taught indeed ; some, prettily dressed, played a living game of whist. Altogether I have never seen the equal of the show. Whiteley runs the tent, food,

police, etc. As for the blue suit, I find every one is even less swell than I, and tall hats are unknown. Lady Ripon did propose that vestment at breakfast, but she was met by an opposition chorus. . . .”

\* \* \* \* \*

Throughout the Nineties John Pollen was as assiduous as ever before at his usual lectures as well as in the study of New Art. He visited every exhibition in gallery or studio, and greatly appreciated Lady Waterford's genius, and that of Tissot; he was never affronted or startled by a style of art new to him, but patiently set to work to consider what merit it might possess.

John Bentley he considered the greatest architect of the century. His fine church at Watford, and the Seminary at Hammersmith, Pollen praises highly in his diary; he believed that no better man could have been chosen by Cardinal Vaughan to design Westminster Cathedral. He had been amongst those questioned by the Cardinal, and had advised the choice. In October, 1896, the plans for the Cathedral were ready, and the Cardinal telegraphed to his old friend to come to his house and consult with Bentley and himself. The result was entirely satisfactory.

The Cardinal now asked John Pollen to devise a general plan for the scheme of mosaic ornamentation for the nave of the Cathedral. Whether the design was ever completed in detail does not appear; but its idea was grandiose. The whole was to represent the scheme of Creation, the upper central part the sky, with sun, moon, planets, and stars; beneath this a zone of the air, with all Biblical birds represented; then the fishes and sea-monsters, similarly, within a zone of the sea; the ships too, with their crews, as spoken of in Scripture; below this again the earth, with historical mountains, rivers, and beasts, houses and buildings. All this mosaic was to have been above the marble cornice. He also made a plan for the colour of the marble: the colour below to be darkest.

In 1890 he was commissioned to examine great houses in many parts of England; to hire or borrow furniture, to take sketches or casts for the coming Exhibition; to negotiate purchases. In the autumn he was engaged upon plans, decorations

and changes at Wilton House ; from hence, and other places, he writes a series of letters in lightest vein.

*To his wife.*

“ Lady Herbert here—full of thought for you—Spencer Lyttleton (the eldest of the two here) went away to-day—to my regret ; an interesting man, a very nice chap all over. We drove over (faymales, self, and Schuster, a on-er on the pi-hanner) and lunched at Longford House to see the pictures again—saw their pigs, famous breed, like short sausages. . . . Yesterday Lady Gr. danced, lovely sight. Ladies violently playful. The youngest Miss W. sang to her guitar last night the prettiest little ditties in the clearest warbling voice—Mrs. G. ; engaging creature of the baby wife order ; I hear immense favourite in the squashes of London. . . . Lady L. very gracious, altogether the diplomatistess—much abuse of Parnell and of his Co. as you may imagine—Spencer Lyttleton and I being the only true believers. A. G. a host ; in her fine society manners she is great—O what a difference between Jones at the opera abroad and Jones in company at the O. at-home ! I complimented her, as was deserved. I think when occasion arises she will enjoy the other side. She’d been at Hatfield, where X. Was he great on Ireland ? O no ; silent, and taken up with the study of his dinner. O man ! ”

But such letters lose all but a fraction of their charm by the exclusion of domestic details, touched with rapid wit, and of inimitable pen and ink portraits, sketches, and personalities, never ill-natured, but too piquant for ears yet living.

*To his wife.*

“ . . . Yesterday I went to the Jews’ rag fair at Spitalfields ; curious sight, all sorts of things sold, victuals included. . . . p.m. to Greenwich. Strawberries and cream. M. a headache. So I solitary, arpented garden ; ramparts ; big gun—took imaginary shot at distant ships, smashed them beyond recovery, caused squattling sailors to be arrested on shore—glass of beer each—then incarcerated during Her Majesty’s pleasure. No one else assisting, took entire prize money. . . . [Sketch of all the phases of this naval warfare completes the letter.] ”

In the spring and autumn of 1891 he was in France and Belgium, catering for the South Kensington and various Exhibitions.

*To his wife.*

"HOTEL BELLEVUE, BRUSSELS,

"April 13, 1891.

" . . . Got like lightning to Dover, trees, houses, flying back as though shot from shovels—dead calm to look at, we went so much faster than the gale, but at Dover, *mes yeux!* The mother<sup>1</sup> very much on the rampage! a fine dance, and what scenes on board! till we actually ran in between the timbers of Calais pier. The jolly Briton sat sedate, well fed, and grinned at sea-sick Gaul and Allemanian. Well, to Calais we got, cold, damp, and somewhat hungry. In the midst of a mild dinner comes a guard. 'Which of you gents,' sez he in Gaulish tongue, 'owns a brown bag?' 'I, of course, you simple simple, these other gents don't want clean shirts, they carry pocket combs, pomatum, collars clean and cuffs.' 'Then come and let us fumble in this bag.' 'What, mine?' 'Yes, thine, or here it sticks.' So rude fingers poke my shirts till 'time's up'; we pay for a half-eaten meal and go to *Leel*—a place where all the streets are crooked, wind about like snails. Off, nose in air, I go at early morn to find a church. I saw some queer old roofs, I followed, twisting, and find a Mass just going to begin. Finally I saw the Wickar Gallery, much that's good; *belle tête en cire de Raffaele*—the very thing I wished to see. It's of wax and coloured. Can it be by R.? but then if not, who else could have done a thing so absolutely charming? Then I took the train and passed by Tournay. White houses, red-tiled roofs; they have been burnt and rebuilt a hundred times, such wars have passed over this European cockpit—flat and rich—food for hungry Atkins and Mossoo. . . .

" . . . In Paris I looked in at the little café where Hungerford and I heard the 101 guns booming for the Count of Paris' birth in 1838! How changed!"

"CAEN, HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE,

"October 16, 1891.

" . . . Well, here I am at Caen, whither I came fifty-three years ago when it was a different place. . . . I spent yesterday in Lisieux; primitive old houses of timber going into *deliquium*; that is, the pegs are gone, and they are gracefully inclined sideways—beauteous churches—fine gardens, many soldiers, constant drill in open spaces. I took a room at the station, and had my wittles at the buffet, amid the rush and sound of travelling Gauls. The place on the flank of a steep hill, with a network of streams running through the lower part; eternal thump of chemises, I wonder any of the

<sup>1</sup> Of course *la mer*.



linen survives. I suppose it goes into holes for the benefit of trade. Many curs of low degree—never seed such a pack of mongrels. Hounds! such hounds [sketches]. As for Ponto the pointer he is so fat that he would want a man to push him about. . . . I passed in the train Beaumont le Royer, Bernay, etc.—all with ruins or buildings of the best. One ought to live at Lisieux and pass an autumn going round these places. . . . A great funeral at Lisieux this morning. . . . The *Dies Iræ*. What a tremendous, what an awful hymn it is, ‘as if not one soul but all humanity were summoned with cries of woe and terror to the awful assize.’ In this great Cathedral you hear every note as it vibrates along the stone roof. When I was first here I was eighteen, and should, I suppose, have deemed it a degrading supposition that I could ever worship in these churches. Now I recognize a home in every land and my own house in every church, and feel an interest in the devout folks here—tho’ there are some rummy lots amongst them. General good-bye.

“Your aff. husband, father-in-law, father, and grandfather,

“J. H. P.”

“COUTANCES, HOTEL DE FRANCE,

“October 18, ’91.

“. . . Just from Bayeux, all Cathedral and tapestry. Fancy a spiritualized, or rather a grown up Malmesbury Abbey less the porch; much perpendicularness about pinnacles and great shoots of stone in all parts. By means of a silver key I saw the tapestry, closed to common men on Sundays. I knew it so well, it was an old acquaintance. William of that day wore knickerbockers, stockings with swell garters. They travelled like gents, hawks and hounds *mit*. Query; were they sure of getting sporting offers over the Channel? Heard Mass in the Cathedral, interminable banns; seemingly one half Bayeux contracting matrimony with the other half.

“This place is interesting. Been looking at the butter market; rows of stout clean peasant women chattering, bargaining, scolding, with baskets of what looks like excellent butter; apples, faggots; an old lady and great noise accompanying her, and I perceived it came from a well-grown pig—anxious to have a run—in a sack on her back. Why can’t Gauls do business, even discuss their adventures at dinner, save at the top of their voices—words shot out as if from guns. The church stupendous—a female guide attacked me, offering to show central tower—done sez I, fetch the key. Up the most extraordinary passages along the roof—queer stairs—

balustrades—gallery. ‘Maintenant, monsieur, nous sommes dans le vide!’ so I look down from the lantern upon the central abyss, magnificent. Then to the top ‘La Chambre’ whence a good slice of the world admirably visible—could I have seen it for the mist!”

One word-picture from Béziers about this time is too characteristic to be omitted.

“... I went to one of the smartest cafés, and watched the comedy for half an hour. Waiters tearing in and out of the crowded tables outside, yelling to their aides for *Café-é-é*; and deft aides with trays with an ale-glass (for coffee) each holding the regulation 3½ blocks of beetroot white and little decanters of brandy; then a coffee Johnny, over the shoulders of the guests, deftly filling glass after glass in a crack. The gaiety, the perfect happiness of so many folks, got from such simples as loud chatter and coffee (with etceteras) did me veritable good to see.”

On October 21 John Pollen was at Lourdes for the first time.

*To his wife.*

“From the bottom of Jacob’s ladder.

“*Felix celi porta*. . . . I have been all the afternoon in and about the church and grotto. A most consoling visit. There does not appear to be any special pilgrimage, but native devotees of all ranks and classes. I suppose that the Mother of the Lord is not forgetful of the honour and worship of former and better days. This was equally paid to Her in the north; but there is a chief residuum of simplicity and virtue among the peasants of this sunny beautiful south. For it was to the child of a peasant that she appeared, taking a journey to a country in which she could count on [a hearty reception. I wish there were any corner of our island where she would be widely welcome, then perhaps she might think of us, too; but we are, I suppose, too stiff-necked at the present time, and it is no kindness to expose unbelievers to the risk of running their stupid heads against doorposts.

“It is wonderful to look at the hundreds of crutches, the epaulets, swords, decorations, crosses, ships, and odds and ends; grateful mementoes of kindnesses so gratuitously given. I read the little inscriptions with which the walls are covered; mothers recording the cures of their children, boys’ thanks for passing successful exams., *che so io?* The lower walls are so many visitors’ books. I have put in a candle for you, one for M., and one for C. The grotto is now a

*mass* of lighted candles ; as, I conclude, you also saw it. I have got a small bottle of water which I drew for myself.

“How beautiful the journey from Pau ! Yellow cows and oxen, patiently drawing carts, the driver walking before, and armed with only a little stick with which he touches the beasts to show the way, but never whacks ; girls driving flocks of geese, fields of brown maize stalks, stone houses perched on lumps of rock, chestnut trees overhanging the line, poplars standing here and there with gold leaves and silver stems, all on fire with this southern sun ; shadows sharp and black, spots of night in the middle of this golden day ; chains of distant mountains, pure blue sky. . . .”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ . . . *October 22.*—After a long morning ending with Mass, sermon, and blessing of children gentle and simple, I am now looking out of my balcony upon the church and shrine. What a wonderful place this is ! The patriarch saw a great ladder leading out of sight, and angels coming and going from heaven to earth. But he saw this not with his waking eyes, but in the land of dreams. Here, an unlettered child, in broad daylight, saw the Queen of Heaven, not once but many times . . . and at the instance of this little girl the whole surface of this place has changed. Churches—town—a new course for the river—banks, bridges, causeways, railroad, a new population, have been called into existence ! With the Lourdes folk generally, I dare say shady persons are mixed—as everywhere—but to see the folk who people the shrine, and worship at the grotto, is a wonder. The church at all the Masses was crammed, mainly with countrymen, all wearing the ‘beret’ or native mushroom-like bonnet. The women sombre in dress, neat and clean, with brown hands and faces, some with a black hood, others with silk or cotton kerchief pinned upon the head, basket with necessaries, and an umbrella, which they deposited in a side chapel as they went to Communion ; regular nice honest peasants, and how devout ! . . . I wonder why artists sometimes represent saints as sombre sour-looking Roman philosophers. ‘I’m a saint, I am, all these poor devils here will be damned—worse for them, it’s not my affair,’ as indeed Tennyson represents St. Simon on his pillar. In places like this they would see that devotion is something tangible, but has nothing to do with the grumpiness of X.’s *Magi*. . . .

“ . . . 5 p.m. Big function ; then a huge procession. . . . Xtian Brothers, children. Many at the fountain. I saw a burly priest in a brand new top hat (the only man who kept it on). He had a big can, and as I heard a bit of a brogue, I filled it for him. ‘*Merci*,

Monsieur.' 'O English will do,' says I. A Benedictine monk he was, an excellent fellow, and we had some converse."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I took a walk up the long tongue of hill and round by the far side. France owes much to women. This Bernadette was only a child from the country-side. So was Jeanne d'Arc; but at her word arms and men were given her, and she drove the great Talbot from Orleans and saw her King crowned at Rheims. At the mere word of Bernadette, see convents, hospitals, unnumbered pilgrims. How is this? Bishops and priests and monks have also definite missions, messages of indisputable authority to give the world. None of them has stirred Europe as this little creature has. But then she had the visible presence of the Mother of God at her back, and the tender graciousness of this memorable visit has touched more hearts than the thunders of a thousand pulpits. . . ."

"There is no word of anything like a miracle since I came. But I cannot tear myself away. . . ."

One of his daughters writes :—

"In 1896 we mounted together a tower at the fortifications of Falaise. On reaching the summit, our path lay along the top of a wall, leading to an opposite tower. The ledge was six foot broad; there was no parapet, and on either side a sheer descent of eighty feet. My father surveyed the situation right and left with the utmost unconcern as he passed along before me, who only by the utmost tension of will could endure to follow. Yet he was then in his seventy-seventh year.

"He always carried about with him the *Grammar of Assent*. He delighted in the sweep of its reasoning; he was fired by the magnificence of its climax. This book, and a pack of cards, he took on every journey. He would read at night, or play patience, when he could not sleep; during these quiet hours he meditated upon things of both worlds, as was revealed by his sudden observations. For instance, once on the Channel steamer between Newhaven and Dieppe, we played on for half an hour in silence, when he said—as if we had been discussing the matter—'Well, I suppose St. Joseph had an infused knowledge of all mechanical sciences, so that his cart-wheels must have been perfect.' He had a great devotion to St. Joseph."



## CHAPTER XLII

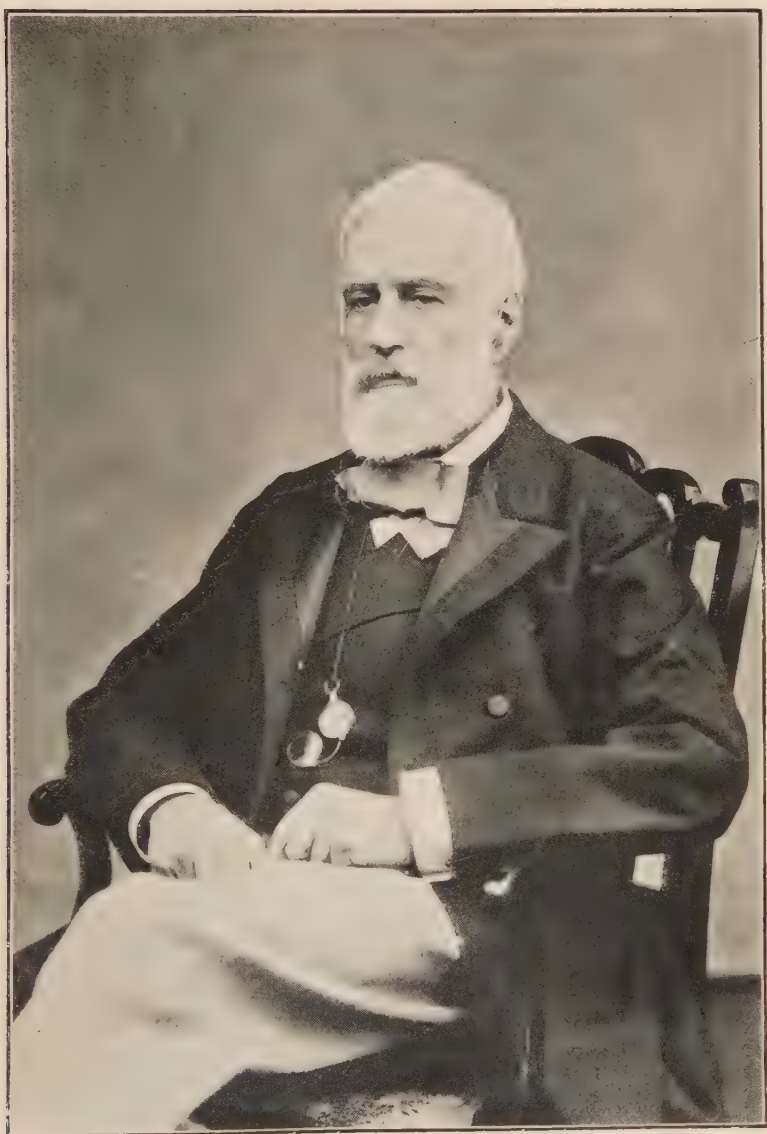
### THE MILITANT CATHOLIC—THE SOCIAL CATHOLIC—THE SPIRITUAL LIFE (1899)

IT was written of John Pollen after his death : *He was a militant Catholic.* With the history of his eightieth year will be noticed his services to the Catholic body as a whole, and his share in its battles.

Those services, faithfully rendered, those bravely fought battles, were, on the whole, obscure, small in human consideration, multifarious, and continual ; full of self-sacrifice, without ambition, without self-consciousness.

He belonged to the Society for the Aged Poor, and to other charitable associations and confraternities ; to enumerate them would be tedious ; he attended meetings, wrote letters, took much trouble, contributed with generosity. For forty years or more, and to the end of his life, he was Vice-President of the Bayswater Conference of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, with its many good works. “ We shall sadly miss the services and the support of Brother John Pollen ! ” wrote the Secretary after his death. It was through his influence that Lord Ripon became President of that Branch. At an important meeting of its members, Cardinal Vaughan publicly greeted the octogenarian Vice-President in words that must have filled with some confusion a man less simple-minded than John Pollen. But even praise did not seem to annoy, any more than it could elate him. If insincere, he took it with an amusement politely concealed ; if genuine, as in the case above, with a sort of modest gratitude, as a testimony to the speaker’s kindness.

He belonged to the Catholic School Committee, headed by the Duke of Norfolk and other Catholic magnates, Mr. Allies being Secretary. A mighty work to do indeed, has this Committee, ever since it started into existence. The faith of poor Catholic



6. Portrait of John Hungerford Pollen, aged 78. *Photograph.*

*Facing page 364.*



children was, and is, at stake. The work is now mature ; John Pollen helped to protect its infancy. A few out of many letters survive, telling of wearisome researches, generous gifts of money, struggling schools protected, a forward push to a hundred interests. He faced disagreeable odds, combated rude bigotry. Of the many who, like him, fought in the ranks till death, when others filled their place, as little is known individually as of the three generations of builders of some mighty Cathedral of the olden time. But the work stands up.

About 1890 were organized social gatherings for Catholic School Teachers, men and women ; Lady Ripon, amongst others, threw her drawing-room open at certain times to these hard-worked young people, and received them with the utmost friendliness. John Pollen was always one of the entertainers ; nor did he and his wife fail to show the same hospitality, on a more modest scale, at his own house to these interesting guests during their well-earned vacation times. At such reunions, the refined kindness of hosts and hostesses, the beautiful objects displayed and explained with a view to interest, opened the minds of the guests to notions of culture, and won their hearts. Of all this none could doubt who conversed with them afterwards.

John Pollen's fidelity to religious practice could not pass unnoticed. One of the few stories he ever told about himself was in connection with fasting and abstinence. He related it as a capital joke ; as no doubt it is.

One night, in the crush of a London Society drum, he espied at the opposite end of the room a lady trying to catch his eye with many becks and smiles. He could not recall her face, but she evidently knew him, and they both made their way through the press till they met in the middle of the room.

“ ‘I see you don't remember me, Mr. Pollen,’ said the lady, despite polite attempts on his part, ‘but I have good reason to remember you. This time last year I sat beside you at a dinner party, and a fish entrée was served. I partook of it, while you refused, and I said, “You are quite wrong, Mr. Pollen, not to take some of this—it is excellent. I will sign to the footman to bring it to you.” “No thank you,” was your reply, “it is one of those fast-days on which I may eat meat, but Catholics are not on such days



allowed fish at the same meal." You went on to talk of other things; but my astonishment was extreme, and I determined to inquire into a religion which could make any *man* forego a *good dish*. The result is, that I am at present a Catholic!'"

Regarding Catholic questions, John Pollen was always on the "right side," and often showed a breadth of view that many even good Catholics seem to lack. Of his unflinching loyalty to the Holy See it is superfluous to speak.

Early in 1860, an address to Pius IX. was put forth by Louis Veuillot, protesting against the arbitrary encroachments of Piedmont upon the Papal States; and the faithful, generally, were called upon to sign it. John Pollen's name, with those of the great majority of English Catholics, figured on the list.

There was—as always—a small and somewhat conspicuous body of "Liberal" Catholics,<sup>1</sup> and among them one very dear to John Pollen, who signed a counter-protest—lauded by the Protestant papers to the skies.

*To his wife.*

"X. is so enchanted at his own answers to the Papal letter that it is like a child with a new toy. He is greatly gratified that his Protestant friends back him up; is as proud of it all as a peacock. I regret that that sort of incense is agreeable to him. At the spread at . . . figured our friend Y. by turns absurd and worthy, spoilt by the bosh that passes current for good sense in younger Italy. J. G. is very bitter against the Church, and thinks X. grand and bold. . . . Well, I hope it is a foolish feeling, but I have some fear lest X. may find politics lead him further still. My affection for the old boy is too sincere to leave me easy about him; though he certainly takes liberties with one's friendship in these my dowdy days."<sup>2</sup>

It was, as it seems, owing to John Pollen's persuasions, that X. failed to appear—though he longed to do so—at the Tennysons' house somewhat later, on occasion of Garibaldi's reception there, with worship.

<sup>1</sup> Here is no question of Liberalism in politics.

<sup>2</sup> As contrasted with the old days of Oxford companionship, when Pollen's worldly prospects promised better.

<sup>3</sup> See Hallam Tennyson, *Life of Tennyson*, vol. ii. pp. 1-4.

On the subject of "trimmers," John Pollen had written to one who would

Never was his power of the right word in the right place more effectually used than in defence of the Catholic position, attacked at any point.

"Well, talking of heretics, Mr. Pollen," cried a shrill voice across a dinner table, "we Catholics of course have our faith, but, after all, you must own that the heretics always have all the *intellect* on their side!" The speaker was conscious of being "a very superior woman."

There was silence. John Pollen looked up, and replied with a sarcasm veiled in low, courteous, half-apologetic tones: "John Henry Newman is a clever man?"

On these and similar occasions, it was often the very little that he said, together with the impression that there was so much more to say—the suggestion of artillery in reserve, that made his opponent pause or set him thinking.

Through the year are noted always in his diary the Lenten services; Tenebræ, and the night-watch on Holy Thursday; again, in June, the procession of Corpus Christi he being always one of the four bearers of the baldacchino over the Blessed Sacrament. Never did childhood appeal to him more forcibly.

The following is a typical yearly entry.

"June 20.—. . . I to convent, where most beautiful procession. Eight delightful little white fairies (First Communicants) carrying lanterns, and ten littler strewing flowers; double line of white and black veils meandering over the garden. . . ."

John Pollen's life was certainly a happy one; and the great subjective secret of his happiness—so runs the common witness of his friends—lay in the constant serenity of his soul. For the tiny gusts of human frailty ruffled but its surface, leaving the depths unmoved.

If his nature was singularly sensitive, his taste fastidious; if he found, on the one hand, keen suffering—or delight—where

be sure to understand him. Newman replies whole-heartedly: ". . . As to ourselves, necessary as it is that we should talk together as the case of W. shows, yet I am almost afraid of it, lest we should agree too well. We should agree in the first place, I thankfully believe, in having that firm unruffled faith in the Catholic Church, which you avow in your letter—but we should also give such strong expression to our common conviction of the miserable deficiencies which exist, that we might become impatient. . . ."

men of coarser make passed unaffected ; on the other he enjoyed singular immunities. First, his health was nearly always perfect ; further, he knew neither moral nor physical fear ; finally, what is called "self-love" was in him almost non-existent. His thoughts were bent on things external to himself ; and where another man would naturally take offence, he did not even see that it was offered.

Base or even selfish intentions he never suspected. "I think," he writes upon a course of action indignantly commented, "I think we must take it all as it is meant—as no doubt it is—in the kindest possible way."

Again : he had known the anxieties and limitations of poverty, but was incapable of even understanding what are called its "mortifications."

If to probe the matter further, it be asked : what, beyond a happy natural gift, was the source of his equanimity ? all who knew him answer unhesitatingly, whether they share it or no : his Faith. He saw ever the eternal hills ; to his gayest scenes they formed the background, and by their height he measured all things else.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> ". . . In all that is of the substance of his character and of goodness—in faith, patience, humility, magnanimity, purity, and love of God and man—I doubt whether any one could find him otherwise than most rarely endowed. I deeply respected him, as a character and a Christian ; a devoted Catholic, who proved the sincerity, indeed the truth and depth of his religion, by the life-long sacrifices which its adoption and maintenance entailed upon him and his, and by the fine consistency and spirituality of his life. He is one of the figures that stand in the background of my consciousness, and that will help me on to such spiritual steadiness and generosity as I may be able to achieve, or even simply to aim at." (BARON F. VON HUGEL, 13, Vicarage Gate, Kensington, April 4, 1910, in a letter to the author.)

"The last time I saw him was at Earl's Court, when we sat and talked over old days, while the children amused themselves. There was something to me very grand and noble, and at the same time peaceful, in his whole manner, betokening the close of a life for God and his neighbour ; though I rejoiced to see him once more as a dear friend and father, I felt the more reverence in the presence of unmistakable holiness. I like to dwell on that dear memory." . . . One thing I have always been proud of, and that is, that he admitted me to his friendship. (GENERAL LORD RALPH KERR, K.C.B., Woodburn, Dalkeith, December 19, 1909.)

## CHAPTER XLIII

THE END (1899-1902)

IN the beginning of 1899 everything of daily life began and went on as before, save that new things were coming to push out the old. In January, John Pollen saw the foundation-stone laid of the splendid Victoria and Albert Museum, while his old haunts at South Kensington were crashing to the ground bit by bit amid clouds of dust and débris. On Corpus Christi, in June, he went as usual to Roehampton; but, for the first time, he did not feel strength sufficient for his post of honour as bearer of the heavy pole of the baldacchino, but followed the procession round the garden with the multitude of the devout.

Of John Pollen's devoted friends, the funerals of how many had he attended in the decade of years now closing. Lord Denbigh; Lady Alice Gaisford, the life and soul of a gay party described by him so recently at Wilton House; Lord Pembroke, its host; among the artists: Sir John Millais, Sir Edward Burne Jones, Lord Leighton, Richard Doyle; of old Oxford friends; Newman and Manning, John Wynne, Mr. Macmullen, of St. Saviour's celebrity; Mr. Gaisford of Offington. Alone of the former generation of intimates Bishop Patterson, and the Allies, survived. John Pollen frequently visited the old lion, now very feeble, suffering and patient; his senior by seven years, but destined to survive him.

*To T. W. Allies.*

" . . . I saw the death of David Lewis. Alas! all the old Oxford friends, *Progressives*, like the Cats,<sup>1</sup> and *Moderates*, like Church, are dropping out of the ranks. . . ."

Mr. Allies' great series of works upon the Formation of Christendom was now complete; and in 1893, to his great joy,

<sup>1</sup> Catholics.



he had received the greatest distinction conferred by the Holy See upon a layman ; the Gold Medal for Merit.

From November till the close of the year John Pollen passed many days in looking through and arranging papers, and destroying useless letters, the accumulation of thirty years ; not long afterwards he made his will.

The year that closed the century was devoted by the Pope in a special way throughout the Catholic world to the Solemn Homage of the Man-God.

The diary says plaintively :

“ *Sunday, December 31, 1899.*—Great midnight Mass and general Communion. I not allowed ! ”

Old age was strengthening its chill hold upon John Pollen. For him, who had since childhood hardly known a day's indisposition, a bad cold was now—by the doctor's advice—a serious affair. He was laid up with this and other ailments for some days ; he was induced, not without many a painful struggle, to endure necessary care, cautions, and remedies. But his mind was robust, his memory unclouded ; young men would notice that his speech showed none of the decline they are wont to observe so keenly in the aged ; he remained to the last a conversational adept.

His usual occupations were pursued with the same energy. He had been appointed Notary Apostolic for the Process of Beatification of the English Elizabethan martyrs ; his office being to examine and report upon documents dealing with the cause. He composed artistic designs for various patrons, saw to new buildings, roofs, and passages for the Convents of Roehampton, Wandsworth, and Hammersmith, and to much else besides ; in April he made another retreat at Manresa under Father Gavin, all “ very clear and practical ” ; in the autumn he went to Scotland, on South Kensington business, and again explored Edinburgh and Holyrood ; in October, he set to work upon the new edition of his *Handbook of Furniture*. The Education Department pressed on its accomplishment. On St. Luke's day he attended a “ dinner of the decorated ” with many members of the Athenæum Club. “ I distinguished by a plain black coat ! ”

Daily Mass he was now obliged to forego, but in the afternoon he would visit a church where there was Exposition or Benediction, walking when he could, slowly, with a stick.

A stranger says :

“He left upon me the impression those must have felt who saw St. John in his extreme old age.”

Friends, younger than himself, passed away before him. In January died Mrs. Allies, and Aubrey de Vere. In March, Major Sir John Donnelly, a staunch friend since first South Kensington days. The year before he had lost Lady Denbigh, and Mr. Richard Mills, and his sister-in-law, Margaret La Primaudaye. John Pollen notes in trembling hand the Masses that he has procured for these and others, and his visits for the *Portiuncula*, a favourite devotion.

On his wedding-day, September 18, he was confined to his bed, and the customary “delightful family gathering,” as he called it last year, could not assemble.

He recovered, and notes every day in his diary the news of his youngest daughter, then ill at Bournemouth. Hardly is there mention of his own health. He worked laboriously at his book, visited Mgr. Johnson to judge of a *Luca Giordano*, drove about to South Kensington, to Roehampton, and to see his grandchildren. A last snap-shot photograph shows him receiving a flower from a baby, his youngest granddaughter.

An unusually large party assembled at dinner in Pembridge Crescent on November 19 for his birthday honours. All were gay ; and the sons said one to another, and wrote to their sister :

“Our father will surely live long years yet !”

The diary for November 30 runs :

“Fr. Millar at 7. I some night troubles, but do well.”

Next day, December 1, he drove out. Two of his sons came to dinner ; a most cheerful party it was.

He rose as usual, after a good night, and was sitting in the drawing-room before the fire. His wife asked him some

question. He answered "Yes," then bowed his head. It was the end.

He rested in his studio, where he had worked so long ; near him were the emblems of his faith. Nothing could have been more simple, more like him, more impressive, than this last sight of John Pollen.

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

He was buried in a family vault at Kensal Green, where an infant son, his youngest, Benjamin, who died in 1875, was already laid. His priest-sons sang the Requiem and blessed the grave ; many sorrowing friends stood by, but all seemed to suit with his last written words :

" *I do well,*"

and the last one spoken :

" *Yes.*"

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

Then poured in condolences ; over two hundred letters are still preserved. They are from persons of all ages, and both sexes, from men of any or no creed, from those who had known him long, or but slightly, or who had seen him only once ; from simple and unlettered or from practised writers. Many were unknown to one another ; yet all, as if by some secret understanding, penned the same epitaph :

*He was good, true, gentle, courteous, pure of heart, full of faith, kind and gracious, serene and contented ; a delightful companion, a staunch friend, a valiant self-sacrificing Catholic, a peacemaker in desperate broils ; he made little children happy, he could persuade where all others had failed, he was always ready to place his great knowledge and talents at the service of any one ; he kept both worlds happily in view ; his memory is what his presence was : refreshing, exhilarating, urging to action ; he was near indeed to God.*

Of his wit, knowledge, and artistic power, fewer were capable of judging ; and they, indeed rightly ; but of this enough has been said. The multitude of his friends mourned, above

all, the man ; they felt that a personality *sui generis* had passed away.

How can it be summed ?

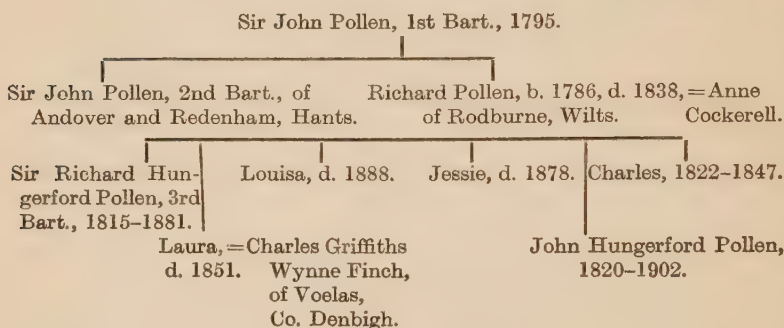
Best, perhaps, in the words of one who has singularly cultivated the art of seeing :

“ He was, to my mind, a perfect example of a very rare type of Englishman, in whom education, and suffering, and love of the beautiful, and holiness, have refined away what stands in some people’s mind for “an Englishman,” and left only the very best.”

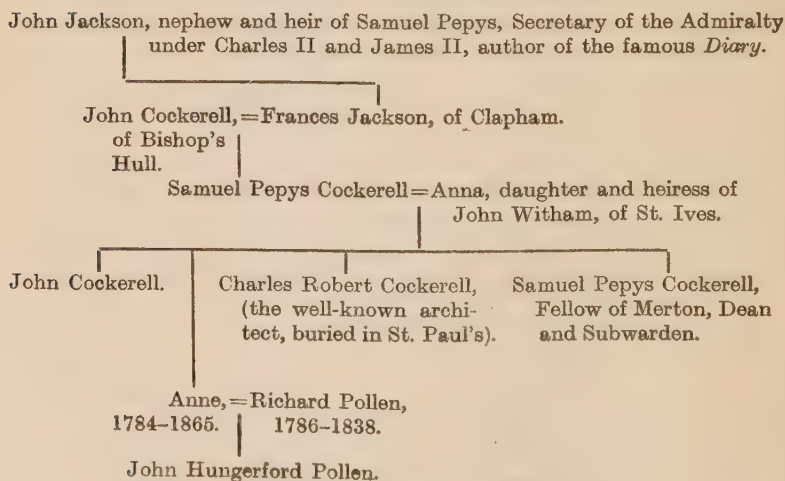


## APPENDIX

### 1. DESCENT OF JOHN HUNGERFORD POLLEN'S FATHER.



### DESCENT OF JOHN HUNGERFORD POLLEN'S MOTHER.



## LIST OF CHIEF DECORATIVE WORKS EXECUTED BY JOHN HUNGERFORD POLLEN.

	PLACE.	FOR.	WORK.
1845	Oxford . . .	University . .	Roof of St. Peter-le-Bailey (now rebuilt).
1850	" . . .	" . .	Roof of Merton College Chapel; Spandrils, in 1877.
1855	Dublin . . .	John H. Newman	University Church, Stephen's Green.
1857-63	Birmingham and Rednall	" "	Porch, windows, altars and other additions.
1858	Oxford . . .	Dante Rossetti .	Decoration of the "Union."
	" . . .	John Ruskin .	Design for main doorway of Museum (partly executed).
1860	Blickling Hall, Aylsham	Marquis of Lothian	Decoration and furnishing of two rooms; corridor built.
1862	Kilkenny Castle.	Marchioness of Ormonde	Ceiling of gallery.
	Shankhill, Clontra, Co. Dublin .	Rt. Hon. J. A. Lawson	Decoration of several rooms.
	Anderton, Lancs.	Charles Stonor, Esq.	Chapel, room, stables, built and decorated.
	Adlington Church, Lancs.	Charles Stonor, Esq.	Church decorated.
1863	Rhyl, Wales .	Rev. J. Wynne .	Church built and decorated.
	Abbotsford . .	James Hope Scott, Q.C.	Altar in chapel.
	Dalkeith . . .	Marchioness of Lothian and family	Altar in chapel of St. Aloysius. In 1871, tomb of 8th Marquess in church.
1867	Lyndhurst, New Forest	John Compton, Esq.	Decoration of church window, carved organ case. Work at the Manor House (later).
1869	Alton Towers .	Charles, 19th Earl of Shrewsbury	Arrangement of picture gallery; "Tapestry" paintings, a series, 1874. Painted panels, chimney piece, etc., etc.

	PLACE.	FOR.	WORK.
1870	Morden . . . Roehampton, Wandsworth, Hammersmith	Richard Garth, Esq. Convents of the Sacred Heart	Ornamental cottage.  Church at Wandsworth ; high altar at Hammer- smith ; two alabaster shrines, and a garden trellis shrine, at Roe- hampton. Panelled ceiling ; apse and altar for little Oratory. Stone carving and decorated organ case.
1871	London Oratory.	The Fathers. .	Some building and decora- tions at various times.
1872	Crabbet Park, Sussex	Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, Esq.	New room. 1877, stained glass windows in chapel. Tea room, frieze and cornice. 1886, furniture and panels. 1891, panels of "The Seasons."
1873	Ingestre Hall, Stafford	Earl of Shrews- bury	Carved oak furniture ; chimney piece, etc. Four or five rooms ; ceil- ings. Decoration of house.
	39, Dover Street, London	Earl of Shrews- bury	" "
1874	8, Hill Street, London	Earl of Sherborne	New room.
	Thornlie Bank, Glasgow	A. Crum, Esq. .	Boudoir, chimney-piece, etc.
1876	Belton Park Hall Cefnamwlch, Wales	Earl Brownlow . Charles Wynne- Finch, Esq.	Carved furniture for dining and music rooms.
	Preston Hall .	Lord Ardilaun .	Design for fireplace and panels of "The Sciences" (not executed).
	Eaton Square .	W. E. Hubbard, Esq.	Doorway, panels, chimney- piece, etc.
1888	St. George's Hall, Liverpool	City Corporation	Panel decorations, etc.
1890	Wilton House .	Countess of Pem- broke	Additions, building and de- coration, furniture, for- mal garden.
1891	37, Lowndes Sq., London	Dowager Countess of Shrewsbury	Ornamental cottage.
1892	The Priory, Rei- gate	Lady Henry Somerset	Railway Station.
1894	Chenies . . .	Adelaide Duchess of Bedford	Memorial Chapel and altar.
?	Calcutta . . .	—	
1900	Wimbledon . .	Mrs. Bertram Currie	

LIST OF WRITTEN WORKS OF JOHN HUNGERFORD POLLEN,  
1820-1902

1851. "Letter to the Parishioners of St. Saviour's, Leeds."  
(Vincent, Oxford; Whittaker, London.)
- „ Narrative of Five Years at St. Saviour's. (Vincent, Oxford.)
1855. "Lectures on Art;" delivered at the Catholic University,  
Dublin, by the Professor of Fine Arts. (Unpublished.)
- „ "Lectures on the Early Basilicas." (A summary published  
in the *Atlantis*.)
1865. "Decorative Art in its connection with Modern Science."  
Lecture delivered in the theatre of the Museum of Industry,  
Stephen's Green, on occasion of the Dublin Exhibition.  
(Hodges & Smith, Dublin.)
- „ "Art and Beauty." (*The Month*; Part I., July; Part II,  
October.)
- „ "Our Street Architecture." (Same, Nov.)
- „ "Fine Arts in the Dublin Exhibition." (Same, Aug.)
1867. "The Column of Trajan." (Same, Feb.)
- „ "Report on the Fancy Furniture at the Paris Exhibition."
1870. The First Proofs of "The Universal Catalogue of Books on  
Art." (Science and Art Department; Chapman & Hall,  
London.)
- „ "Textile Fabrics at South Kensington." (*The Month*, Feb.)
1871. "International Exhibitions at South Kensington." (Same  
July-Aug.)
- „ "International Exhibitions." (Pamphlet.)
- „ "Report on Furniture and Metal Work, London International  
Exhibition. (Science and Art Department; Chapman &  
Hall, London.)
1874. "Catalogue of the Enamels, S. K. Museum." (Same.)
- „ "Ancient and Modern Furniture and Woodwork in the  
S. K. Museum, described; with an Introduction." (Same.)
- „ "Description of the Trajan Column." (Same.)
- „ "Description of the Architecture and Monumental Sculptures  
in the South East Court of the S. K. Museum." (Same.)
1875. "Furniture and Woodwork" (2nd. Ed.) (Same.)
1876. "Furniture and Woodwork" (See British Manufacturing  
Industries, vol. 7). (Stanford, London.)
- 1877(?) "Lectures on Wood Carving. Delivered to Students  
at the S. K. Museum." (Not pub.)



1878. "Ancient and Modern Gold and Silversmith's Work in the S. K. Museum, described ; with an Introduction." (Science and Art Department ; Chapman & Hall, London.)  
 ,, (i) "Introduction" ; (ii) "Art in Metal" ; (iii) "Furniture Exhibition at the Bethnal Green Museum." (Magazine of Art, Cassell).  
 1885. "A Visit to Goa." (*The Month*, May.)  
 ,, "An Indian Farewell to the Marquis of Ripon." (Pamphlet ; Society of St. Anne).  
 ,, "Preface to 'Richard Doyle's Journal,' with a notice of R. Doyle." (Routledge.)  
 ,, "Carving and Furniture." Canton Lectures, delivered before the Society of Arts. (*Journal of the S. of Arts*.)  
 1886. "Childhood in Art" (Parts I and II) ; "Fireplaces" ; "Carriages" ; "Gold and Silversmith's work" ; "Chests and Cabinets." (*Art Journal*.)  
 1896. Introduction to the Catalogue of the Loan Collection of Furniture and Figured Silks, 17th and 18th Centuries. (Science and Art Department ; Eyre & Spottiswoode.)  
 1890. "Lecture on Decorative Art," delivered to Students at the S. K. Museum. (Not pub.)  
 1902. "Designers of Woodwork and Makers of Furniture" (completed by another hand). (Science and Art Department.)  
 ,, "Shrines in the Victoria and Albert Museum." (Same.)

#### THE "APOLOGIA" OF THE BASILICA, STEPHEN'S GREEN, DUBLIN.

(From John Hungerford Pollen's "Lectures on the Basilicas," Dublin, 1855. Lecture VI.)

I am now going to ask your indulgence, before finishing this course of lectures, for going into some account of a more humble attempt to erect a Basilica, with poor resources and small command of skill, for the use of our own University.

\* \* \* \* \*

Why, independently of artistic reasons, was the Basilica form chosen ? . . .

. . . The Basilicas exhibit a system of internal architecture ; now this decoration is less costly, and far easier, than that of exteriors ; and, if the one only can be effected, more consonant to the Christian spirit ; for there was this striking point of contrast between temples of the old worship and the houses of the new ; here the worshippers themselves entered, and heard and saw the mysteries within. . . . I have no wish to undervalue Gothic, the

loftiest production of design in the modern world ; but Gothic in its true home is mostly external in its beauty. To be sublime in the old manner, it needs to be dramatic, and costly beyond calculation—witness Cologne—and to make Gothic grand with small means is a problem which I do not think modern architects have solved ; at least but rarely.

Preaching, again, was a primary object in the scope of the design ; and, therefore, on all acoustic principles, it was desirable that the inside of the building should be as little broken up as possible.

Naturally, too, in an institution like ours, yet in a state of infancy, and designed to draw out and deepen the heart and intelligence of the nation, we wished to set the example of developing, as far as our resources went, the natural capabilities of Ireland ; and, geologically, the most valuable of these are the various veins of marble so plentifully compacted under and over the soil, on every coast and in every country. . . . All these requirements, and more, were better to be fulfilled in a Basilica than in any other kind of building. In order to avail ourselves to the utmost, to the very utmost of our small space, I had the foundations laid in part below our boundary wall, so as both to strengthen that, and also to enable us to build up against it.

\* \* \* \* \*

The ground plan is a parallelogram, 100 feet with 20 added, and an apse of 25 feet diameter or 12·6 radius ; a total of 132 feet by 35 of general width. The cubic height is 40 feet ; the pitch of the roof no higher than is necessary for protection from weather. Thus our general design is as simple as a building can possibly be. The additional 20 feet opens by two colonnades of elliptical arches into the principal nave. In order to obtain as much strength as possible, and as dry a wall as could be got in so damp a climate, the Church itself, all except the additional 20 feet, is of brick.

The light is obtained by rows of narrow arched windows on either side. The reasons for placing all the apertures to the main building on one level, and as high as possible, will be obvious to any one who observes the effect of having all the light descending, so as to give the whole of the wall decorations the best possible chance of showing themselves, and to avoid in any way breaking on the serious serenity of the lower space, by dazzling openings and correlative contrasts of shade. I was amused, whilst the building was in progress, at the almost universal complaint of my friends, unused to this method of lighting, that we should be in positive darkness. Of course the dark irreflective colour of the raw brick-work, and the quantity of scaffolding, deceived them ; the fact being that the greatest possible

amount of light transmissible by windows is obtained by their being placed as high as they can be. The same quantity of glazed openings two thirds down the wall would have left us in the dark, near as they might be to the eye. The only decoration I attempted to these windows, in which the glass was necessarily white, was to obtain from the English glass works a sufficient number of "bulls eyes" or knots of glass forming the centre of large sheets (and usually cut away and re-melted) to glaze the whole. I do not know how many thousands are used. It will be observed that every window without exception is thus glazed, in order not to break their absolute uniformity by calling attention to features which have no claim to observation. A certain brilliancy, play of delicate colour, and, if I may so call it, quiet confusion, is obtained; but nothing more.

For these buildings, I myself prefer the open roof structure; but this, for acoustic reasons, was impossible. I therefore had the joists and beams laid out, and laid my flat ceiling above them. The space was thus reticulated over with a very quiet and uniform subdivision; the frame, such as it is, I left in the rough, not wishing to spend any money on it, even for fine coats of plaster. On the mortar I painted, in tempera, a foliated design in one colour, so as still to preserve the flat unpretending character of a feature somewhat poor. The timbers I painted red and decorated with white designs, flat also, that colour giving the utmost size and dignity to such slight work.

The floor was the commonest and cheapest procurable, consistent with durability. It was of coarse unglazed Staffordshire tile, in two colours, red and black, and of one size. These, however, instead of the usual house pattern of alternative squares and diamonds, I laid in designs, the general plan embracing the entire area of the building.

To provide for the choir of singers without encroaching on the space appropriated to the public, we adopted a Basilican gallery, 30 feet long, with commodious width: 6 feet. Its position would offend the shallow notions of those critics who must needs see everything on one side of a building balanced by a "ditto" opposite, but it was so dignified a feature in itself, that we had no hesitation in placing it where it would be most useful—as near both altar and sanctuary as convenient. All necessary arrangements have a meaning: and, unless very unartistically managed, explain the uses of a building, and are a source of interest.

Both galleries are supported on elliptical arches, resting on monolithic columns of the different Irish marbles.

\* \* \* \* \*

After these constructive parts came the more serious and difficult question of the decoration. The side walls are all crusted over with marbles in the peculiar mode called by the ancients *opus musivum* ; no raised panellings as in the Gothic or modern Italian methods, only flat *intarsiature* without relief.

\* \* \* \* \*

This inlaid marble is bordered and incorporated into the wall by a string or running mould in the Byzantine manner, of Caen stone, roughed over with flat lines and covered with gold. The end wall in which the apse opens forms the representative of the old triumphal arch.

\* \* \* \* \*

The altar was necessarily pushed back into the apse ; nor for lack of space could our baldacchino be supported on columns. It is framed roof-wise into the wall behind, and carried down on brackets. The baldacchino is of common deal, and is intended to be gilded and decorated.

\* \* \* \* \*

The divisions of the altar design are obvious ; the twelve typical precious stones each side of the central Byzantine cross, with a Christ in glory and the four Evangelists and four Doctors radiating round Him. I introduced, something after the old Byzantine manner, pierced lattice in place of curtains in the singers' gallery, and pierced work in the baldacchino of the altar and pulpit. One of the joiners employed in the building carried this out to my complete satisfaction. The altar crucifix was executed from a design of my own by a clever Dublin tinker. The candlesticks we could not afford in metal ; I had them carved—first myself drawing the entire design on each mass of wood—by the men employed on the spot.

The golden apse, and the side arched panels with a rude mosaic round them, ought to tell their own story. The apse is divided by a mystic vine into circular frames, each containing saints ; virgins of either sex surrounding the *Sedes Sapientiae* in the centre, as types of immaculate purity. The field below and the branches have birds, insects and animals, intended to represent the homage of that portion of Creation into which sin has not entered, or which has been redeemed from it. The outer wall of the triumphal arch is to contain (some day or other) designs of the Prophets and Apostles.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have decorations still to place on many parts of our wall surface, the altar to complete, and divers details for which there are as yet no funds ; and we propose a portico opening on Stephen's



Green, to give entrance to the vestibule, as soon as the same unpleasant reason ceases to extinguish our powers.

A thousand other details of difficulties, and of resources to meet them, natural to an undertaking new to most of us, I might yet relate ; but I must now have exhausted your patience, and will only point out once again what resources there are in Ireland, and in the intelligence and quickness of her ordinary workmen, whose patience and docility in a number of operations altogether strange to them, enabled me to carry out much that could ordinarily be entrusted only to craftsmen of long training. There is, too, this advantage to an architect ; that he gets, in such circumstances, men who have little to unlearn. What we want in our building is a prevailing idea ; spirited work, calculated to produce its effects at the proper distance. Professed carvers would have attempted smoothness and what they call finish, and so ruined the design. The degrading softness and effeminacy of so much of our most careful modern work is the bane of architects, as, I am sure, all thoughtful men of that profession would allow."

\* \* \* \* \*

How did John Pollen achieve his artistic success ?

In the closing words of the last of six *Lectures on Woodcarving*, delivered at South Kensington *circa* 1878, he thus unconsciously speaks for himself.

"Life is short, Art is long. Long, because it asks from us so long a study. Art is a translation of some aspects of that lovely creation in which we live. Art translates into a language and writes with letters of its own. It takes long to learn this language ; long to fashion the hand to write these characters with grace and skill. . . . Art is long ; perfection is unattainable. Unattainable, according to the ideal of the artist ; yet, in a measure, perfection has from time to time been reached ; and that in an astonishing manner. What has been the secret of this occasional success ? The answer is simple indeed ; it has been by love, by courage, by modesty, by patient but determined perseverance."

LETTER TO ONE OF JOHN HUNGERFORD POLLEN'S CHILDREN,  
FROM SIR GEORGE C. M. BIRDWOOD, M.D., K.C.I.E., C.S.I.,  
LL.D., AND A LAUREATE OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

I the more gladly, and gratefully, respond to your request to provide you with some brief expression of my personal appreciation of your revered Father's life-long labours at South Kensington, and elsewhere, in the cause of national education in the decorative arts, because I am fortunately able to furnish it in the form of an extract from a speech made by me, in following Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, in the discussion on the paper, entitled "Renaissance Woodwork in England," read by your Father before the Royal Society of Arts, on January 25, 1898 ; for, speaking with a close knowledge of your Father's public career, and with the deliberation of one recognizing his obligations to his distinguished audience, the criticisms I then advanced, and not only on your Father's notable professional and official work, but on the spirit that inspired it, are, obviously, not to be suspected of being in any degree biased, whether through the sense of my own loss in his death, or by reason of my deep sympathy with his family in an inconsolable sorrow.

Although your Father was ten years my senior, and our spheres of service to the State had been separated, wide as the "rich East" is from this "utmost corner of the West," it happened that our most intimate interests in life had all along been identical ; that is, in "the Oxford Movement," led by Newman and Manning, and in the other Oxford movement, led by Millais and Holman Hunt ; and so, when we first met in 1871, on the introduction of Sir Bartle Frere, one of your Father's greatest admirers, and my "own best patron and dearest honour," we met as old friends. I already knew of everything he had done at Oxford in the decoration of the roof of the College Chapel while at Merton (1850) ; and later (1857) of the debating hall of the Union ; and of his splendid conduct in the outbreak of cholera at Leeds in 1849 ; and, again, after his joining the Catholic Church (1852), of his work at the Catholic University, Dublin, in the Professorship of the Fine Arts, to which

he had been appointed by Newman in 1855. As he would never permit any whisper of it himself, you probably were never told that among his associates at Oxford, and in Dublin, who were all more or less familiar with the great devotional masterpieces of Michel-Angelo, your Father, by reason of the gravity and benignity of his profoundly impressive countenance, went by the name, quite reverently and endearingly bestowed on him, of "Le Père Eternel."

I hesitate to criticize examples of "the fine arts" whether in painting, sculpture, or architecture. They are beyond my narrow "last" of the so-called, and most conveniently so discriminated, "applied arts"; but having a lively natural sensibility for the latter, I hope I shall not be thought presumptuous in saying that, restricting myself simply to the consideration of the ornamental details of your Father's architectural performances, I regard his decoration of the interior of Dublin University Church as a masterpiece. The colour effect of the light playing on those remarkable Irish marbles and the golden lattices is, to use the very words of Cardinal Newman, "most beautiful." Most scholarly and skilful is his decoration, in the Celtic style of St. Mary's Church, Rhyl; and most graceful and natural in their contours, under all their conventional treatment, are the floriated spandrils—each one differing from every other—of Merton Chapel, Oxford; as again, his design, all of British birds, within interlacing foliage, for the ceiling of Blickling Hall, the seat of the Marquises of Lothian, Aylsham, Norfolk. The scheme of his decoration of the apse and Altar of the Chapel at Ingestre, the seat of the Earls of Shrewsbury and Talbot, Staffordshire, is far famed: while his Tapestry Paintings for the corridor of Alton Towers, Stoke-upon-Trent—illustrating the exploits of Lord Talbot in the "Hundred Years War" (1340–1453)—in their antiquarian truthfulness, their imposing composition, their harmonious colouring, and their ingeniously varied borderings, I esteem as one of the most artistic achievements of your rarely gifted and dearest Father.

From 1871 to his retirement from the South Kensington (now the Victoria and Albert) Museum in 1876, I was, in connection with my duties at the India Office, constantly with him; and from 1876 to the date of his death in 1902, I

attended every public lecture given by him ; and joined him at all the meetings of the Applied Art Section of the Royal Society of Arts, where he was ever received with the highest consideration and affection by his colleagues. Wherever it was, or whatever the business before us, on such occasions, his presence was felt by us as an all-pervading, all-sustaining, all-healing, and all-cheering benediction.

The very happiest of my reminiscences of your Father are of my casual meetings with him after he went to Pembridge Crescent, when, in connection with the charitable work of the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, he was wont to be out and about early of the mornings, bearing the cross of self-sacrifice through all the purlieus of Portobello Road, in its prolonged down-hill and up-hill stretch from Notting Hill to Kensal Rise. Knowing the world that was wide open to him to indulge himself therewith, and the whole-heartedness of his abnegation of it all, that he might the better devote himself to the service of the suffering and the destitute, I always, on seeing him on these accustomed walks of his, recalled to mind the lines of Henry Vaughan, " The Silurist " :—

" I hear, I see, all the long day  
The noise and pomp of the Broad Way,  
But in the Narrow Way to Thee  
I observe only poverty,  
And despised things : and all along  
The ragged, mean, and humble throng  
Are still on foot ; and as they go  
They sigh and say : ' the Lord went so ! ' "

Here, I will follow on with the extract from my aforesaid speech on your Father :—

" No one was more esteemed by his old colleagues at ' South Kensington ' for the fulness and accuracy of his learning, or more revered for the graces of his character, than Mr. John Hungerford Pollen. A friend of the illustrious Cardinal Newman, he took a leading part in the artistic revival that rapidly followed on the religious revival of a generation ago at Oxford ; and much of the beautiful painting at Merton College was by his 'prentice hand.' In recent years he had been intimately associated with the internal decorations of the Brompton Oratory.



He is the author also of several of the most valuable and attractive of the handbooks on industrial art published by the Science and Art Department, and the distinctive note of all the work of his hands, whether artistic or literary, is the impression they convey of the author's profound and vivifying conviction of the sacramentality of art in all, even the humblest of its applied departments. Mr. Hungerford Pollen always reminds me of Theophilus, the Monk, who in his book on the industrial arts recommends the study of them as a recompense of heavenly price—*retributionem cælestis præmii*; and asks those who may find pleasure and profit in his books to pray for the pity on him of Almighty God, who knew that he had written the things to be found therein not for the praise of men, nor for any worldly gain, but for the greater glory of Him, in whose Divine counsels and genius every artist was a participator,—*consilii ingenique participium*. The latter thought is expressed in the Book of Wisdom, ch. ix. 8-10 :—‘ A temple upon the Holy Mount, and an altar in the city wherein Thou dwellest, in the similitude of the Holy Tabernacle which Thou hast prepared from the beginning, and Wisdom was with Thee. Oh, send Her out of Thy Holy Heaven, and from the throne of Thy Glory, that being present, she may labour with me.’ Again, we read in Exodus xxxi. 2-6, of the master-craftsmen Bezaleel and Aholiab :—‘ And I have filled them with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, to devise cunning works in gold and in silver, and in brass, and in cutting of stones for setting, and in carving of wood in all manner of workmanship.’

“ This consecration of Art to the service of religion is its noblest inspiration and glory ; and every artist so inspired exults in the perfection of his work, without taint of human vanity—(as possessed in itself of something of divineness)—after the manner of the builder of the beautiful Chapter-house of York Cathedral in the inscription sculptured on its doorway :—*Ut Rosa est Phlos phlorum sic est Domus ista domorum*. This is the spirit is which Mr. Hungerford Pollen has always laboured. You do not discover it from anything he ever says about himself, but it reveals itself in all his work ; and it is the recognition of its presence that has won for him the love and

admiration of his old associates, and what, for me at least, constitutes the highest charm of his paper read here to-night."

There I will end the extract ; and now to conclude my letter :—A born aristocrat, and educated at Eton and Oxford, " a man of letters " and an accomplished artist, a scholar of wide learning, and profoundly erudite in the history of the arts,—as witness his official Handbooks and Reports, and his Lectures, and writings in the *Saturday Review*, *Chambers' Encyclopædia* ; and the *Encyclopædia Britannica* ;—and withal unreservedly accessible, and of unbounded helpfulness to those who sought his advice and assistance in their studies, or in the special subjects of his own researches,—it was not only by these all-prevailing attributes and amenities that your Father won the admiration and the gratitude of the men who were partakers of the fruits of his laborious preoccupations, and the love of those blessed with his friendship,—but pre-eminently by the rare spiritual qualities, and, in special, the true Christian reverence, sincerity, and humility that were as the Hall Mark of the unalloyed benevolence and beneficence of his service of his fellow-men, and at once drew all our hearts towards him, and subdued us, at least while under the direct spell of his personal presence, to something of the nature of his own ennobling temper. I was always wondering at his full, ready, and accurate knowledge ; and at his infinite courtesy,—even to " suffering fools gladly " ; but it was always the spiritual beauty of his character that made the strongest impression on me, an impression that endures, and indeed deepens with every year of my advancing age. The friend of Thackeray, by whom he was first introduced to Sir Henry Cole, your Father was indeed the very " gentleman " of Thackeray's " Dr. Birch and his Young Friends,"—a gentleman of the gentry (gentlehood) that is divine," " the sweet savour whereof is as life unto life to them that perish." For myself, *homo reus*—" arch heretic "—that I am, I felt every grasp of his most gracious hand to be an intercession, that drew me each time one link nearer into the common Fatherhood of Him of whom St. Paul, quoting from the " *Phainomena* " of Aratus, writes :—" For we are also His offspring."

GEORGE BIRDWOOD.

December 8th, MCMX.

" . . . . It is everything that his biographer should realise, that great as John Hungerford Pollen was in his public and official work, he was greater IN HIMSELF."

SIR GEORGE BIRDWOOD

*in a letter to the author.*

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 Pollen, John Hungerford—1820, born in London, 1—1833 goes to Eton, 6—1838 to Oxford, 12—1842 Fellow of Merton, 14—1843-4 travels in Europe and the near East, 18—1844 is ordained deacon at Oxford by Bishop Bagot, 46—1844-6 is associated with W. B. Heathcote in the parish of St. Peter-le-Bailey, Oxford, 43—and decorates the roof of that Church, 42—1846 is ordained by Bishop Wilberforce, 58—1847 travels with T. W. Allies and John Wynne on a voyage of religious investigation in France and Italy, 63—1847-9 associates with Dr. Pusey and his circle in the High Church activities of the day, continuing, however, his residence at Oxford, 89—1847-51 is constantly associated with St. Saviour's, Leeds, 107 ff.—

acting as occasional Vicar or Curate, 108—his strong influence there, 116, 137, 167—his action during the visitation of cholera, 152—holds many persons to the Church of England, 192—is inhibited for a time by the Bishops of London, Oxford, and Ripon, 167, 208, 209—1850 his associations with the Puseyites during the agitations of the Gorham Case and of the Durham Letter, 168—decorates Merton Chapel roof and commences friendship with the Pre-raphaelites, 190—holds back T. W. Allies from the Church of Rome, 175—is offered and declines the livings of Holywell, Lapworth, and finally of Kibworth Beauchamp, 186—1851 Senior Proctor at Oxford, 218—1852 visits Ireland, 229—is finally convinced of the claims of the Roman Church, 230—into which he is received at Rouen in October, 234—1853 travels in Italy, 237—visits England, where he assists in the conversion of his brother, 245—1854 resides in Rome and begins a friendship with Thackeray, 246—1855 is named by Newman Professor of Fine Arts at the Catholic University, Dublin; commences lifelong friendship with Newman, 252—designs and decorates the University Church, 260—delivers lectures upon Art, and upon the Basilicas, 261—marries Miss Maria La Primaudaye, 256—resides in Dublin, 258—1858 stays at Hampstead, 268—and finally establishes his home in Bayswater, 274—joins the Hogarth Club, 271—1859 together with other members of the Pre-raphaelite circle he decorates the Oxford Union, 269—1860-1902 he decorates or builds in many different places, beginning with mural paintings at Kilkenny Castle, and Blickling Hall, 284—1864 is appointed Official Editor of the Science and Art Department at South Kensington, and is member of the Committee of Selection, entrusted with purchases for the Museum, 296—1864-1902 is constantly producing written works upon Art, 307—receiving for the *Universal Art*



- Catalogue* a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition, 1867, 303—1864-1902 constantly lectures upon decorative Art, 297—is made Member of the Council of the Royal Architectural Museum, and of the Society of Arts, 299—being Cantor Lecturer in 1885—is employed upon the Juries of successive exhibitions in London, in Ireland, and at Paris—1867 receives from the Imperial Commission the whole series of medals awarded at the Exhibition at Paris, 303—is appointed English delegate of the Committee of the Council on Education at the Archæological and Historical Congress at Antwerp, 304—1868 is appointed Corresponding Member of the Royal Academy of Arts at Madrid, and receives diploma for his services to the Spanish Nation, 305—1877 resigns his official post at South Kensington (though continuing Lectures and other works in connexion with it); becomes Private Secretary to the first Marquis of Ripon, 325—1884 visits India, 332—1885 elected member of the Athenæum Club, 350—continues his artistic, official, and secretarial work, 370—as well as that resulting from the Vice-Presidency of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, Bayswater, 364—and many kindred Associations, with hardly an intermission until December, 1902, when he dies suddenly in London, 372
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